

Powaful Impak!

Black Moon

Intro: Buckshot

Hey yo, this is straight up for all them niggaz out there

Who fronted on some bullshit in the beginning, fuck dat(some reggae shouting) Verse 1: BuckshotBlaaaww!

Here comes the Buckshot Shorty

I kill black real, so guard your grill like naughty

Niggaz call me Jeffrey Dahmer, why

I'm quick to bombercars

That fuck your armor, cause I cause mad trauma

No comma, straight through your mama like acid

I fucked her, then I did it, that's why you's a little bastard

You talk mad shit with no back up, what's up, act up

You punk niggaz get smacked up, word life

You fuckin' with the wrong nigga

I fuck too many on the mic, they call me daddy long trigger

Mister Buckshot, makin' the gun hot

From niggaz that fiend to see my little ass rot

Peep my style, check my level

I'm so hot, I shot a fuckin' fair one with the devil

Booyakya!, watch your back, grab your fuckin' gat

Here come brothers who are ready to act

Chorus: (samples of Busta Rhymes)

(Powaful Impak) 4x

Boom! (the cannon)

(Repeat) Verse 2: Buckshot Some pack a mac, I choose to pack a black 22

By my waistline, buckin' your whole crew

I step through, and represent Black Moon

First, before I kick a verse, I puff a bag of boo

Lyrically I freak your funk you never heard

My shit is so fly, when I kick it, it's absurd

Damn, how I wrecked your life with one record

Made your crew break up and girl get naked

Respected, because I work hard for my cash

Shakin' more flavor than Mrs. Dash

Look out below, my flow will hit your brain

I got dough, but I still hop the train

I'm bustin' niggaz open, Attica style

Yo, straight to the jugular, brother you're mad foul

Gimme dat, because I rock with the best

Yo, peace to the hardcore niggaz, fuck the rest

ChorusVerse 3: BuckshotFee, to the Fi, to the Fo, to the Funk

I pop junk and keep the bump in the trunk

Puff the skunk and get high, Oh lord

Get on my skateboard and do a motherfuckin' driveby

You little crab ass flea

Biting my style, you know the original rudeboy is me

Buckshot, no joke, smoke a nigga like buddha

Who the fuck you think you playin' wit

Yeah, I'm sayin' it

Cause I want beef, for you can hang here right

Yo, sometimes I wonder how the fuck you get a mic

But I don't sweat that, cause I'm still paid

Niggaz get bucked down, bitches get sprayed

I do what I want, just so I can make loot

If it's an eagle, pack the gat son

You know how we do, trueChorus(Assorted shout outs 'til end)

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

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