

# Black Moon, Fuck It Up

[Buckshot]

Call me, hits and say jack, cause I get no punani  
Flippin' a script, leaving the sucker ducks behind me  
I'm a threat to poetry, you know it's me  
When you see brothers, running around, here now Duck Down  
Here comes the Buckshot Shorty  
Swingin' tracks, with more rhythm and blues then Berry Gordy  
Doing damage, when I vanish an MC, and picture the dream  
I'm a warrior, not Freddy Kruger Part Three  
Slap that wack shit, you can face your arraignment  
Life, I think you need some edutainment  
Try to slave my mind frame, you catch a spazasm  
Damn I feel good like a long awaited orgasm  
I blow up like a nigga who doing life in jail  
But failed, kick back and drink an L  
Yeah, I'm the man that control with this  
Run with a crew, and in my mind I'm a soloist  
I don't walk, but verbally break x  
That's why I got nuff respect, in this profession  
But all punk sucker ducks, still don't know the answer  
to the question

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

How we gonna fuck it up? (Yo, it's fucked up)  
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[Buckshot]

Here I come, with the mic in my right  
To get paid, plus raid the lime light  
For any MC, that's so called, gets the props  
I rock hip hop, non stop, to give nots  
I'm the man, the original  
Straight from Crown Heights, my life's subliminal  
Make my mark then spark, intellect, you'll find  
And give insight to the blind  
I manifest the best when I step through  
Five deadly styles, but I don't do kung fu  
Give me the tool and I go buckwild  
Bitches and niggaz on my dick because I'm versatile  
So if you bite, I'll ignite the dynamite  
Battle words, and battles gone, but I'm not that type  
But I get hype, when I write to a format  
Produced by Evil Dee, so now it's all that  
Watch your back, cause I attack  
And if you ain't down with Beatminerz, your  
wig-wig-wack

[Chorus x2]

[Buckshot]

Lyrical genius, mic Mr. Wonderful  
I grab the mic and make it turn like a run-do  
Known to poetic, to terrorize, listen  
This is a call to other mc's, time to televise  
A smooth black brother on the rap scene  
Doing my best to manifest to the fiend  
That I can finesse, and excel beyond any dope  
Guaranteed to turn the party out  
I light shit up like a professional mob hit  
No competition, cause the rest is garbage  
Yeah, I'm not the one to get played  
So back up off my dick, before I spark my renegade

Lyrical melodies are chosen  
I revise the travel, cause the rest had 'em dozin'  
Off, I'm the boss, don't forget it  
When I rip it and stick it, manifest to the wicked  
And wow, I don't smile when I catch wreck  
Fuck the body blows, I'm going straight for the neck

[Chorus x2]