

# Niguz Talk Shit

## Black Moon

(VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty)

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 Glockes  
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 ruff 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(VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty)

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)(VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty)

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)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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