

# Trapped

## Buckshot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Buckshot]

It was a puff of black smoke, in the air  
I choke, then I witness two beady eyes there  
Glare, wit no fear, pitch black  
Waitin for the brother to attack, I tried to speak  
I tried to talk, but my voice is gone  
I feel like I'm on the other side, word is bond  
But he ease up and tell me to stand still  
I can't move at my own will, chill, I don't feel  
That the situation cause for panickin, I'm stiff like a mannequin  
But then again, when I felt the cold breeze  
Ease across my back, lay back, in the wind, watch a brother cease in  
Out the window, smooth like a puff of smoke, when I take a toke  
I feel the body ain't no joke  
So follow me, as I follow him  
Into the night, and you can see the light[Chorus 4X]  
I feel like I'm trapped in the world of rap  
I feel like I'm trapped[Buckshot]  
Wake up, you can kill the steady talk  
We gon' steady walk, where?  
First look in the eye of a needle and stare  
Dreads in my hair, oh yeah, the BDI glare, yeah  
Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, you can come near me, don't fear me  
But spare me, the bullshit you talk to everybody else  
'cause it's irrelevant to those who got knowledge to self  
Why equals self, so why ask why, I try  
Not to ask why, while my shotty lie beside my bed  
Thoughts in my head make my dreads grow, so you bled slow  
But you wouldn't let go, the best is yet to come  
Lay back as I kick some lyrics from my dia-  
Phragm, God damn, somebody got lost, here I am, whose the boss?  
Verbal floss (floss) if you know what's best for you

When they rescue, BD Buck shot at the average group  
Ain't nothin personal, but at rehearsal  
I'm serve justice for a click, and we roll thick[Chorus 4X][Buckshot]  
One man steps up to the mic, right, by a little man, right  
Short height, smooth throat, that's made to float  
And came to drop the bomb, everybody is listenin, so I remain calm  
And drop it on the topic of the dress code  
Timberland strapped type, and stomp a nigga head mode  
We reside on the bowls of peace in the belly of the beast  
But how cant here be peace when the Devil never cease  
To cause mischief, this shit is makin me griff  
Outta control, I'm fed up wit it, I'm dead up wit it  
See I'm ready for head up wit it  
Shit it on who? Back in '82, it was you  
Yup, you started it, now everybody wants a little part of it  
What, the rap music, I know you can't refuse it  
But I'm here to tell you that you must lose it  
Strictly convo, rhythm and poetry, shit, it got to go[Chorus to fade]

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