

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 Ima 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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