

Zu Ninjaz, Specially Trained Ninja

(sample - repeated in background)

Standing.. standing.. standing..

Standing behind you are my specially trained ninja

(Intro: K-Blunt)

Yeah.. yeah, yeah, yeah, there they go, son

Kamikaze assassin.. they got hear it, yo son

Let 'em know, son, Dirty Bastard

Brooklyn Zu...

(K-Blunt)

I transform like water, the ninja, verbal manslaughter

That enters bloodstreams like poison, throughout the body

No remedy to save the, I caught you from Trenton to Kalamazoo (Haha Brooklyn!)

Don't stop, powers refined, liftin' two cents to ten times, wastin' no time

My wisdom, makes a large impact like 151 in the batch cookin' crack

In fact, where I come from I practice deadly

and rarely do they show their skills cuz they're scary

No way to, counter, flows that found you

You asked for this, so holy graduous

Shoulda shut ya mouth before you lost ya teeth (to late)

Now them shits is, fallin' out ya face

Can't wait 'til that sound sign on wax

Tell the truth, give a million folks the facts

Kamikaze attacks, out the darkness

First one with the fire so I spark this

K-Blunt, saluted, undisputed as an artist

Out the mouth rambler, who's the gambler?

(Chorus: Raw)

Ninjaz got that ill ass shit

Y'all niggaz ain't fuckin with this

This is ill as it gets

Ninjaz got that bangin' ass shit

Y'all niggaz ain't fuckin with this

This is ill as it gets

(Black Lantern)

Rome the streets in my dome, I'm ba-ba-bad to the bone

Hard likes tone, take advice, keep ya ass home

Ya prepare, ya search but the truth's already there

You stare cuz it's never been brought, under the care

Of the orderly direct, in fact, you're in correct

The outcome is death, sword across ya neck

I cause mad wreck and pain from my scorchin' flame

Many bodies I claim, militant, from out my name

(Drunken Dragon)

Now listen here, the majority of these MC's is superficial

Your lyrics so ass, ya raps'll rip tissue

Nobody's gonna miss you, printed ya last issue

Concide it, this is played out, that's why them raps hit you

(Yo, I'ma make this..) I don't give a fuck about, what a nigga got

If ya bust ya glock, if ya sellin' rocks

Boy ya still get dropped, stop before I hurt you

Lyricaly I make tough MC's turn commercial

(Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Yo, I'ma make this hit, bump up yo' shit

Warfare flick, bitch can't tamper with it

Stop fuckin' with the black, kids, keep it on-on down

Tell the truth, kill ya lies, still respect yo' sound

Ain't no punk, it's just I'll always be around

Fuck y'all, nigga, that's how we gets down

I make you, shake you, urk you then I break you
I'm Ason and then I'm gone, then I take ya ass on
for the hip-hop ride, nigga please, step inside, and then ya die

(Popa Chief)

Popa Chief, hard-headed, black-hearted
It don't take much to get a nig like me started
Off the top rope, lovely, with this one
Put ya head up like a well-trained Pokemon
Verbal shogun, we all know the outcome
Another hit courtesy of Holy Woly Productions

(Raw)

Just acknowledge the ways and just how I
Gets prayin' like professor, son of a best
Take a lesson, angelic ad-libs
Mass transit grabs kids then our scripts flip like back-flips
Mathematic teachings combine with ninja tactics
Cut ya bars, pre-teens get injured with that racket
Zu comin' through makin' chumps out you bad kids
Colorize, terrorize, computerize, third eye, yo!

(Chorus)