

# Buck Em Down

## Black Moon

Buck 'em down, buck 'em down, buck 'em down, buck 'em down  
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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

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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  
    G-Q 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 want to 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 rude boy up on 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'

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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 you's 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

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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

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