

BLACK MOON **ENTA DA STAGE**

1. Powafal Impak!

Intro: Buckshot

Hey yo, this is straight up for all them niggaz out there
Who fronted on some bullshit in the beginning, fuck dat
(some reggae shouting)

Verse 1: Buckshot

Blaaaww! Here comes the Buckshot Shorty
I kill black real, so guard your grill like naughty
Niggaz call me Jeffrey Dahmer, why
I'm quick to bombercars
That fuck your armor, cause I cause mad trauma
No comma, straight through your mama like acid
I fucked her, then I did it, that's why you's a little bastard
You talk mad shit with no back up, what's up, act up
You punk niggaz get smacked up, word life
You fuckin' with the wrong nigga
I fuck too many on the mic, they call me daddy long trigger
Mister Buckshot, makin' the gun hot
>From niggaz that fiend to see my little ass rot
Peep my style, check my level
I'm so hot, I shot a fuckin' fair one with the devil
Booyakya!, watch your back, grab your fuckin' gat
Here come brothers who are ready to act
Chorus: [samples of Busta Rhymes]
[Powafal Impak] 4x
Boom!! [the cannon]
(Repeat)
Verse 2: Buckshot
Some pack a mac, I choose to pack a black 22
By my waistline, buckin' your whole crew
I step through, and represent Black Moon
First, before I kick a verse, I puff a bag of boo

Lyrically I freak your funk you never heard
My shit is so fly, when I kick it, it's absurd
Damn, how I wrecked your life with one record
Made your crew break up and girl get naked
Respected, because I work hard for my cash
Shakin' more flavor than Mrs. Dash
Look out below, my flow will hit your brain
I got dough, but I still hop the train
I'm bustin' niggaz open, Attica style
Yo, straight to the jugular, brother you're mad foul
Gimme dat, because I rock with the best
Yo, peace to the hardcore niggaz, fuck the rest
Chorus
Verse 3: Buckshot
Free, to the five, to the four, to the funk
I pop junk and keep the bump in the trunk
Puff the skunk and get high, Oh lord
Get on my skateboard and do a motherfuckin' driveby
You little crab ass flea
Biting my style, you know the original rudeboy is me
Buckshot, no joke, smoke a nigga like buddha
Who the fuck you think you playin' wit
Yeah, I'm sayin' it
Cause I want beef, for you can hang here right
Yo, sometimes I wonder how the fuck you get a mic
But I don't sweat that, cause I 'm still paid
Niggaz get bucked down, bitches get sprayed
I do what I want, just so I can make loot
If it's an eagle, pack the gat son
You know how we do, true
Chorus
(Assorted shout outs 'til end)

2. Niguz Talk Shit

[VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty]

Somebody call the morgue, I just caught a DOA
Two to the head, I shot the bitch in broad day
No joke, I smoke gunshots you heard from blocks and blocks
I bust Mac-10s, oo-wops and Glocks
Shit, killin every nigga in sight
Bust a cap and crack a joke over your grave like Dolemite
Cause I'm a sick-ass nigga with no brains
Burst in flames, turn the mic into blood stains
Any thought I think, you blink and drink death
So I rip the mic and pat my nigga to the left
5ft. Excellerator, greater than your crew
Bring in your whole mob, muthafucka, you're still through
Yo nigga, where's my four-fifth?
I got more riff for any pussy niggas who forfeit
Bring it on, what, I got no shame
Buckshot's in the house and you know my name

[CHORUS]

Niggas talk shit but that ain't my steel'
Niggas talk shit but that ain't my steel'
Niggas talk shit but that ain't my steel'
I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill

[VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty]

Slow it down one pitch for that hoe with the lick
Pass the automatic, I'm about to flip
And spray niggas with my vocal (?)
Lead to the chest penetrate through the vest
And when I roll mad deep niggas back off
Fuckin with Buckshot it's blood you cough
I don't laugh or joke, I never choke on a blunt
But I chocke a stunt if it's beef she want
So bring the muthafuckin arrow and I play Rambo
When I shoot the crossbow inside the hoe
And her nigga, triggers I'm addicted to
Like angel dust I bust holes in your crew

You're wack, face the fact, you're all on my jock
Till the ehm tic-toc, I don't pop
So yo make way so I can make my day
I'm fonky but you're Pepe Le Pew

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty]

