

Buck A Shot

Biga Ranx

We are numba one
Down ina paris we are number one
Pacific ocean we are the number one
So all rude boy just hold your gun
Buck a shot when you hear this one
'Cause you know the riddim weighs a ton
Buck a shot buck a shot everybody buck a shot
Buck a shot buck a shot everybody buck a shot
You know when we comin' we da cream of the crop
We ram the dancehall like the king of the pop

Friday to sunday
The kids wanna party on the ground play
The kids wanna party with no gun play
The sky is the limit for brigante
Ready fi go take off ah the runway
Gal mi slap your booty like a djembe
Like a bank robbery we a fi get away
Eh weh yu seh?
Yes we dealin'with dem tings ina betta'way

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Mi ram the dancehall like the king of the pop

Comin'like a likl'baby callin'for her dada
She busin'up the dance when she's dancing up the dagga
Stick it in your gutta mi say juk you like dog'ya
She s tearing down the wall screamin'out
For her mother
The tempatur's risin' it's gettin'very hotta
Bare pretty lady mi nah deal with no slappa
Any kind a colour skin ah dat nah really matta
When we reach ina ya town dem ah hands dem ah clappa

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