

Jump up

All my niggas in the house raise up your blunts just once
I'm bringin it back, back to the original crook
Flippin the hook like flippin a book
Niggas know my style cause I be buckwildin on Franklin
It's time for Buck cause you're dead and stinkin
The original comin through with the boogaloo
What you gon' do to the crew, make way for the brothers who
Will quick react, bust a cap, breakin your back
And breakin the fact that your act is a shitty pack
You shoulda got with the Shot, lyrical Glock
Run up on your block with my trigger pon cock
So ease out, selector, play that shit
For all my niggas locked down, play that shit
For all my niggas Uptown, play that shit
And when I pick up the microphone somebody head get split
So polly I'ma give you every page
Bustin the gauge, light it up, now come in the stage

Jump up

(Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty)

If you want it, bring on your army, troop, I'm with it
Now your girl is all over my dick because I hit it
From the front - ugh, from the back - ugh
Load the clip, hit em up with the back in his fuckin back
You better run, fucker
The original is a real gun lover, word to mother
Buckshot, come test me if you wan dead
And if the weed is good it gotta hit my head
So I can see shit slow
I'm bringin it down to the highs and the lows of the flow
A mind master, rhyme, lyrical blast a bitch
I own the flow, you know I mastered it
What, picture a nigga droppin me
Ain't shit stoppin me, you're cockin me
I've shown I'm prone to plastic niggas
At the count of three squeeze your trigger
On a bigot blasted bitch I hit you with the hook
From the (?), after hook, after hook
You know I Got Cha Opin, Make, Take Munne, Munne
Ack Like U Want It, ain't a damn thing funny
Son Get Wrec with your Black Smif-n-Wessun
Shit Iz Real when I toss another lesson

Jump up

(Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty)