Where It Goez Wrong

Black Moon

Dear Lord, can you hear me?
Do I want them to respect or fear me?
Nightmares got me sleepin' with the little shotty
Though I know I can't put the barrel to everybody

Pray for me now, what makes a soldier?
I know it's no breaths 'til beef is over
Keep your guns warm, my heart goes out to you Seth
And my cousin baby just died from crib death

Stay with me, just hit me on the celly cell
I know sufferin' and pain really well
If it don't kill you, it makes you strong
I think of the song, "What's going on"
When it's going wrong

When I act like it's love and I know it ain't
If it was up to you, y'all niggaz would be throwin' paint
On my outfit, like he ain't about shit
Before you talk about shit, take your mitts of my mini fountain

See I had geeks and all y'all really had was feet
And you ain't never had a beef, so why you had to speak
Fasten your seat and I'ma take ya on a mission, nigga
I teach my own how to keep my own, listen nigga

Get the check, pay ya dues or pay ya respect
Or pay attention, 'cuz I already paid the rest
To just focus on the God, as the God speak
Never waste a line like I'm sniffin' on the hard street

And as far as we go, you know how the squad see it
If it's love, it's love, if it's not, so be it

I put my love for boxing, into everything
I know the ropes, how to read the scale and work the ring
I'm military in the mind, hood in the streets
Good nigga in the hearts, nothing 'bout me weak

I open shop, rent the blocks and call the shots
You get popped, get knocked, co-operate with cops
I get live, survive at one sixty five
You nothin' like the God, I'm out raw 'til I die

Smile for me, kiss ya little child for me
I know the story, going to bed, feeling hungry
Wakin' up dirty, all eyes on me
Blinded thug angel 'til my God call me

I brought you up, from the ground up
Now you wanna run and say my sound suck
Tellin' niggaz Duck Down butt
But ain't no buts when I come around

All you hear is the crowd yell "Buck"
Get it right or get it wrong
What's my name? Buckshot, What ya name?

Not in this song, heh, sorry no props today
Hard on the stretch, fiends won no rocks today

Shame, could of been in the game, but now what
You shine for an hour, nobody dug ya style, butt
The niggaz that be [unverified] you up
Hopin' you hand them a piece of the cut

Jesus, it sucks, your reason is what?
You don't got one, big deal, you got guns
I got guns, be for real, we can get it on right now
But stack up, your money short
And I'm long right now, I told you

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