Watch your mouth, nigga, I heard you're talkin mad shit
If you're really on my dick, bend, take a lick
Here's your choice cause my voice'll break backbones and necks
Who's next to flex and feel the wrath of my tec
I spray, no delay, more jabs than Sugar Ray
I murder then I drop dead bodies in the lake
Beats with mad funk, pop the trunk
Play my tape while you lay back, puff the skunk
I'm no joke, I flip the script like De Niro
I'm a full-course meal, you're a one-dollar Hero
I'm sorta like the mob when I get a job done
Contracts and all that, guns, guns
So stay the fuck back or feel the heat from my gat
Buckshot Shorty, see, I always stay strapped
With the nickel nine on my muthafuckin waistline
Bitch, you know my name, bring it in

[CHORUS]

3. Who Got da Props?

Put up, what up, BO BO BO!
Suckers want to flow but they got no show
So I'm a grab the mic, flip a script, and leave ya stunned
Buckshot's the one that gets the job done
Mic check, I get paid to wreck your set
Get ready and jet, cause I'm a threat to your fret
No holds barred, and complete move fakers
Best to play the back and watch your girl, I might take her
If she's a crab I'm a diss her and slide
If she try to riff I got my Smith on my side

Word to God, here I come so make way
Rugged and rough, killing your set every day
Microphone check 1, 2, here we go
And I'm a let you know, who got the flow
Spitting my verbs like an automatic weapon
Suckers keep stepping, so I'm a let you know
Who got the props? *bo!*

Who got the props? *bo!*

5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot! *bo!* (Repeat 4x)

One Mississippi, two mississippi
Sucker tried to diss me so I played him like a hippie from the 60's
But I'm a get paid from the 90's
Quick to play you Little Rascals out like Stymie
Kicking flavor, with my life saver techniques
Guaranteed to move feets and I go on for weeks
Maybe years if my peers give me ears to fill
Lick off a shot and act ill, parlay and chill
See I paid my dues, now you can't tell me nothing
This is dedicated to the ones who kept fronting
The ones who tried to diss and play high? Oh no
Just cause you had low, see now I got dough
And I'm paid out my rectum, meaing my backbone
Grab the mic, flip a mad script to your dome
Suckers, I kick 'em like tae kwon do
Yes and low, from head to toe to let you know
Who got the props? *bo!*

Who got the props? *bo!*

5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot! *bo!* (Repeat 4x)

I'm the rugged operator like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Buckshot quick to play your nigga like Sega
Smooth trigger-happy snappy, keep my hair nappy
When I swing an ep girls call me "big pappy"
I used to play a game called "Ring Around the Rosey"
But now I play the mic, that's why the whole world knows me
I'm sort of like a Chevy heavy when I bumrush
You'd better bring your whole damn crew or get your head crushed,
sucker
Cause I'm a set it off with one shot

One trigger, one nigga ??? heads drop
Don't even try to play me out cause static
Buckshot Shorty, he sounds like an automatic
Rip the set, my friend's mad tight
Cause I rocks the mic and keeps the crowd hype
Straight from Bumrush, I crush and cause chaos yo, and I'm a let you know
Who got the props? *bo!*

Who got the props? *bo!*

5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot! *bo!* (Repeat 4x)

One, two, melody shows
And before I flip a script you know I must keep you dozing
Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty
Son pass the boom, keep the top on the 40
Never ever ever get played, KILL THAT
Bust a mad cap in your back cause I'm all that
Straight from Crooklyn, better known as Brooklyn
Elude the hook and, your whole beat's tookin'
Must take charge, bomb guard, I'm the man
Bust my plan, it feeds back on my fam
Once I cruise, pay dues, I never lose
When I break on fools, wake up, you don't snooze
Bust a move, I get smooth like Roadie
Kick it like the Four Horsemen, yeah you know me
Booming like a speaker with my 100 dollar sneakers
Baggy black jeans, knapsack, and my beeper
keep a fresh cut, never see me with a busted fro
And I'm a let you know...

Who got the props? *bo!*

Who got the props? *bo!*

5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot! *bo!* (Repeat)

4. Ack Like U Want It

[Buckshot]

Boo-Ya-Kaa, check my foul and my style
Never on the Isle, bucked shots as a juvenile
A little freestyle fanatic, I shot the rap addict
With an automatic, now I got static
See back in the days, I was a stone cold hood
Now I'm a paid hood, still up to no good
With my crew from the Heights and the Island
Still flippin' niggaz, and we still be buckwildin'
I never changed, never rearranged my fanness
Buck one time to your chest, through your vest
F.A.P. Franklin Avenue Posse, you can't stop me, cause my shits
never sloppy

I'm always for a pack, a joint, and a burner
Flip a scene, coming from a teen/tin like Turner
Take it from another brother coming from the ghetto
Once I get my five eight, no need for protect so
I get paid to rip, step aside I'm a blow you
Don't try to shake my hand moneygrip, I don't know you
I'm just a hardcore, raw, straight from the ave
Leave another question and you might get blast

