

# 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  
From the front to the rear throw your hands in the airWith 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  
From the front to the rear throw your hands in the airDing, 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' DallasKeep 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 reaperBe 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-slopMan, 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 millSo 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 airWith 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 airWell, 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 foamyWith 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 cancerSo 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, yoHow 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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