Niguz Talk Shit

Black Moon

Somebody call the morgue, I just caught a DOA
Two to the head, I shot the bitch in broad day
No joke, I smoke gunshots you heard from blocks and blocks
I bust Mac-10s, oo-wops and Glocks
Shit, killin every nigga in sight
Bust a cap and crack a joke over your grave like Dolemite
Cause I'm a sick-ass nigga with no brains
Burst in flames, turn the mic into blood stains
Any thought I think, you blink and drink death
So I rip the mic and pat my nigga to the left
5ft. Excellerator, greater than your crew
Bring in your whole mob, muthafucka, you're still through
Yo nigga, where's my four-fifth?
I got more riff for any pussy niggas who forfeit
Bring it on, what, I got no shame
Buckshot's in the house and you know my name

[Chorus]
Niggas talk shit but that ain't my steel'
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I'm the type of nigga to put lead in your grill

Slow it down one pitch for that hoe with the lick
Pass the automatic, I'm about to flip
And spray niggas with my vocal (?)
Lead to the chest penetrate through the vest
And when I roll mad deep niggas back off
Fuckin with Buckshot it's blood you cough
I don't laugh or joke, I never choke on a blunt
But I chocke a stunt if it's beef she want
So bring the muthafuckin arrow and I play Rambo
When I shoot the crossbow inside the hoe
And her nigga, triggers I'm addicted to
Like angel dust I bust holes in your crew
You're wack, face the fact, you're all on my jock
Till the ehm tic-toc, I don't pop
So yo make way so I can make my day

I'm fonky but you're Pepe Le Pew

[Chorus]

Watch your mouth, nigga, I heard you're talkin mad shit
If you're really on my dick, bend, take a lick
Here's your choice cause my voice'll break backbones and necks
Who's next to flex and feel the wrath of my tec
I spray, no delay, more jabs than Sugar Ray
I murder then I drop dead bodies in the lake
Beats with mad funk, pop the trunk
Play my tape while you lay back, puff the skunk
I'm no joke, I flip the script like De Niro
I'm a full-course meal, you're a one-dollar Hero
I'm sorta like the mob when I get a job done
Contracts and all that, guns, guns
So stay the fuck back or feel the heat from my gat
Buckshot Shorty, see, I always stay strapped
With the nickel nine on my muthafuckin waistline
Bitch, you know my name, bring it in

[Chorus]

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