

## Duress

## Black Moon

This is how the real shit

(4x)

Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

Listen up yo, ah

Feel like the Devil got a personal grudge against Buck

What the fuck

Walkin through the streets, mindin my biz

Fearin like the Devil know what time it is

Rollin my leaf, just bought a dime

Everything is spinnin in my goddamn mind

Hold up, wait a minute, speak a one time

It's too many voices in my head, I hear the flatline

Could of sworn I heard the voice whisper from behind

Kinda deep though, made a nigga creep slow and breath slow

Cautious, nautious I could feel it in my stomach

The Devil want to blow the trumpet

Look at every step I take, I could feel it every breath I take

If I sniff up one time, I feel the earthquake

Damn the takes, so much to hold it all inside my chest

Feel like I'm bout to jest

Blow up, but before I do, I'mma take to them demoms

Schemin on whole crew

Chorus 4X

[Buckshot]

I used to want a Beemer, I used to want a Benz

One thing that I never wanted was fake friends in the end

I knew that ones that stuck by me be, was the ones that see me

On the streets, not TV

It's an everyday, it's an all day

Devils and the cops will get me in the hallway

Hopes drop me in the for slay

Around the third, because I'm about to blow

And be the shit, my word

I don't give a fuck, I ain't trying to quit at all

Even if my back is up against the wall, I brawl

It's a struggle in life, and it struggles the game

But whatever you gain when you at your worst at you feel the pain inside

That's when I'm near my goal

I could taste success, gotta stay in control

See the world's cold, momma told me from day one

"Prepare to blaze dumb, play the game son"

As a juvenile, I always got into shit

Even If I didn't start, I was bound to flip

Gettin to me in the worst way

Shot my little nigga on his birthday

Rest in piece to my nigga Ray

I know the Demon want me next

I see you schemin on me next

But I'm about to flex, Devil you can check

Chorus 3X

[Buckshot]

I'm livin in the world, where nothin is free

Gotta pay the Devil even if I smoke trees

Oh come on now, is it on now?

Smoke my weed and the public put me on foul  
When the judge lock me up I see the jury smile  
Gigglin, finger wigglin, he gone for a while  
Hit a nigga, what? your shoes don't fit a nigga  
You just want to get a nigga, I figure  
I'mma be the livin proof  
Hit them niggas, blow up like koof  
Put your smoke inside your face like poof  
What now muthafucka? 98 Duck Down nigga  
Straight to ya chest like arrow nigga  
Straight shots, Devil want to put me in the lot  
Six street deep till a nigga rot