

Black Moon, No Way

(feat. Steele)

[Buckshot]

No way I'ma sit back
And listen to you gay niggaz chit chat
Hey mister big cat, I lay where ya click's at
No joke, if it's broke, Buck'll fix that
Bud like a six pack, chicks love to touch me
And muthafuckas think I'm rusty?
I tarnish the armor, trust me
I'm just that nice, wanna cut me?
Adjust that knife, or it might get ugly
Cuz, I'm too close, to my gold equip
Wanna fight me, you might see swollen lips
Cuz I, get around like Pac, sit around blocks
Move with a crown on my top, they call me dotta op
Why? they know I represent achi
Not a song, not a flick, but you can stand by me
Cuz I, hold you down like dead weight now
But wait, weight is weight, we about to skate now
So how many, nah better yet, whose ready
If you ready, just say, Buck don't bet

"No way"
"No way"
"No way"
"No way"

[Steele]

You cowards think we goin' out? No way
You catch Steele off point, nigga, no day
Lick a four spray, fuck foreplay, I don't play
You ain't havin' it, you gangsta, you don't say
Word, b, you wanna go to war with me? ok
No more Mr. Nice Guy, come with me
Gun hid away, in a hideaway when I ride your way
Hit you up, then coolin' casually, slide away
By the way, you'll hardly find me, out of haze
These days, alot of these rappers rather imitate
What I demonstrate, boy, I'm original
Criminal, set trends, respect the general
I ain't mad cha, I take business personal, I might blast at cha
Hit at me, I get right back at cha
Straight snatch ya up from under ya desk and just pimp slack ya

"No way"
"No way"
"No way"
"No way"

[Buckshot]

Son, I'm heated, heated, like fahrenheit
Hot like Buckshot's flows, and rhymes damaze ya life
Now you lookin' for the ambulance lights
The police lights, I run these nights, get ya shit right
A scar keep you heated for life, no way
A mark on your face, you know that ain't right
Son, you ain't that tough, so
Stop actin' like you throw blows
I'm a gun play nigga, I stick a blast in
You a runway nigga, stick to fashion
If I go broke tomorrow, I'ma borrow again
Business is never part of your friends, but then again
It's a shame how niggaz act when they approach us

Buck and Boot Camp, is like fuckin' with roaches
You need a black flag for that
Better yet, you need a black body bag for that

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

They act like, it's all love
When we come through, we ain't showin' you no love
They act like, it's all cool
When we come through, watch my niggaz act fool