

Shit Iz Real (Buckshot's New Vocals)

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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