

# Shit Iz Real (Buckshot's New Vocal Version)

## Black Moon

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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