

Buckin' Em Down

[LL Cool J](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, man the flavor, flavor
Yeah, ah yeah, who we doing? Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down Ninety-three comin' off with the flicks and the rough shit
Packin' niggas kicks with black pits, saber tooth, the truth, ha-coot
Spit the juice and let the hot-ass-lead-loose
Let it fly, betty-bye if you're ready to die
Kickin' your ass and you can ask Keith Sweat why?
I make your Benz seem obsolete GRippin' your ass discretely, if you meet me
Puttin' bullets holes in tents, no fingerprints
You'll catch a slug in your ass while you jump the fence
Another young black man just caught a case
Not from 'Texa-mase'
From gettin' funky like a staircase Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
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Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down Yeah, what a scene, pullin' a Tech
With an extra magazine out the baggy-ass jeans
Wettin' up the block with mad Tech shots
Drop the glock, puttin' crack heads in headlocks
Like a cheetah with my dig-beaters
Ten millimeter, buck, buckin' you down from my two-seater Rippin' shit for the brothers who ain't here
Killin' bears and kickin' snitches right off the pier
Glock full of guts, steady buckin' butts
Lettin' moonlight in your head-pull-puds
Def Jam in your ass for the jams
You've got posse but are you nice with your hands? Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
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Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em downBiggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
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Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em downDraggin' your flower-ass rappers outta clubs
Thinkin' it pay too much, wet 'em like a dove
But in the slang, in the speech, in the style
Connect, can never be ripped by a suburban child
Gun smoke, bananza on the block, yeah
When all the shit was dead, coulda did a bid
Conferring emcee scramble, dismantle
Never gamble and try to handle a vandalYou'll catch a forty upside ya head with ya fake dreads
Tryin' to front like you're packin' lead
Dumb-dumbs are fine in a Spiro
And now you got more beef than a jiro
Peep the ballistic, kick, slick, quick, flip a script-a-slips
But that ain't new shit, burnin' ya crib down
I'm frontin' personal, he's hearin' how a nine sounds
Busy-quizick, the disare is in fizz up his li-life, the visits was borin'Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em
down
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