

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 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(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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