

Showdown

Black Moon

Flipmode, Boot Camp, alliance official
Shit hit your chest like sess
Each and every time
(Whattup nigga?) Yeah whattup nigga?
(Y'all niggaz chillin?) The Sun don't chill nigga
Hate y'all little niggaz
Listen to this right here motherfucker what?
Knahmsayin, shit be kinda close
Hittin you up with some real shit, feel this nigga

Buck spread love like the Pope, but I never spread false hope
I bring the bomb squad close, rock you with a dose
of TNT, niggaz ain't believe in me?
I'm comin back for all them niggaz who be thievin me
I'm incredible, also edible
Rock it in the stage show, see me in the interview
Wanna be worldwide, but you can't fuck with I
You try, you die; don't deny the fact that you got your back
blown by binoculars, the way I'm rockin ya
and drop-toppin ya, dough low go for dolo in Cali
All my Outlawz form a rally and we Bomb First nigga
Pull the trigga, see what happen if you hesitate
and cut yoour blood supply short
The bloodsport, the motherfuckin onslaught

-> Busta Rhymes

Yo, now in the onslaught, y'all niggaz got caught
Now we can run a full court all in a bloodsport
And while we hold the fort, cut ya like live shorts
Feel the pressure burn a nigga like a Newport!

Comin for you
I used to sit back, and let a lot of shit
get to my head, wanted to dead a lot of shit
A lot of fake niggaz, frontin in the game with
a little record deal but still drive the same whip
Damn shame ain't it? The vision that they show you
in they videos'll make you think them niggaz moved out the ghetto
Oh? Don't get me wrong, I ain't tryin to stay
But shit, at the same time I ain't tryin to run away
A lot of family is left behind
A lot of my niggaz is left to grind, some still do crime
Some do time, but, no matter what
None of my niggaz keep an empty shell inside the nine
Cockback, fuckin up the Evil Dee track and make the mind react
Smoke a phat one listen to Buck and get black
As a matter of fact
Even if you don't smoke you can feel the contact

Comin for you
Jump through the window to your rescue I guess you
heard the rest do, all that rap shit but in fact it
sounded kinda good until I let you hear this phat shit
You lack shit, nigga track this
Record this, oh my lord this is the warnin sign for y'all
B.D. wann ball; is you feelin me? Let me know somethin
And if you see me lookin sober, let me smoke somethin

Pump it up like D, film me like Spike Lee
Bodycount like Ice-T, do it nicely
Nice to see, that nigga Buck..shot .. rappin
Fuck it, I'ma make it happen
All my niggaz stick to gunclappin, don't change
From my street niggaz up to my nigga Starang
Bang bang nigga, can you hang, nigga?
It's your fault you got caught in the rain, nigga

[CHORUS]