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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