

# 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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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

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