

# Black Moon, Ack Like U Want It

[Buckshot]

Boo-Ya-Kaa, check my foul and my style  
Never on the Isle, bucked shots as a juvenile  
A little freestyle fanatic, I shot the rap addict  
With an automatic, now I got static  
See back in the days, I was a stone cold hood  
Now I'm a paid hood, still up to no good  
With my crew from the Heights and the Island  
Still flippin' niggaz, and we still be buckwildin'  
I never changed, never rearranged my faness  
Buck one time to your chest, through your vest  
F.A.P. Franklin Avenue Posse, you can't stop me, cause my shits never sloppy  
I'm always for a pack, a joint, and a burner  
Flip a scene, coming from a teen/tin like Turner  
Take it from another brother coming from the ghetto  
Once I get my five eight, no need for protect so  
I get paid to rip, step aside I'm a blow you  
Don't try to shake my hand moneygrip, I don't know you  
I'm just a hardcore, raw, straight from the ave  
Leave another question and you might get blast

[Chorus x4]

Ack like you want it  
Ack like you want it  
What! Bring the drama  
Ack like you want it

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

I emerged in a rage, catching wreck on stage  
Blowing up the spot, I leave my name engraved  
You frail ass niggaz want a piece of the 5, but  
You can't fuck with the nigga that's live  
Here catching wreck, with the Buckshot Shorty  
Spark up that L, cause it's time to get naughty  
Then he looked at me, as if I was insane  
I'm just a real nigga with a lot on my brain  
The pressure starts to build, when I grab my steel  
Giving niggaz the raw deal, with the mad appeal  
This time around, I flex the tec with ease  
And if you really want it, I give an extra squeeze  
Cause I'll cut out your heart, and leave it pumping in my hand  
Spit on your grave, and let you know who's the man  
There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide  
Cause, the 5 Ft. Excellerator, is at your every side  
One time for your motherfucking mind

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

I ran to the boone spot, and shot the dread  
He fished my nickle bag of skunk weed, now he dead but  
Bust lead to the head, never did like a fed  
Rule with the mad tool, fool check what I said  
I'm taking you down, I'm breaking you down, I'm real  
Wiz, Tec and Stelle, niggaz, you know the deal  
I'm for real no joke, so on the gun smoke  
Provoke, your dusty style, makes me choke  
Never bite, but I write, when I grab mics  
Boot your pretty bitch ass boy, and take flight  
With my razor, the infra-red lazer, blaze ya  
Like cane, I raise your little shorter's bad behavior  
Niggaz better know that when I flow, I'm drinkin gin and cinnomin  
And when I flaunt it, ACK LIKE YOU WANT IT

[Chorus]

[5 Ft. Excellerator]

From the town where niggaz always get bucked down  
Kicked in the door, keep my finger on the pound  
Word is around, that you're looking for the 5  
Surprise, real niggaz always survive  
Don't be amazed, I'm alive from the flames  
No need to scream now your calling out my name  
You little bitch ass nigga, you tried to take my life  
Now I'm taking all you own, plus I'm fucking your wife  
After that my man's, gonna hit your only daughter  
And leave her body floating in some bloody bath water  
Just like a snake, sl-sl-slitters on the ground  
Nobody hears me move, even know that I'm around  
You acting like you want it, now you're gonna have to get it  
As I grab you by your throat, feel the heat as I just split it

[Chorus]