[Chorus - 4X]

Ack like you want it

Ack like you want it

What! Bring the drama

Ack like you want it

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

I emerged in a rage, catching wreck on stage
Blowing up the spot, I leave my name engraved
You frail ass niggaz want a piece of the 5, but
You can't fuck with the nigga that's live
Here catching wreck, with the Buckshot Shorty
Spark up that L, cause it's time to get naughty
Then he looked at me, as if I was insane
I'm just a real nigga with a lot on my brain

The pressure starts to build, when I grab my steel
Giving niggaz the raw deal, with the mad appeal
This time around, I flex the tec with ease
And if you really want it, I give an extra squeeze
Cause I'll cut out your heart, and leave it pumping in my hand
Spit on your grave, and let you know who's the man
There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide
Cause, the 5 Ft. Excellerator, is at your every side
One time for your motherfucking mind

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

I ran to the boone spot, and shot the dread
He fished my nickle bag of skunk weed, now he dead but
Bust lead to the head, never did like a fed
Rule with the mad tool, fool check what I said
I'm taking you down, I'm breaking you down, I'm real
Wiz, Tec and Stelle, niggaz, you know the deal
I'm for real no joke, so on the gun smoke
Provoke, your dusty style, makes me choke
Never bite, but I write, when I grab mics
Boot your pretty bitch ass boy, and take flight
With my razor, the infra-red lazer, blaze ya
Like cane, I raise your little shorter's bad behavior
Niggaz better know that when I flow, I'm drinkin gin and cinnomin
And when I flaunt it, ACK LIKE YOU WANT IT

[Chorus]

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

From the town where niggaz always get bucked down
Kicked in the door, keep my finger on the pound
Word is around, that you're looking for the 5
Surprise, real niggaz always survive
Don't be amazed, I'm alive from the flames
No need to scream now your calling out my name
You little bitch ass nigga, you tried to take my life
Now I'm taking all you own, plus I'm fucking your wife
After that my man's, gonna hit your only daughter
And leave her body floating in some bloody bath water
Just like a snake, sl-sl-slitters on the ground

Nobody hears me move, even know that I'm around
You acting like you want it, now you're gonna have to get it
As I grab you by your throat, feel the heat as I just split it
[Chorus]

5. Buck Em Down

Buck em down (repeat 16X)
Verse One: Buckshot Shorty *
To the weak, what we do, buck em down, word life
Each and every nigga whenever I'm in the sight
Let my nigga Jewel peep your style for your card
Then I kick a verse and take a look at the God
God hit them niggaz with a verse real quick
C'mon God niggaz is all on your dick
You know what they say about niggaz who ride dicks
Upstate niggaz become chicks, word life
I ain't bullshittin, ask my nigga Buff
On the streets he was tough locked up he was sweet stuff
Shit is hot, word to Ma Duke
and get the loot from the man kick his ass with my Timberland
Shorty with the Shots that I Buck with fuck with
gang hanger with the double-edged banger
And I got niggaz clingin my drawers
Niggaz fake I'ma bust a cap fuck that I'm breakin jaws
I'ma bring it to your chest like, wind
Fill your fuckin lungs up with all the bullshit from within
But I'ma put it back so parlay
To the weak in Bucktown all we do everyday
Buck em down (repeat 32X)
Verse Two: Buckshot Shorty
Niggaz tell me chill when I kick it
Although my shit is wicked, it's all about the blunts and how I lick it
Or how I shot a nigga in the mug
with the slug leavin white chalk all on a pitch black rug
You couldn't tell me other word to mother

When I was fifteen runnin around I was the real street lover
On the corner out shootin the dice
Layin up, gettin nice, talkin bout a heist
GQ headin up to one-two-five
Push up on a shorty lookin live on the prize
I couldn't get the time of day when I was Little K
Now you call me Buck so your lips wanna puck?
Fuck that bitch, I know your X amount of thoughts
But they call me Buckshot Shorty cause I take no shorts
Word to the shell around my chest
Big up to all de massive rudebwoy pon deck
So if you see a weak nigga speak to that bastard
Or I'ma hit his ass with the motherfuckin plastic
Word life, I ain't bullshittin
Buck em down (32X)
Verse Three: Buckshot Shorty
When I was in school I was a mack
Shorty was strapped with a lyrical contact
knapsack, filled with the shit that I G'd
and a nickel bag of weed, yes indeed
A mad little nigga runnin up on em all
Fly as hell, hit the park play the wall
And all the older people sayin Shorty's a bad-ass
but youse a smart little nigga so you gonna last
They knew the time and they knew the rhyme woulda
hit you in at least four years, so I came to split ya
in the nine-three it's all about me
Ninety-four ninety-five that's my years fuck it I'm takin over
In nineteen-ninety-eight I couldn't wait
To get all my niggaz and do shows from state to state
Now I'm the motherfucker that's givin instructions
Fuckin with them niggaz Beatminerz on productions
Welcome to Bucktown, U.S.A.
Where the weak niggaz get their shit ass played
Buck em down (repeat 32X)
Outro: Buckshot Shorty
Ayyo, this is goin out to all the real niggaz
who buck down the bullshit, you know what I'm sayin?

