

# Buck 'Em Down

## Black Moon

Buck em down (repeat 16X)

Verse One: Buckshot Shorty \*

To the weak, what we do, buck em down, word life  
Each and every nigga whenever I'm in the sight  
Let my nigga Jewel peep your style for your card  
Then I kick a verse and take a look at the God  
God hit them niggaz with a verse real quick  
C'mon God niggaz is all on your dick  
You know what they say about niggaz who ride dicks  
Upstate niggaz become chicks, word life  
I ain't bullshittin, ask my nigga Buff  
On the streets he was tough locked up he was sweet stuff  
Shit is hot, word to Ma Duke  
and get the loot from the man kick his ass with my Timberland  
Shorty with the Shots that I Buck with fuck with  
gang hanger with the double-edged banger  
And I got niggaz clingin my drawers  
Niggaz fake I'ma bust a cap fuck that I'm breakin jaws  
I'ma bring it to your chest like, wind  
Fill your fuckin lungs up with all the bullshit from within  
But I'ma put it back so parlay  
To the weak in Bucktown all we do everyday  
Buck em down (repeat 32X)

Verse Two: Buckshot Shorty

Niggaz tell me chill when I kick it  
Although my shit is wicked, it's all about the blunts and how I lick  
it  
Or how I shot a nigga in the mug  
with the slug leavin white chalk all on a pitch black rug  
You couldn't tell me other word to mother  
When I was fifteen runnin around I was the real street lover  
On the corner out shootin the dice  
Layin up, gettin nice, talkin bout a heist  
GQ headin up to one-two-five  
Push up on a shorty lookin live on the prize  
I couldn't get the time of day when I was Little K  
Now you call me Buck so your lips wanna puck?  
Fuck that bitch, I know your X amount of thoughts  
But they call me Buckshot Shorty cause I take no shorts

Word to the shell around my chest  
Big up to all de massive rudebwoy pon deck  
So if you see a weak nigga speak to that bastard  
Or I'ma hit his ass with the motherfuckin plastic

Word life, I ain't bullshittin

Buck em down (32X)

Verse Three: Buckshot Shorty

When I was in school I was a mack  
Shorty was strapped with a lyrical contact  
knapsack, filled with the shit that I G'd  
and a nickel bag of weed, yes indeed  
A mad little nigga runnin up on em all  
Fly as hell, hit the park play the wall  
And all the older people sayin Shorty's a bad-ass  
but youse a smart little nigga so you gonna last  
They knew the time and they knew the rhyme woulda  
hit you in at least four years, so I came to split ya  
in the nine-three it's all about me  
Ninety-four ninety-five that's my years fuck it I'm takin over  
In nineteen-ninety-eight I couldn't wait  
To get all my niggaz and do shows from state to state  
Now I'm the motherfucker that's givin instructions  
Fuckin with them niggaz Beatminerz on productions  
Welcome to Bucktown, U.S.A.

Where the weak niggaz get their shit ass played

Buck em down (repeat 32X)

Outro: Buckshot Shorty

Aiyyo, this is goin out to all the real niggaz  
who buck down the bullshit, you know what I'm sayin?

On the real, rest in peace to my nigga Buttah  
in Coney Island, shit is mad real out there  
you know what I'm sayin? Buckshot Shorty

Five F-T, my DJ Evil Dee

Mr. Walt, all my niggaz in the motherfucker  
you know what I'm sayin? Smokin mad blunts  
and just chillin. So buck down the bullshit in ninety-three  
ninety-four, ninety-five, shit is ours

Black Moon, we out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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