

# Niguz Talk Shit

## BlackMoon

Somebody call the morgue, I just caught a DOA  
Two to the head, I shot the bitch in broad day  
No joke, I smoke gunshots you heard from blocks and blocks  
I bust Mac-10s, oo-wops and Glocks  
Shit, killin every nigga in sight  
Bust a cap and crack a joke over your grave like Dolemite  
Cause I'm a sick-ass nigga with no brains  
Burst in flames, turn the mic into blood stains  
Any thought I think, you blink and drink death  
So I rip the mic and pat my nigga to the left  
5ft. Excellerator, greater than your crew  
Bring in your whole mob, muthafucka, you're still through  
Yo nigga, where's my four-fifth?  
I got more riff for any pussy niggas who forfeit  
Bring it on, what, I got no shame  
Buckshot's in the house and you know my name

### [Chorus]

Niggas talk shit but that ain't my steel'  
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I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill

Slow it down one pitch for that hoe with the lick  
Pass the automatic, I'm about to flip  
And spray niggas with my vocal ( ? )  
Lead to the chest penetrate through the vest  
And when I roll mad deep niggas back off  
Fuckin with Buckshot it's blood you cough  
I don't laugh or joke, I never choke on a blunt  
But I chocke a stunt if it's beef she want  
So bring the muthafuckin arrow and I play Rambo  
When I shoot the crossbow inside the hoe  
And her nigga, triggers I'm addicted to  
Like angel dust I bust holes in your crew  
You're wack, face the fact, you're all on my jock  
Till the ehm tic-toc, I don't pop  
So yo make way so I can make my day

I'm fonky but you're Pepe Le Pew

[Chorus]

Watch your mouth, nigga, I heard you're talkin mad shit

If you're really on my dick, bend, take a lick

Here's your choice cause my voice'll break backbones and necks

Who's next to flex and feel the wrath of my tec

I spray, no delay, more jabs than Sugar Ray

I murder then I drop dead bodies in the lake

Beats with mad funk, pop the trunk

Play my tape while you lay back, puff the skunk

I'm no joke, I flip the script like De Niro

I'm a full-course meal, you're a one-dollar Hero

I'm sorta like the mob when I get a job done

Contracts and all that, guns, guns

So stay the fuck back or feel the heat from my gat

Buckshot Shorty, see, I always stay strapped

With the nickel nine on my muthafuckin waistline

Bitch, you know my name, bring it in

[Chorus]

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