On the real, rest in peace to my nigga Buttah
in Coney Island, shit is mad real out there
you know what I'm sayin? Buckshot Shorty
Five F-T, my DJ Evil Dee
Mr. Walt, all my niggaz in the motherfucker
you know what I'm sayin? Smokin mad blunts
and just chillin. So buck down the bullshit in ninety-three
ninety-four, ninety-five, shit is ours
Black Moon, we out

6. Black Smif-n-Wessun

[Featuring Smif-N-Wessun]

Verse One: Steele

Here we go, break of day, with a mad live session
Down in Bucktown it's Black Moon, and Smif-N-Wessun
Pick up the pace cuz we're right behind ya black
The punk got X-amount of shots, take one to your back
BOO-YAA-KAA!!! Mr. Ripper did the shooting
Cops heard the shots, shit's hot cuz they're pursuing
But it's my stomping ground where herds get blown down
Think I'm gettin caught by beasts youse a damn clown
Check the drums of death as I break what's left
of your face, cuz you're sellin out the rap race
Your family cried as your body lies in it's casket
I keep a black Smith-and-Wessun in my polo jacket
Sixteen shots, for all you hardrocks
And if your bitch is a dime she can get the cock
Straight up and down, we two terrible toughies
The Vickster hit your pockets then I made your eyes puffy
What pussy? Better drop your mic and get to steppin
Before you're face to face with a black Smith-and-Wessun
Chorus: repeat 4X

Load the clip, bust lead to the head

The nappy head dread, Buckshot and Baldhead

Verse Two: Buckshot

Real niggaz represent and don't die

Never dead like I said all we fuckin do is multiply
I puff a mad bag of buddha
Niggaz be like "Yo who the shorty?"
I'm bustin niggaz with my six-shooter
I get so much pussy my dick be in stitches
Red-boned or even fucked-up black Zulu bitches
What? This lil nigga is a mad stalker
Brooklyn, New York will grab the leash around your neck and then I
walk ya

If youse a bigger nigga bigger niggaz get bucked
Cuz I'm the Buck and I don't give a fuck my dick you can suck

Buck is a killer, thrill a nigga like Manilla

I'm small but strong like that fucking gorilla

A crazy-ass nigga puttin Brooklyn on the map

I never gave a fuck, I never give a fuck, cuz I'm all that

I take no shit see, givin the Buck fifty

I even blew your bitch cuz your man tried to stick me

Chorus

Verse Three: Tek

Ahh shit, a personality split

And I'm bout to flip with my nigga pull the trigger let the Glock spit

A little bad-ass shorty with no remorse

I kill forties and quarts remains on stage so who the boss?

Another boom blew up the scene

throughout the planet, get green, now I got sticky mean with my tag
team

G want a clip thinkin I'm takin this the underground moves

There ain't no more fakin if you're fakin I'm bakin it

Straight up and down, nuff respect to Bucktown

Home of the chrome, where I roam, not givin a FUCK now

Damn, just when you thought it was safe

to come out, with a rhyme, I got the nine to your face

Boom, hooked up with Black Moon, now it's on for real

so I pack more steel lookin for the kill

Hope you're not the picture on my scope, cuz the dread'll

pump lead, from the black Smith-and-Wessun, nuff said

Chorus

7. Son Get Wreck

(Verse)

This is a warning I advise you all to stay alert
Yo Reals grab the nine cause it's time to go to work
Ask Dee, rest the rhythm, I hit 'me, then I just split 'em
Besta believe that's the way you should've did him
Backing niggaz down with the heat, feel the flame
Ripping through your flesh, can you handle the pain
I don't give a fuck, I never did, I never will
A little Crooklyn knight nigga with the skill to kill
Which to the point I will extend the trey pound
Nobody makes a move, nobody makes a sound
Catch mad wreck, raise hell with my crew
Chilling in the east as I sip on a brew
Drugs no frills cause the dutch is the master
An individual who blows up because I have to
Bust mad shots, it's time for me to misbehave
Whoever doesn't like it we can take it to the grave

