

Black Smif-n-wessun

Black Moon

Here we go, break of day, with a mad live session
Down in Bucktown it's Black Moon, and Smif-N-Wessun
Pick up the pace cuz we're right behind ya black
The punk got X-amount of shots, take one to your back
BOO-YAA-KAA!!! Mr. Ripper did the shooting
Cops heard the shots, shit's hot cuz they're pursuing
But it's my stomping ground where herds get blown down
Think I'm gettin caught by beasts youse a damn clown
Check the drums of death as I break what's left
of your face, cuz you're sellin out the rap race
Your family cried as your body lies in it's casket
I keep a black Smith-and-Wessun in my polo jacket
Sixteen shots, for all you hardrocks
And if your bitch is a dime she can get the cock
Straight up and down, we two terrible toughies
The Vickster hit your pockets then I made your eyes puffy
What pussy? Better drop your mic and get to steppin
Before you're face to face with a black Smith-and-Wessun
Chorus: repeat 4X
Load the clip, bust lead to the head
The nappy head dread, Buckshot and Baldhead
Verse Two: Buckshot
Real niggaz represent and don't die
Never dead like I said all we f**kin do is multiply
I puff a mad bag of buddha
Niggaz be like "Yo who the shorty?"
I'm bustin niggaz with my six-shooter
I get so much pussy my dick be in stitches
Red-boned or even f**ked-up black Zulu bitches

What? This lil nigga is a mad stalker

Brooklyn, New York will grab the leash around your neck and then I
walk ya

If youse a bigger nigga bigger niggaz get bucked

Cuz I'm the Buck and I don't give a f**k my dick you can suck

Buck is a killer, thrill a nigga like Manilla

I'm small but strong like that f**king gorilla

A crazy-ass nigga puttin Brooklyn on the map

I never gave a f**k, I never give a f**k, cuz I'm all that

I take no shit see, givin the Buck fifty

I even blew your bitch cuz your man tried to stick me

Chorus

Verse Three: Tek

Ahh shit, a personality split

And I'm bout to flip with my nigga pull the trigger let the Glock spit

A little bad-ass shorty with no remorse

I kill forties and quarts remains on stage so who the boss?

Another boom blew up the scene

throughout the planet, get green, now I got sticky mean with my tag

team

G want a clip thinkin I'm takin this the underground moves

There ain't no more fakin if you're fakin I'm bakin it

Straight up and down, nuff respect to Bucktown

Home of the chrome, where I roam, not givin a f**k now

Damn, just when you thought it was safe

to come out, with a rhyme, I got the nine to your face

Boom, hooked up with Black Moon, now it's on for real

so I pack more steel lookin for the kill

Hope you're not the picture on my scope, cuz the dread'll

pump lead, from the black Smith-and-Wessun, nuff said

Chorus