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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