

# Bucktown (Instrumental)

## Smif-N-Wesson

I walk around town with my pound strapped down to my side  
No frontin', just in case I gotta smoke some  
Around here headz don't act their age  
Ya might be another dead boy on the front page Enter the cipher withcha lighter  
El's are ready prepare to run another all nighter  
But keep watch for the cops 'cuz they rock glocks  
Comin' on the block tryin' to rock knots Pigs be actin' like they bigga than us niggaz from da streets  
'Cuz we stalk mad deep when they walk beats  
I guess they hold a grudge 'cuz I won't budge  
Playin' tough, starin' down da judge with my hands cuffed Standing there with my nappy hair and my dirty gear,  
aw yeah  
Now, I'm up outta here  
Pigs look me up and down with a frown  
Is it 'cuz I'm brown or is it I'm from Bucktown? Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz  
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Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz Got five MC's that wanna come test  
We got ya nooses hangin' over da trees  
Bring on your sounds kid, drown by my massive  
Kill your body, boy, and take your lover for hostage Knock, knock, maybe not the four shots empty  
On the violator that was sent out to get me  
I'm tore up from the floor up and every thing's black  
But still I'm on point ready to buck, ain't nothin' sweet Jack Bucktown, I represent it on the love, love  
Deeply rooted from my Tims to by dick above  
Don't sweat the bulge comin' from my hip  
Grip what ya did hit when I let my tool click Nowhere to run, ambush lurks in the dark  
Heltah Skeltah smirks while you're gettin' torn apart  
Here come the Rude Boys with the ganja plants  
Smif-N-Wesson and I roll with the Boot Camp Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz  
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Home of da originoo, home of da originoo  
Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz Another murderer, just another prankster

Rude Boy dead 'cause he thought he was a gangsta  
Tried ta live da life of a hood from the streets  
Test da wrong dread, now I'm in eternal sleepMr. Ripper I lurk in da stuy  
Twist da ganja 'cause I want ta get high  
With my Breaddren, a boodah session, learn ya lesson  
Or get blasted by Mr. Smif or Mr. WessunBucktown's everywhere I swear  
It's clear to me, you feel the weed, now I really see  
Night falls around the way, Originoo heads come out to play  
Puff herb, break day, it's just a regular, everyday state of being I  
Mind holds the weight, rhymes free the mind in time  
I find reality follows me where I roam, 360 degrees back home inBucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn  
Clapperz  
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Songwriters

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