

Black Moon, Confusion

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

It's just a day with another night
Another pray for another life
Another wrong with another right
Strong when I'm on this mic
Cuz it's always, a lot of confusion

[Buckshot]

Industry rule number 10 thousand and 80
Record company niggaz are shady, baby
Definetly, never maybe, or have to be
A pain in the ass, like 'fuck you, pay me'
Crazy, picture me slippin', like a broke transmittion
I got both positions, I own both the missions
I wrote poems for commissions
I'm the leader for the squad, when the Gods
In a hard perdicament, like
Got a hot group, but need they contracts right
Or got jerked for your publishing last fight
Now you wanna act tight, let me give you advice
It don't matter if you that nice
Cuz the bottom line is the kind of mind, not the kind to rhyme
Sign, and sealed, delivered, delivered and signed
Right now, I know you wanna get yours
I'm out my prime, so I got to get mine before I'm out my mind

[Chorus x2]

[Buckshot]

Let's keep it real, y'all niggaz know the deal
Rap on your LP's and don't own 'em still
Don't own 'em, chill, don't it feel
Foul, don't own your LP, but you own your bills, now
Everybody got a story to tell, or glory to sale
But alotta niggaz bore me to hell
That's why the number one question
Where's Buck? Get the number one answer
Here, let's hear it up, listen up
Yeah, I'm back with the hounds, ridin' round
Cuz the hill look deep when you slidin' down, how that sound?
I'm from the Crown, plus parts unknown
Everybody who met me, took a part of me, home
Cuz I be fool droppin', never was with crew hoppin'
It's the true topic, that'll have y'all fools watchin'
Dudes stoppin', in the middle of their tracks, like wait a minute
Whose that, that's Buck, what the fuck?

[Chorus x2]

[Buckshot]

From ya, streets to the industry, friend or enemy
In the end it'll be, who got it, who don't, who want it, let's see
Niggaz say that underground shit
Like they don't want chips, yeah right, they don't want chips?
Let's get this straight, underground of '93 and '94
Ain't the underground of '98, I see it's too late
For y'all to relate, so fuck it
I left my show in the quarter to eight, a quarter to eight
And y'all can talk about me and them streets
Ain't shit to hide about BDI, I be in them streets
Back on my grind, this week, spread your little rumors
I'ma shut up, and this nine gon' speak
All y'all internet freaks and click-on thugs
On my web, get off my dick, you get no love

This ain't face, but I faith in the snub
After failin' with my OJ glove, show 'nuff, cuz

[Chorus x2]