

How We Do It

Black Moon

Just give me two seconds of ya time, I'ma take ya shine
If you got a bad bitch, this gon' make her mine
Once she hear the LP, a/k/a the album
By any means necessary, I will do a Malcolm
On the God, fix, the thirty yard six
Dominican Republic, never heard of y'all shit
They dig me, cuz I did me, swiftly
Hit trees with my overseas mc's, then breeze
Them please, all of them niggaz is good for
Is talkin', they love walkin' on knees
I cock and squeeze when I shower many
Show a little love, every now and then, if I was them
f**k my enemies, I smoke my little trees
Show love to my seeds, and put my hours in
But that was then, and this is right here, right now
We can do it Apollo 10, listen up
How we do it, they wanna know
How the gods can flow, we bring the arsenal, they like
How we do it, we keep it crackin'
Ain't no slackin', we lovin' to make it happen, they like
How they do it, ain't no question
What we reppin', got them steppin, oh yea
How they do it, anytime you really want the answer
Call me and my mans up
First of all, let's cut through the chase
And get right to the bottom line
You know the face, nigga, now the rhyme
Rap is not a crime, though I'm killin' 'em
Fo'five millin' 'em, Dru, send the bill to them
So I can let them know how I rock dog Pepsi
And the sock, don't rep me on your block, dog
I do it for the indies, the independents
Who rhyme from the last penny, up until the last dime
I don't play games at all
I'm at the bottom where the flames engulf, brains come off
Brave us off, it don't matter, when ya face up north,
it's no laughter
Everybody seen the joke after, choke half the
The niggaz in ya frontline, or in ya back up
One time, duke, you betta know who you dealin' with
No card, this is God, you hard of hearin' shit?
Listen up
Let it be known, Buck be ahead of the throne
The only nigga that's ahead of his own, I stay on p
Like they on me, when they all see
That I'm all that, and they just jealous, and can't be
Hopin' I fall again, but every time you pop off a pistol
You call my name, (Buckshot)
No need for amnesia, I need ta, spit a sick verse
For you, set off your seizure
Shake ya body and ya knees up
Ease up, weeze up in this bitch
Spark them trees up, you look like you need Buck
Well he's up, in the crib, til you pay the kid
Pull your fees up, please, me with a visa?
He's a, black Ebenezer, hate all you scheezers
Like me, I don't like you neither

But your rap beats is soft, call Alicia Keys up