

Bucktown USA

Cocoa Brovaz

Yeah

Yeah, yeah

Once again Bucktown USA is the place where I rest

Should I say chill 'cause there ain't no rest for me yet

Shit, I can't say chill 'cause the property's hot

Got to get it while the gettin' could be got or get not 'Cause of those who cop block or those who get not

Spillin' beans like a cook to them crooked ass cops

To all my G's, don't snooze 'cause they crews in blues and whites

Comin' to the PJ's lookin' for fights Mr. Officer cool down your temper

Me just cool you n'alf to come like no murderer

I try to do my thing and you try to take me in

Have me stressed with a bunch of dope fiends in the pen Then again that's the place where you see the same face
in the street

Everybody got to charge the beat

Once again, facin' the magistrate with the screw face

Bounce on the D. A. T. S. T. B., the new case Bucktown

Home where the grass is greenah

And all the Gods and earths choose a court in Medina

Bucktown

The place where I received my roots

Got put on to this loot and got my first Tim boots Bucktown

See me in the G. S. T. O. O.

On the side of the road, gettin' harassed by po-po's

Bucktown

Home of my B.C.C.

And everybody that I roll with, the family Boot Camp's the way of life for a loner like me

Constantly holdin' courts in the street with police

Like the Sergeant 81st, pretty boy is what they call 'em

Said he was a gun man, duke is kinda brawlic Speaks with an accent, Guyanese I would imagine

A hot-headed dread known for jumpin' into action

We danced a few times, he got his, I got mine

Called the whole force up to pat us down for the crime Said, it's all about a quarter and his veins bleed blue

Your man Rudy Giuliani fucked it up for you

Ain't gonna be no dice throwin', dead that weed blowin'

Domestic violence, automatic fire, he ain't jokin' Now you first offenders are gettin' hit like predicates

Goin' through the system just for standin' on the strip

Gotta keep an open eye when it's time to cop la

From dirty ass deeds and unmarks ridin' by Bucktown

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Bucktown
Home of my B.C.C
And everybody that I roll with, the familyHome of the Originoo Gunn Clappaz
And bank safe crackers
Pot-pushin' hustlers and everyday jackersWhen flauntin' get cautioned
If you don't ride with the right crew
Or hope [Incomprehensible] and bust off
When they confront on you, I still doSmoke buds with the thugs
About to face the judge, show all my niggaz love
I can't knock the hustle, get your cream by all means
Do what you gotta do to, liveto feed you and your seedsBucktown's everywhere I see
Representatives livin' nocturnally, break a day on the regular
All night is all right with us
As long as we can get rid of the red we get the betterBut never lose your head, just maintain
Only use the cushion pain to ease your brain
No strain when Tek and Steele bang, ain't shit changed from birth
B.C.C. degrees, on to them other planesBucktown
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