(Chorus 4x)

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

It's time for you to represent

(Verse)

I'm a grave digging nigga that can hold his own weight
They tried to flex on the five now they lives is at fate
They didn't think I had enough heart to set off the spark
I'm a shorty getting naughty getting ill after dark
My eyes are bloodshot red
All the hell I feel has set the stage in my kingdom
And not your rule in every state, the war as begun
I'm about just blow, so pass the hand grenade
It's time to let you know my freaks do deeds, though
Plus they will, three slugs through your grill
The pain you will feel, rippin', wrecking, causing mad drama
You acted like you want it, now you crippled like your momma

(Chorus 4x)

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

It's time for you to represent

(Verse)

Spread your wind and prepare to meet your maker
Fucking with the five, I'm like the average night taker
Deaths in the street, in the borough known as Brooklyn
Where niggaz lose they life and they get their shit taken
Guilters run it all, don't even try to riff
Shoved down his throat was the nickel-plated 5th
Shoot out his brains, left them on the dinner table
Went home, got the urge to watch a little cable
Just lay your back, and think about the things that I do
Throw on my timberlands, grabbed my crooked eye brew
Well my man Due, told me to met him at the spot
Cause things is getting hot, too many bodies in the lot
Just the other day they raped a girl in the exit
Put her in the dorm, now she three months pregnant
Damn it's so real in the heart of buck town
He'd better think before he dare to fuck around

(Chorus 4x)

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

SON GET WRECK

It's time for you to represent

8. Make Munne

(One two y'all, ya don't stop) --> KRS-One

[VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty]

Back in the days we used to hit Pitkin Av
Knapsack strapped on my back cause everything got bagged
In sight, when I got put out put up a fight
Then I took flight, all you seen was a streak of light
Ghost, you didn't catch me if you wanted to
I broke, it's time to catch some wreck, where's my crew?
Hit up the ball (?), fill up the pad with ease
Pump shit on the block and make at least two g's
Sometimes I even hit the pocket, I got knocked
One time, two times, shit, they couldn't stop it
I had to make my loot, I had to make my dough
So I took my 'Lo and Guess, then bumped the rest
On the ave, it's all about the green
And niggas who make mad green know what I mean
So if you in the house and you know what it's about
Gettin paid, come on, let me hear you shout

[CHORUS]

Make money, money, make money, money, money (4X)

Take money, money, take money, money, money (4X)

[VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty]

I got to get paid, and I mean quick fast
And if it ain't the cash then that ass get blast
Livin in New York nowadays is like damn
Cause if you're broke nobody wants to be your man
Especially the girls when it come to gettin game
You got to have the loot plus the gear to maintain
I can't take the heat, there's a strain on my brain
And when my pockets are broke my heart feels the pain
I gotta get a grip cause I might just flip
I'm thinkin of a vic, where's my crew and my clip?
It's a jack, take your fuckin hand off the wheel
Turn around slowly, bitch, you know the deal
(Shorty, you crazy) Nah, I need dough
And I'ma do what I gotta do, where's my flow?

I wanna grab the mic, flip the script and get paid
But if I puff a daydream, damn, I'm gettin played
Word to my meals, no frills, gotta go
And if you wanna bump makin dough let me know
I rather get paid with the paid program
You can keep your fame and fuck who's the man
I scheme and I scheme till I go get the green
And if you want a scene of the money fiend
Niggas (?) hit the screen
Everybody in the house, if you want dough
You gots to let me know

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty]

I'm gettin kinda old, now my moms wanna flip
Up out the crib, damn, I gotta hit a fuckin lick
The house ain't clean and the rent's overdue
I hear the same line, yeah, "I do it all for you"
You do it all for me but all I want is my own
I wanna represent, so I keep shit known
That I'm for the dough and nothin but the dead pres
Fuck Uncle Sam and the bullshit he says
You got to get paid says the man on the corner
See a fly shortie lookin good, push up on her
Now I'm like the man cause I bring home the bacon
Shit is mad real, kid, ain't no move-fakin
On the streets of New York, whatever you talk
It seems like only poor people eat pork
Word to my herb, make your loot in the spot
If you wanna get paid, let me see you lick one shot
[CHORUS]

