

# Bucktown

## Deep Space Orchestra

I walk around Town with my pound strapped down to my side  
No frontin' just in case I gotta smoke some  
Around here heads don't act their age  
Ya might be another dead Boy on the front page  
Enter the cipher, with ya lighter  
El's are ready prepare to run another all-nighter  
But keep watch for the Cops 'cause they rock glocks  
Comin' on the block tryin' to rock knots  
Pigs be actin' like they bigga than us niggas from da streets  
'Cause we stalk mad deep when they walk beats  
I guess they hold a grudge 'cause I won't budge  
Playin' tough, starin' down da Judge with my hands cuffed  
Standing there with my nappy hair and my dirty gear, aw yeah  
Now I'm up outta here  
Pigs look me up and down with a frown  
Is it 'cause I'm brown or is it I'm from Bucktown?

[Repeat: x8]

Bucktown! Home of da original gun clappers!

Got five MC's that want to come test we  
Got ya nooses hangin' over da trees  
Bring on your sounds Kid, drown by my massive  
Kill your body Boy and take your lover for hostage.  
Knock knock, maybe not the four shots empty  
On the violator that was sent out to get me  
I'm tore up from the floor up and everything's black  
But still I'm on point ready to buck, ain't nothin' sweet Jack  
Bucktown, I represent it on the love love  
Deeply rooted from my Tims to by dick above  
Don't sweat the bulge comin' from my hip  
Grip what ya did hit when I let my tool click  
Nowhere to run, ambush lurks in the dark  
Helter Skelter smirks while you're gettin torn apart  
Here come the Rude Boys with the ganja plants  
Smif-N-Wesson and I roll with the Boot Camp

[Repeat: x7]

Bucktown! Home of da original gun clappers!

Home of da original,  
Home of da original,  
Bucktown! Home of da original gun clappers!

Another murderer, just another prankster  
Rude Boy dead 'cause he thought he was a gangsta  
Tried ta live da life of a hood from the streets  
Test da wrong dread, now I'm in eternal sleep  
Mr. Ripper I lurk in da sky  
Twist da ganja 'cause I want ta get high  
With my brethren, a buddha session  
Learn ya lesson  
Or get blasted by Mr. Smif or Mr. Wessun

Bucktown's everywhere I swear  
It's clear to me  
You feel the weed, now I really see  
Night falls around the way  
Original heads come out to play  
Puff herb, break day  
It's just a regular, everyday state of being I  
Mind holds the weight, rhymes free the mind in time  
I find reality follows me where I roam  
360 degrees back home in

[Repeat: x8]

Bucktown! Home of da original gun clappers!

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