

# Slave

## Black Moon

Yeah, original crooks, original heads. We doin' it like this.  
Word up!  
I woke up in the morning, hopped on a train I saw my man  
He had an L in his hand, hide it from the beast  
At least I catch a bus before I hit my block  
I take a mega hit frontin' on the good ship lollipop  
Move the hop so I can put the hip in the grip  
Everybody slip so I can take a trip to the dip  
Dig a deeper hole microphone control with soul  
Look at my hot eye's tell me how could you be cold  
I'm coming to you from the underground, with a thunder sound  
#1 question, "Yo how can I be down?"  
But I tell you bring your lighter and roll your finger  
Back up on the lighter so you can see the fire finger  
Go from left to right then front to back  
Herbal verbal lead is givin' the mic contact  
React whenever I keep your head scopin'  
Ahh don't front you know I got cha opin  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Check my dialect from my diaphragm my man  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Check the dialect from my diaphragm my man  
Me and my crew walk the streets at night  
Like lookin' for the right one, baby  
If it's payday I'm at your doorstep  
I never sweat swingin' the epp nowadays 'cuz my rep  
Is known for the tricks that is straight like toys  
In the cypher with my boys, we be gettin' busy  
Wreckin' shop. I drop the top make the seeds pop  
From the live that I sparked last night in the dark  
I be dedicated to the moon 'cuz it's Black  
Resurrect, come back, tell me about the other side jack  
Now we goin' back to "Who's Got The Props?" when I blew up the spot  
Last year on the box.  
Pressure to come back with another fat single  
Not too underground to make you stop when you mingle  
But bust it, pay attention to the third verse  
and I'mma take you to another level first, Yeah  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Now you're sweatin' Evil Dee number 1 DJ!  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Now you're sweatin' Evil Dee number 1 DJ!  
First of all listen, I'm the N you know that

when you see me at a show you better prepare for the flow  
Right away. I'm givin' you a brighter day.  
It's never sunny, still don't nothin' move but the honey out the page  
So I enta the brotha zone. I come to the front of the stage  
And let you know who's on the phone. Leave it alone.  
See it's a hip hop thang. Not a fake drip drop fame or corny ass lame.  
You can fool the rest but you can't fool me.  
See the best school me for the simple fact  
It's the g-o-d, buck to the shot  
Still took the techs and Buck took the rocks  
So forget the past, no more Shorty  
Strictly Buckshot, I rock you 1 down to 40 Below  
I gots to let her know that I am the day that never tire everytime  
I felt the fire  
People try this when your jam got cold  
Used to be the man now your band got old  
I know the plan, so I keep you scopin'  
Don't front you know I got cha opin.  
Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Check the dialect from my diaphram my man  
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks  
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin  
Check the dialect from my diaphram my man  
Yeah, without no doubt. This is dedicated to my man  
Big 5, Big Trev. Real's in the place to be  
We're coming to get you out, kid.  
And we out...no doubt...