Who Got da Props?

Black Moon

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 one, two, here we go
And I'm a let you know, who got the flow
Spitting my verbs like an automatic weapon
Suckers keep stepping, 'cause I'm a let you knowWho got the props?
Who got the props?
5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot!Who got the props?
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Who got the props?
5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot!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 post high? Oh no
Just 'cause you had low, see now I got dough
And I'm paid out my rectum, meaning 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 knowWho got the props?

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5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot!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 bum rush
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 'nuff 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 knowWho got the props?
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5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot!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
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Songwriters
EWART DEWGARDE, KEN BLAKEPublished by
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