9. Slave

I'm gettin the ahh, I'm gettin the ahh from the
weak shit that I hear no lyrical styles come near
to the one who boasts like Buck
On the mic truck, cuz I never gave a fuck
I hate the weak shit, man it be fuckin with my soul
I peeped how radio be trying to take control
Tellin me to get a little lighter on my lyrics
But if it ain't real on the mic I can't feel it
Straight from my bloodstream, I pump finesse
Nevertheless, hold it in your chest like stress
Rhythm and blues style is not in my environment
And when I "slowww downwwn" it's time to take a hit
But until I fall off, call off your set
and if you never knew me, then you never knew wreck
Look inside of the mind and see
Cause you might be trapped with a nigga like me
I feel like I'm trapped in the motherfuckin cave
To the rhythm I'm a slave, lookin in my grave
Jugular vein bustin out my neck, you see the rage
I move when I groove cuz I'm into, the stage
of the Buckshot, black, I'm bringin it back
to the roots, like Timberland boots, home on my rack
And I don't give a FUCK what you say
Commercial rap, get the gun clap, day after day
Niggaz don't play on the d low, kid you know my steelo
I roll on more niggaz than cee-lo
We might just bumrush your set
Me AND my niggaz on the real mic check
Like my nigga Smif gettin swift on the gift
Then I toss another lesson to my nigga Wessun
And my nigga Five from the tribe of Moon
Pass the Crooked I, bitch yo pass the boom
Whenever you're ready I'ma take you into the stage
Deep in the mind of a slave

10. I Got Cha Opin

(*DJ Evil Dee cuts up*)
(Don't front)
[VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty]
When I get bent I must represent, no question
Get up a dime spot and then I'm off to the dread section
Roots hit me off lovely
Comin out the spot I had to duck because a nigga tried to buck me
I'm easin on the Glock like, "What up, hop"
Buck's pullin out on cops cause I want free Glock's
What the fuck, bring your bitch-ass type brigade
Hittin them all, hand guns and hand grenades
(?) man that's wanted for murder
Got your block locked down, so don't come any further
In my clip is a .22 dum-dum
Oh yeah, I seen your moms, I hit her off with a jum
Know what I'm sayin? Fret it or forget it
(?) fly so I'ma still get paid, I don't sweat it
I'm every MC's nightmare manifestin
A little shorty pushin the fact that I'm best in
This shit called hip-hop, raise the throne
Kid, don't front, I got you open in your dome
[VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty]
Rest in peace to my niggas in the East
And all the real niggas that was shot by beast
Around the way all we do is spark mad ism
Ladies be like, "Yo, he's Buckshot right there, that is him"
But let's get with the cipher, kid, pass the eight
So I can wet my lungs and blow smoke in your face
Word to Jah, niggas can't touch me, kid
Cause I'm too nice to do bids or ever hit skid
Fronts in the bottom of my teeth like whatever shit
On the real, gettin played, what, I never did
Cause on the mic I gotta represent the real niggas
The field niggas get the muthafuckin ill triggers
Word to Herb, lick shot with my verb
And keep my hand on my grip when I play the curb

I never got caught by a undercover DT
(?) can't see me
You grab mics from the ones I left broken
Kid, don't front, you know I got you open
[VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty]
Late at night I catch a buzz, then I write
The type of ill shit to make the mind feel tight
And be wantin to battle like every five minutes
But I'm in this like Guinness so that ass get finished
Straight from the floors of hell, feel the flame
You faggot ass, I heard your nickname's Blame
I hit your brain and you felt the pain, maintain
When it comes to a battle you know the Buck reigns
I vocal-throw the flow, niggas be like, "Yo, how'd you do that?"
Bitches be like "Yo who that, you're all that, yo, true that"
Never forget that I'm the one you thought wouldn't make it
I used to make money, now I just take it
I do what I gotta do to bring you to the concrete
Buckin niggas down cause they think shit is sweet
I keep a Tec whenever I'm in the projects
Ease out, then flex, in effect like Wreckx
Buck to your head, now die is my slogan
Don't front, you know I got you open

11. Shit Iz Real

Check how I kick it, when I was wicked, around the way
Hold my Tec, cuz my niggaz pump by day
Drugs and thieves hit the eve of the night
Niggaz who fake real, come on a real flight
Six feet deep in the creep
Mic technique got a nigga locked down for a week
Word is bond, shit is on like this
Gotta move, cuz I'm on a nigga hitlist
You know the kid with the rock from up the block
Hit him up with the glock now his pops on my rooftop

