

Call of the Gods (feat. Da Manchuz)

Buddha Monk

You're savage wit, below average, non-solidated liquid cabbage
I blast quick, televise it to those minds that's celebrate
Now document it, on this day Zu's gospel written (Yo Buddha I can hear you)
Like Adam and Eve where all fruit were forbidden (Sounds travels 1, 123 feet per second)
Enter my perimeter, I'mma destroy all you sinners
Wrap around you like anaconda, now ya voicebox becomes volume!
Test this, bless this, it's priceless
God Cypher Divine, 5% I represent
Nation of Gods and Earths, seeds, original first
Sun, moon and stars, original black Gods
Sixteen shades'll show and prove who you are
Sixteen gold, basically, when you were stole
Bought and sold, and tossed all over the fucking globe
I won't fold, better breathe just like ya cold
Six hundred years of Yakub's 'fro matter
Motion and speed, grafted seed, break the spleen
If thirteen men, enter the battle, Manchu Mongolians
My evil forces within would tell me to kill again
You're savage, below average, non-solidated liquid cabbage
I blast quick, televise it to those minds that's celebrate
Now document it, on this day Zu's gospel written
Like Adam and Eve where all fruit were forbidden
Enter my perimeter, I'mma destroy all you sinners
Wrap around you like anaconda, now ya voicebox becomes volume!
I blaze tracks like lightning, shit's frightening
I get hype, just from the talk of fighting
Buddha Monk, Manchuz, B.K., plus the Zu
Now who's gonna win this battle here? I say you
There's your anti-thoughts though, I see you fought slow
My motto, get gold, then fuck a ho
We, got this shit locked, yeah, all in a smash
You get in the way, feel the mega-ton blast, nigga
It started when them cats came back from the cave, nigga
Used to be slave nigga, now I'm brave, nigga
Hanging with Gravediggaz and two gold triggers
Time to realize, a mind, body and soul is bigger
Got styles and miles, of a New Jersey Drive
Pierce like syringes, if it's war, yo I'm in the trenches
Public Enemy #1, hit the bank, job done
On the run from c-cypher, still serve pipers
Later that night, I hit the club, flick my Bic
Pick a chick I could creep with, my life, in containment

Still sell drugs, with three arraignments
Fuck it, street money, po-po blocking it
Gotta build, legal conglomerates, ain't no stopping it
Gotta feed and educate the babies, so I run rabid like rabies
Niggas can't fuck with my grammer
If I was a bitch I'd be a bad mamajama
Your music sounds like Loops of Fruit, kicks dissolve
808, sore, six doors, American Tale, feeble calls
Was West, pray to the East, the Sun don't rise, plant ya feet
We eat ground turkey meat, carnivore was tranquilized, original peachtree
Drunk-ass poetry, in the clouds style
Zu assassins Duck-Lo quietly, strategy, outburst violently
Finitely, Brooklyn displays how it was taken
Tracks is utensils, niggas stencil art
In war paint and, perimeter was an open lane
Intoxicated blows, is rugged like fatigue wearing hoes
Yo, pick your play action
I cross ya ass like a Sodomite in pale moon light
Cuz to me ya all sounding like bitches on the mic
It's official, verbal pistol ripping ya bone gristle
Invisible move like stealth missiles, undetected
Catch it if ya can, man, listen, shit is getting hot in my kitchen
Baking lots of chicken, with Lord Buddha Monk kicking a can of ass-whippings
It's a barbecue with Ol' Dirt and the Zu, bring the L-I-Q
We gon' drink 'til we drop, smoke pot, from the finest weed spot
You need not, act like you insane, I spit flames
Shame the devil and the demons in ya brain
Yo, your raps brought back negative feedback
My mind explores at where your inhibitions is lost at
I sour tracks, win beats, flip through loops
I'm with an ace even if my style threw a deuce
I teach the truth to the youth
Before you should attack your central nerve system
Leaving brain damage and addiction
Through forced lyrical infliction, reality's what you missing
Baby, do you remember me from "Follow Me"?
Just-I-Cee-Equality, with these thoughts
I leave explosions, overdosing off the Lord's potions
Got some shit self-defined, some shit I won't mention
You don't need to be trying
Make fake rappers don't wanna-be's, bitches 'tract to the wack meat
With this ghetto fashion, actual faction
Beats flashing, style fly like Jane flashing
Flows clashing, holding this mic triangular
Freestyle strangler, baby
Yo, y'all muthafuckas step y'all shit up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

