

Black Moon, Buckshots Freestyle Joint

[Buckshot]

Sometimes you bark, and some of them they ride hip hop
Buckshot, bust cheek, my trigger pon cock
Non stop, when I rock, niggaz be on my jock
So I got flocks to carry glocks for the cops
Niggaz know my style, cause I be buckwild on the Franklin Avenue
Whatever have you please, to my man, Yoo-Yoo, spark that L
Let's get with the buddha session, back a nigga down
With my black smith & wessin, you can call me crazy
Because I hate bitches, head to the neck to the leg full of stitches
Break you fucking down, youse a clown, with my tre-pound
Fill it in your muthafuckin' chest on the ground, get down
Nigga, don't try to fight back
You be writing rhymes, and I be like, 'yo, you ain't write that'
I heard it from my nigga, and I see him down the way niggaz be on my dick
Because I'm like, yo, Mr. K, the original ill subliminal
Type shit, when I grab the mic, you be like 'yo, I wanna do hype shit'
Ups, ups, and always wes goes
I can rock the mic because I got mad flows
Like, this, that, dilly, dally
Last time I fucked your fucking girlfriend Sally
In the alley, right up the anal
She was like yo Buckshot Shorty you bring the pain too
My type of ass like the glass filled with grass
When I'm on your dick, you know I shine like brass
Niggaz on my dick, because I gots mad strength
And when I fucked the girl, but it bleed
I go to left, I never stop, because I can rough it the top of my head
Niggaz be like; yo, Shorty, I thought you was dead
I thought you was the vein from the way they had you strained
On the last time, on the rhyme, you brung pain
To all the other MC's, like my man, Five FT
Niggaz be like, yo Shorty, can you rock the mic please
Slapped on your skills, didn't think you had it
Your gonna shoot the mic, like my main peradict, on the mic
Give a check, one, two, to the head, niggaz be on your dick
So yo, yo, just come and flip a script

[5FT.]

Back up off this little trip
To pull the muthafuckin' dozen, give a dick
So, don't you dare, press your luck
The war has begun, and I'mma about to get in
Flip a script, pick a target & I shoot to kill
Cuz I deathstalk with the glock strapped to the right
Prefer grenades cause they get the job, done right
I blow but sneeze, let niggaz know what I mean
When I get mad, I go the muthafuckin' bloodstream
Bust a bitch in her throat and watch blood spill
As I get, an ill do, she die for her own will
I'm sending bodies after bodies to the morgue
And with an autopsy, somebody had a smorgesboard
Of jealousy, I feast the heart to body parts
As I spark up that L and get dirty after dark
One time, as I blow your muthafuckin' mind
It's time for me to get ill, and commit a mad crime
I went off throat, but, I keep the flow going
Keep it going, keep it up and going, and I'm just showing you
Just a little bit, of my lyrical skills
When I go with the skills that pay the bills, when I flip
And I rip, it's time to be - ahhh, fuck it

[Buckshot]

Inside of the mind, I see

I'm the type of nigga that you call a mad freak
Cuz I'm a scorpion, Buckshot Shorty, be
In your fucking drawers, yo, sharp like claws
Always break laws, cause I hate the fucking devil
Niggaz be on my dick, cause I'm a hardcore rebel
Look at the 85, you're a dumb, deaf and blind
I'm the type of nigga, that flip the script, I hit from behind
Like my niggaz Mobb Deep, creep on the under
Yo, where's my man, Mighty-O, pass the blunt-a
A nigga like me, because I've been ya man for years
Word up, I knocked out beers, and then we knocked out years
And all the type of shit, that we did, me just can't hang with
We grab the glocks, bang-bang, bang-bang with
Niggaz on two-third, word up, served
When we got fucked up, yo, we just smoke the pound of herb
We never gave a damn, we went blow for blow
Niggaz were on our dick, because we're toe to toe
And niggaz pulled out knives and razors
But we pull out the muthafuckin' infered lazer
Right to the head, now pull, nigga
I'mma get swift with my trigger, take a swig of the 40
On the block, to park the yard
Niggaz be on my dick because I say that I'm God
Why, cause I'm God, cause I manifest the puss'
What? And I'mma catch you down
When I hit you with the push in the mush
In the green, from the textbook
Like the Holy Koran, when I drops the bomb
I'mma take it easy, cause you not ready for me
If I say this type of shit, you might just spit, or with
But if you, get it, yo, you gotta, dig it
Now I can grab the mic, check one, can you get with it
Yo, 5 F-T, bring it back from the top of the head for me, aight?