Ridiculous to think you're hittin me
You're not hittin me you're gettin me upset with the threat
But I'm a little nigga from the heart of Bucktown
My stomping ground is Brooklyn bound
Fuck what you heard, it's about what you hit
And if that's your girl, then your bitch ain't shit
Fuckin all my niggaz cuz they know Black Moon
Shit iz real yo, pass that boom
Never parlay without a L
Inhale the first hit for all my niggaz locked in jail
Then go for dolo on a coup, laundry
Shoot the wack in the back and I'm aight all day
It's hot, shit is on ask the cops
Tell the dreadlock that I rule the block
Ease back, nuff man ah die like that
Eyah pussy all de X-amount of shot in your back
Word to my hardrocks on Franklin Ave
Feel the bloodbath of the aftermath
The wrath of Duck Down, Bucktown is real
Word to my nigga Five Ft on the steel
on a nigga who faked the jack, yo lift it back
Fuck where you're from, it's about where you're at
Where your gat? Whenever you in Bucktown
Shit iz real, all you hear is the sound
I'm real, shit iz real, fuck the raw deal
Pick up the bitch in the back by the field
on the word, shit is heard in two-third
Pump herb to my niggaz from a nickel bag of absurd
On-The-Real is locked down, what?
Beast can't step one foot in Bucktown
Mr. Ripper hit your back up with holes
All my niggaz on G mad lows knows
all about the breaker of the cash
Nigga nasty-ass, hittin all on my Bill Blass
I got a vibe in site, hmmm
Maybe cuz I had to get it on last night
With a nigga from up the block, who walked the rock
Drill him, but in another game I'ma head swell him

And when it comes to loading clips
Niggaz talk shit get hit with the Tec at the hip
Straight from Bucktown, U.S.A.
All my niggaz must represent eryday
on the steel, shit iz real word to Feel
Shit iz real, yo shit is mad real

12. Enta Da Stage

Buckshot
[VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty]
Jump up
All my niggas in the house raise up your blunts just once
I'm bringin it back, back to the original crook
Flippin the hook like flippin a book
Niggas know my style cause I be buckwildin on Franklin
It's time for Buck cause you're dead and stinkin
The original comin through with the boogaloo
What you gon' do to the crew, make way for the brothers who
Will quick react, bust a cap, breakin your back
And breakin the fact that your act is a shitty pack
You shoulda got with the Shot, lyrical Glock
Run up on your block with my trigger pon cock
So ease out, selector, play that shit
For all my niggas locked down, play that shit
For all my niggas Uptown, play that shit
And when I pick up the microphone somebody head get split
So polly I'ma give you every page
Bustin the gauge, light it up, now come in the stage
[CHORUS]
Jump up
(Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty)
[VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty]
If you want it, bring on your army, troop, I'm with it
Now your girl is all over my dick because I hit it
From the front - ugh, from the back - ugh

Load the clip, hit em up with the back in his fuckin back
You better run, fucker
The original is a real gun lover, word to mother
Buckshot, come test me if you wan dead
And if the weed is good it gotta hit my head
So I can see shit slow
I'm bringin it down to the highs and the lows of the flow
A mind master, rhyme, lyrical blast a bitch
I own the flow, you know I mastered it
What, picture a nigga droppin me
Ain't shit stoppin me, you're cockin me
I've shown I'm prone to plastic niggas
At the count of three squeeze your trigger
On a bigot blasted bitch I hit you with the hook
From the (?), after hook, after hook
You know I Got Cha Opin, Make, Take Munne, Munne
Ack Like U Want It, ain't a damn thing funny
Son Get Wrec with your Black Smif-n-Wessun
Shit Iz Real when I toss another lesson
[CHORUS]

13. How Many MC'S...

Im takin ya back come follow me
on a journey to see a for real MC
the mind tricks the body
body thinks the mind is crazy
but when I get the slazy
keep my flow Im swayze
I break..you take
whatever type of shit the nigga Buckshot makes
the incredible lyical and original
You can kill a bull if you wanna take it cool
Whatever I see I attack(tack)
Fuck up the back black/nigga fuck that
The devil lurks in my heart yearns for it well
Look into the eyes of a nigga who fell

I hit my head on the concrete to beat defeat
 (GUNSHOT)Another dead nigga in the street
 Bullseye direct hit dont miss..
 but How Many MC's Must Get Dissed
 Chorus
 I can break it down like whatever you want
 your runnin like this
 ??????but I gets bizzd when Im pissed
 Mister Buckshot rock it not quick
 Bitch get off my dick
 I open up and boot em then I shoot em up
 Whatever
 Im clev-ever cuz I wear my leather in the winter
 I enta da stage, nigga cock ya gauge
 I bust em off somein awful
 and then I leave the stage
 Im just a crazy maniac murder a murder type thinkin
 ya shittin, ya ass thinkin I caught ya blinkin
 I wet em and forget I never should of met em
 But he was talkin shit to my man
 so had to get em
 Yep..you can get the fist
 Whatever
 But How Many MC's Must Get Dissed
 Chorus
 I gotta nigga on scope throught the eye of an Eagle
 but I had the nigga puffin steel
 my brain is lethal
 Pain as a niggas brain Im goin insane
 pound after pound and come stomp on ya brain
 Pick up the route and be jetty wit the loot
 dont try to walk wit a switch bitch like your cute
 you jus couldnt let me stick my dick and ride on the regular
 Prendsedara excetera yah right
 so fuck what you heard its about gettin blipped
 In 1993 motherfuckers get dissed

