

Buck-Buck

Das EFX

Well, give a buck-buck here and a buck-buck there
From the front to the rear throw your hands in the air
With a buck-buck here and a buck-buck there
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From the front to the rear throw your hands in the air
Ding, back in the ring, yo, its the tag team jams
So all rise for the honors balk, your lies mark your drum
Now, Im stronger and Im faster, thicker than your pasta
I got more styles than most MCs can master, Im D-Wilin
Three stylin' regardless beatin' me is like the Bills beatin' Dallas
Keep them shorts for the midgets, there I be
the shit, it
And plus I light that ass up like the numerical digits
In my beeper, 'cause were throwin' niggas, in the sleeper
Im dazin' you like etha, more hoodies than the grim reaper
Be on you everywhere, my style it aint the everyday
Its better, were sayin', shit, that other niggas never say kid
Cookin' the flows to make your toes wanna tip-tip
I used to be a wheel watcher 'til I got my whip-whip
You see I walk with a, bop-bop, I talk with the slop-slop
Man, you like six bull balls in a slot-slot
Its the abortion, son, Im launchin', quick to floor, shit
Click-click, now, Im on some quick draw McGraw, shit
For shit, now dice bring it back on the seal
Alright, we get the busters, smoke blunts out the mill
So get the buck-buck here and the buck-buck there
From the front to the rear throw your hands in the air
With a buck-buck here, here and a buck-buck, buck here
From the front to the rear throw your hands in the air
With a buck-buck here and a buck-buck there, there
From the front to the, yeah, yeah, rear throw your hands in the air
With a buck-buck here, here and a buck-buck there, there
From the rear throw your hands in the air
Well, yo, the one is for my nuts, the two is for my penis
You see, I can rock this microphone, yeah, from here to fuckin' Venus
Boy, I mean this, youve never seen this because youre corny
Im sleepin' on ya raps, Im drinkin', nass because youre foamy
With that weak shit, I freak shit like Im suppose to
Try to test my skills, word is bond, motherfucker, Im gonna roast ya
I do this, they be like, who's dis, who's dis? I break the answer
Krazy fuckin' Drayzie on the mic, I spread like cancer
So peep it, 'cause Ima keep it straighter than an arrow
Niggas, on my jive, why, because I rock like a Camaro
Back to rip the tribes so pack your vest, so check the flow
Some niggas wanna copy but theyre soppy like Joe, yo, Joe, yo
How I rip the shows on the mic nightly
Tell yall niggas, now there aint a motherfucker like me, ya hype be

Im slightly in the mood so watch me wreck shit
Check shit, I be on some new improved neck shitI flex shit, thats the way I flip it on a angle
You know who I are, wear my star like the spangled
Banner, bust the grammar but I bring forth my knockers
If it aint hip-hop, well, then it gotta be some rockin'Im risin' in your [Incomprehensible] and corn flakes
Youre gonna lose me
And if ya didnt know, one more here this is why my nigga choose meSo give a buck-buck and a buck-buck there
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