Buck Em Down (Remix)

Black Moon

Buck em down
Buck em down
Buck em downTo 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 quickC'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 stuffShit 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 drawersNiggaz 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'm a put it back so parlay
To the weak in Bucktown all we do everydayBuck em down
Buck em down
Buck em downNiggaz 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 motherWhen 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 prizeI couldn't get the time of day when I was Little K
Now you call me Buck so your lips wanna 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 chestBig up to all de massive rudebwoy pon dec
So if you see a weak nigga speak to that bastard
Or I'ma hit his ass with the motherfuckin' plasticBuck em down
(Word life, I ain't bullshittin')
Buck em down
Buck em downWhen I was in school I was a mack
Shorty was strapped with a ill 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 allFly as hell, hit the park play the wall
And all the older people sayin' Shorty's a bad ass
But youse 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 yaIn 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' instructionsFuckin' with them niggaz
Beatminerz on productions
Welcome to Bucktown, USA
Where the weak niggaz get their shit ass playedBuck em down
Buck em down
Buck em downAiyyo, 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 Buttahin, Coney Island
Shit is mad real out there, you know what I'm sayin'?
Buckshot Shorty Five, F T, my DJ Evil DeeMr. Walt, B, 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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