

The Onslaught

Black Moon

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
What you ain't believe in me?
I'm comin' back from of these 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 get with I
You try, you die
Don't deny the fact that you got your back blown by bronoculars
The way I'm rockin' ya and drop toppin' ya
Nolo go for dolo and we tallyin'
All my outlaws form a rally and we bomb first fool
Pull the toll, see what happen if you hesitate
I cut your blood supply short, it's your fault
you got caught in the onslaught

Yo in the onslaught your lives got caught
Now we can run the full court all in a blood sport
And while we hold the fort cut ya like live shorts
Feel the pressure burn wild like (comin' for you)

I used to sit back and let a lot of clicks
get to my head, wanted to dead a lot of clicks
Broke wit' no chips, frontin' in the game wit'
a little record deal but still drive the same whip
It's a shame ain't it, the vision that they show you in the videos
would really make you think that you got the ghetto, oh
Don't get me wrong, I ain't tryin' to stay
But yo, at the same time I ain't tryin' to run away
A lot of family get left behind
back on the block still left to grind, some still do crime
some do time, but no matter what
none of my heads keep an empty shell inside the nine
Cock back, Buck on the Evil Dee track and make the mind react
Smoke a fat one listen to Buck and get black
As a matter of fact
even if you don't toke you can feel the contact
(hook)

(verse 3)

See you through the window to your rescue I guess you
heard the rest do all that wackness but in fact it's
Sounded kinda good 'til you hear this phatness
You lack this, what scrap this
Record this, oh my Lord this is the warning sign for y'all
B.D. wanna ball
Is you feelin' me? Let me know somethin'
And if you see me with you smoke well let me smoke somethin'
Pump it up like he, film me like Spike Lee,
body count like Ice-T, do it nicely
Hize to see the B.D. Buckshot rappin' he can make the bomb happen
All my heads stick to gun clappin'
don't change, from my street cats to my man Starang
Bang, bang, yo, can you hang yo
It's your own fault you got caught up in the rain yo
now in the onslaught

Tiskřeno z písničky-akordy.cz
(hook) x 3

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