14. U Da Man

feat. Big Dru Ha, Havoc, Smif-N-Wessun
 [VERSE 1: 5ft. Excellerator]
 What, here comes the muthafuckin 5
 Patch a crooked I, comin straight out of Bed-Stuy
 9-19, I believe
 When I wanna puff a mad I I got the dutch hidden in my sleeve
 Then I call my man Reels
 Then we start the El Dorados and pick us up a fat bag of drills
 Always keep the nine cocked
 Just in case a nigga feels an appetite for some nice lead lock
 Caught a nigga from a chin
 Now his ass is in, hit the preach cause he said it a sin
 [VERSE 2: Big Dru Ha]
 Well, it's the ill Caucasian, check the invasion
 Bushwick to White Plains, the world in seven days and
 Back in town with the Black Smif-N-Wessun persuasion
 Wanna flex next, swing one, that's all she wrote
 Get the point to the joint, now you're bendin for the soap
 Like my bitch, fuck a bitch real quick, then I vanish
 I always get the pussy cause I tell em that I'm Spanish
 Chill, lay low, I'm throwin headcracks in celo
 Niggaz losin dough so now they gots to bet a kilo
 Mines for the takin, never fakin when I kick it
 Girls be on my jock, they want a taste so they lick it
 Rip it from the back, bust a nut in her crack
 Big Dru Ha puffin lye and I'm out, black
 [CHORUS (2X)]
 Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
 Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man
 [VERSE 3: Havoc]
 Niggaz regret it when they get wetted with the automatic weapons
 When I walk the streets I pack a Tec for protection
 You know the deal, nowadays shit is real

Kid, I had it up to here, muthafuckas better chill
Cause on the block, yes, kid, we get busy
Front on my crew and get bust open like a fuckin Philly
Punk muthafuckas on the mic get violated
A rhyme ain't a rhyme if it ain't crime-related
I'm bustin raps like a nigga bustin caps
I grab the mic, cock it back and kick the fuckin facts
Stompin niggaz out with my black Timbs
Leavin niggaz crippled with artificial limbs
A slug in the brain cause you tried to sham
You thought you was the man, you fuckin coward
[VERSE 4: Tek]
I'm with my ill niggaz troopin down Atlantic Av
Three blunts still plus there's weed in the stash
Timb boots flop as the I gets sparked
Play the (?) from the street, it's flames movin in the dark
I've had it up to here with y'all weak-ass rappers
Bucktown, home of the Originoo Gun Clappaz
The name's Smif-N-Wessun and we're representin lovely
Smif joins the forces if you punks try to rob me
And I got his back, leave your body lyin flat
It's time to knuckle up, guard your grill, fuck that
Timberlands bootin up the ass of A&R's
You gettin surgery tryin to cover up the scars
You pussy (?) bwoy, (?) watch where ya stand
Smif-N-Wessun comin, lettin you know who's the man
[CHORUS (2X)]
Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man
[VERSE 5: Steele]

These niggaz is crazy, but I get real rough, no question
Runnin with Black Moon, representin Smif-N-Wessun
The boy's crazy, boys roll Mobb Deep
Bring in Havoc, so get dramatic and get splattered in a heartbeat
Bits and pieces when I release the boom
These type of tunes kept me consumed in a rubberroom
Now I rock with Buckshot, what the fuck, ock
I got nuff props so you can get the fat cock
[VERSE 6: Buckshot Shorty]
I've got 1, 2, 3, let me know if you're ready for me
Lawd, you must throw your hands upon the mic and let em know
About the flow when you rip and stick it cause you must get wicked
Never hesitate to (?) lyrical gangster, not lyrical prankster, see
Straight from the head of Buckshot hittin em real irie
Mi never come fi short, mi a-fi shoot upon di mic
You gwan fall like di Babylon on sight
Taught by my nigga Screwface how you shoe-lace
Let my nigga Bass tell me who take who place
Side up and up, side up and up, black
Yo chill, parlay, god, they ain't ready for that
They ain't ready for that
Everybody wan fly and get high but nobody wan die, why
Hey yo word up, kid
That's not that bullshit
Word, hahaha
[CHORUS (4X)]
Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

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