

# Reality... (killing Every Nigga)

Black Moon

"Bundy shut your fucking ass... (Yo man we just recorded that!)"

Yeah...the fuck

Look inside of the mind and see  
Original heads check 1, 2, 3  
Light em up, Hawaiian cress bless my mind  
Now I kick rhyme  
For the nickel nine  
Take a sip a wine  
But E&J make a nigga laid  
Figure I stayed to the blunts saved the liquor for my bigga day  
I represent the original head  
Killing the original dead  
Boo yaa! that's my nigga Dred  
Blowing the spot, Blaaw!!!  
Fuck a philly, Five got the dutch, Buckshot got the Colin Powell  
Check my dialect from my diaphragm  
You got your nine by your waistline and  
Me and my niggas don't give a damn  
We got the Bucktown Boot Camp attitude kill a man  
Timberland make me general  
Roughneck wild  
Big em up now  
Bob Marley style  
Cheek & Chong style  
Like the bongstyle  
That's light at night puffin' the L by the grip and now  
I smoke so much Li I hallucinate  
Ill visions in my head  
Everybody must dead

Killing every nigga in sight  
Killing every nigga in sight  
Killing every nigga in...

I wake up in the morning..(we puff Li)  
I wake up in the evening...(we puff Li)  
Check the blahzay blah  
I'm feeling the rhyme from the rhythm and the soul  
I pack a 20 sack and watch a nigga fold  
Don't you hate niggas who make records for bitches  
It's all about the blunts  
Fuck them stunts  
Now, what ya want is what ya get  
Like biggety bitch bend over blow me  
So I can feel the breeze  
Giving my enemies time to recollect on the past  
When I bust that ass base to ya check  
Figure I get bigger when I lose my beeper  
Knock the head  
Plus Knock the dred  
All body dead  
We be I and I be we cause we be family  
Buckshot, Five FT and Evil Dee  
T to the R-E-V and the M to the E-E-C-H-E  
All my niggas in the place to be

Can I get an Amen?... (Amen!) C-D-B

I like the night, if you like the night  
I like the night  
Bitchass niggas take flight  
You want your gun I got your millimeter  
I eat a sucka duckity smoke blunts by the centimeter  
Right to way to serve the nigga on the curb  
I love my niggas so my niggas puff herb  
Now my niggas throw ya blunts in the air like this...(like this)  
Original crooks never get dissed  
If we get dissed  
Niggas get that to the back  
Five where he at?... (right here!)  
Another mission to be dissing  
Now who do I be dissing bitches  
God, fuck the intermission  
It's about killing the nigga  
The one playing the bigger  
The one playing the sucka ducks with my trigger  
Feel the buck coming on in the set  
Some Barley on the wreck  
Fuck it, time to break a neck

[Chorus]