Buckwylyn

Shyheim

[sample]
They're just out there doin it
They're just out there doin it and they don't really give a damn what's happenin
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet- Guru 2X)

[Shyheim]
We was chillin on the ave buggin out lookin dap
And these 4 cold boys rolled up in a cab
They pulled out a tool said get against the wall
Fuck that, rather brawl then go out at all
My man pushed back, body pulled the trigger
Nah G, not Amsin, that's my main nigga
His body hit the floor, blood covered the ground
How that sound? I didn't even give my last pound
The red glare with these tears made me shed
Now I'm fed
My right hand man could be dead
Hell no, I couldn't let him flee that ain't me
Or have me and my crew lounge in peace
So we dash, put the gladiatior on that ass in the grass
His life is now come to pass
The fear made him shrimp, aw shit the gun slipped
My man picked up the burner and emptied the clip
In his back, no slack jack it's time to retreat back
Wipe the gat and pack it in the napsack
Yo be out, cause 5.0 is soon to come
And get arrested and bagged for murder one

Chorus:
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)
I'm buckwild and I want wreck
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)
I'm buckwild and I want wreck
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)

[Shyheim]
I know a kid named Dane, he had mad fame

In the drug game, throwin his life down the drain
He slang mad rocks on the block til it got hot
Then he hit the jackpot, now he owns a crackspot
He always got blunted, smoked up the Philly
Now he use White Owl minks with his illy
Props, had lots and girls around his finger
The neighborhood banger and the hot rock slinger
The cops is on his back, left, right, right and left
He had a plan that was def so he stepped
He stuck up Bill, the one from up the hill that was chill
Now Bill wants to kill Dane dead
For his name and his fame so he did
He lit up the kid with lead in his head
Now Dane's dead

Chorus

[Shyheim]
There's a party goin on down the block
Pack up, load the gats now my whole crew's strapped, what!
Bring the drama, Shaolin against all ya
My crew's in here deep ready to bomb ya
I got the ill rhymes, nigga's lookin for a show
But it's gettin kinda hectic on the mad down low
Honies with the big butts whine to get stuck
And they kill a bitch and it's time to get bucked
Boom baow, niggas want to drop cause it's real hot
And some knucklehead wants to blow up the spot
Pulls out a gat or burner he's the man
Except he ain't down with the Clan check the plan
Shorty's backed up cause we're true to the crew
Doin what we gotta do with a 40 ounce of Wu
Crashed to the head, 2 seconds from bein dead
And it stopped, when these 2 kids busted shots
The party's in a smash and the Wu got it locked up
It's it, the man on the mic is a props

Chorus

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