

# 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 transmition  
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]