

(Intro: Doc Doom)

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ya'll niggaz duck low
Niggaz ain't playing no more
Yeah, duck low, nigga
It's going down, round for round
Nigga, hit the ground, yeah
Duck low, when them guns blow
Flaming your way, nigga, it's real out here, yeah

(Chorus 2X: Doc Doom)

Duck low when the guns blow, cause bullets don't have no name
Anybody can get it, everybody is fair game
When the guns flame your way, you better duck low
Duck low when the guns blow, duck low

(Doc Doom)

Duck low when the guns blow, cause niggaz out here?
Ain't scrapping no more, they'd rather put a tag on your toe
Niggaz go to war, with tech's and calico's, gauge, and fo'fo's
Four-fifths and nines like, pull up slow, where them fools go
Right there, a gun can be a nigga's worst nightmare
A price there, my brother Rube got shot, I was right there
Like damn, somebody call a fucking ambulance
Ya'll see my brother bleeding bad, call a fucking ambulance
Cause gun plays, all day in the streets of L.A.
From sun up to sun down, niggaz be letting off rounds
Layin' fools down, cock and lock the whole block down
And won't stop spitting, til they drop a few of you clowns
Gunnin' you down, just because you run with them clowns
So blame it on your hood, cause they got you in some shit now
So expected, these Cali streets is so reckless
And treacherous, and I suggest you don't test

(Chorus 2X)

(Doc Doom)

My whole team is ghetto street thugs, who'd rather bust slugs
We young guns, straight from the slums, and raid them hoodlums
Ghetto with manics will leave you slanted, so don't test me
Or with my team, cause infered beams can make the whole scene turn messy
My sign says money and weed, outfits and phat whips
Loungin on the sands of Jamaica, with a fly bitch
With wide hips, my nine's my sidekick ready to die for this
Brigade that I claim, Black Knights; we verbal terrorists
Cherish this like old ancient arts in museums
Black Knights, West Coast Killa Bee, nigga, move like Koreans from Pradium
Jam packed colisseums, with blatant portrait
Double time to rhyme for the plan goes accordingly
Triple platinum and some change, not far from border range
Hustling runs deep in my veins, my father's sold cocaine