

Rush

Black Moon

If I don't get in, I'm rushing
You can step aside or collide with this four five busting
No bluffing
Just niggaz in that
All black apparel with the barrels that spin back
Buck where you been?
I've been back
So now I'm on the map
And all I want is my bread, send that
Holding my shank
Rolling my tank
Roll a dank
Don't go to play
But I will roll a bank
Four, Five, Six niggaz in your spot looking at 'Shot
Thinking I'm sweet like apricots
That's when I let them know
I can be Teddy Pendergrass if you want me to let it go
I spit for life
Boot Camp Clik for life
Superman in the day with the kryptonite
Niggaz love how I grip the mic
Chicks love how I grip niggaz zip grab my dick and spit right
Game in your brain
I came in the game
With nothing left with the world knowing my name
It's nothing
You can keep huffing and puffing
But me and Evil Dee's at the door
And we all Bum Rush

The labels The stores The stores The doors All yours The party Anybody For t
he shotty In your lobby The industry All my enemies To you feeling me Or to
you rid of me The masses The Fastest And the C classes To my g's past
This is Bucktown
Without Freddie Williams
Call me General Buck
Because I led millions
Whether chuck tailors or chuck Timbs
Fuck with him you might get your face crushed in Brooklyn
Franklin Avenue bring the crooks in
Everyday hustlers
Professional boofin
Slide your dame like greets in the vacant lot
Bust two shots make it hot
Chicks get naked a lot
You love that
When they take it a lot
You love that
Get the buzz back
I pray that you never get in my way
My guns slay motherfuckers when you get in my way
I'm Billy the kid
Shit, I really the kid
Shoot you in front of your kids
And been slid to the next state
Me and Beatminers on the way up

Quick to slay up the next tape
Fix your face
Don't miss the date
Some call me Mr. Hate
Cause I got a list to hate
Rules number one through eight it's all great
You can't relate
With this thirty-eight I'm rushing the door and can't wait

Talking about how I can't come in
We bum rush
See them niggaz with no grins
They from us
We all got big ones to bust
Got a lot of niggaz for them niggaz who never did run for us
But respect ain't shit
When the tech spits two shots in your Lexus coupe and your neck splits
That's it, it's a wrap
You ain't know dissing that it get you clap
Fucking with 'Shot watch your back cause we coming through
Running through
Murdering too
Anybody can get it nigga including you
It's awful
Unlawful
How we kick down your door and your jaw hit the floor too
Back up a little bit
Give me some room
Niggaz ain't want to give props to the Moon
Cause I'm underrated
The underdog and the overrated
You know I made it but you still telling me know favors
Fuck you
Let's get it on right now
A lot of niggaz gone right now but I'm gone right now

x2