

Black Moon, Duress

This is how the real shit

[Chorus x4: Buckshot]

Why the Devil keep fuckin with me
Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

[Buckshot]

Listen up yo, ah
Feel like the Devil got a personal grudge against Buck
What the fuck
Walkin thru the streets, mindin my biz
Fearin like the Devil know what time it is
Rollin my leaf, just bought a dime
Everything is spinnin in my goddamn mind
Hold up, wait a minute, speak a one time
It's too many voices in my head, I hear the flatline
Could of sworn I heard the voice whisper from behind
Kinda deep though, made a nigga creep slow and breath slow
Cautious, nautious I could feel it in my stomach
The Devil wanna blow the trumpet
Look at every step I take, I could feel it every breath I take
If I sniff up one time, I feel the earthquake
Damn the takes, so much to hold it all inside my chest
Feel like I'm bout to jest
Blow up, but before I do, I'mma take to them demoms
Schemin on whole crew

[Chorus x4]

[Buckshot]

I used to want a Beemer, I used to want a Benz
One thing that I never wanted was fake friends in the end
I knew that ones that stuck by me be, was the ones that see me
On the streets, not TV
It's an everyday, it's an all day
Devils and the cops will get me in the hallway
Hopes drop me in the for slay
Around the third, because I'm about to blow
And be the shit, my word
I don't give a fuck, I ain't trying to quit at all
Even if my back is up against the wall, I brawl
It's a struggle in life, and it struggles the game
But whatever you gain when you at your worst at you feel the pain inside
That's when I'm near my goal
I could taste success, gotta stay in control
See the world's cold, momma told me from day one
"Prepare to blaze dum, play the game son"
As a juvenile, I always got into shit
Even If I didn't start, I was bound to flip
Gettin to me in the worst way
Shot my little nigga on his birthday
Rest in piece to my nigga Ray
I know the Demon want me next
I see you schemin on me next
But I'm about to flex, Devil you can check

[Chorus x3]

[Buckshot]

I'm livin in the world, where nothin is free
Gotta pay the Devil even if I smoke trees
Oh come on now, is it on now?
Smoke my weed and the public put me on foul
When the judge lock me up I see the jury smile

Gigglin, finger wigglin, he gone for a while
Hit a nigga, what? your shoes don't fit a nigga
You just wanna get a nigga, I figure
I'mma be the livin proof
Hit them niggas, blow up like koof
Put your smoke inside your face like poof
What now muthafucka? 98 Duck Down nigga
Straight to ya chest like arrow nigga
Straight shots, Devil wanna put me in the lot
Six street deep till a nigga rot