

Black Moon, Rush

[Intro: Buckshot]

Rush, rush, rush, rush
Rush, rush, rush, rush
Rush, rush, rush, rush
Rush, rush, rush, rush

[Buckshot]

If I don't get in, I'm rushin'
You can step aside or collide with this four-five bustin'
No bluffin', just niggaz in that, all black apparel
With the barrels that spin back, Buck, where you been?
I've been back, so now I'm on the map
And all I want is my bread, send that
Holdin' my shank, thrown to my tank, roll it blank
Don't hold the blade, but I will roll the bank
Four five six, niggaz in your spot, lookin' at shot
Thinkin' I'm sweet, like apricots
Cause when I let 'em know -- I can be Teddy Pendergrass
If you want me to let it go, I spit for life
Boot Camp Clik for life, it's superman in the day
With the krypto-night, niggaz love how I grip the mic
Chicks love, how I grip niggaz, they grab my dick
And spit right, game in your brain
I came in the game, with nothing
And left with the world knowing my name it's nothing
You can keep huffin' and puffin', but
Made you kneel your knees at the door and we all bumrush

[Chorus: Buckshot]

The labels (rush) The stores (rush)
The doors (rush) All y'all (rush)
The party (rush) Anybody (rush)
For the shotty (rush) In your lobby(rush)
The industry (rush) All my enemies (rush)
Til you feelin' me (rush) Or til you rid of me (rush)
The masses (rush) the fascists (rush)
In that C-Class (rush) til my g's class (rush)

[Buckshot]

This is Bucktown, blouse Fred Widicks
Call me General Buck, cause I led millions
Wear the Chuck Taylor's or chuck Timbs
Fuck with him, you might get ya face crushed in
Brooklyn, Franklin Avenue bring the crooks in
Everyday hustlers, professional buffin'
Slide ya dame like greeks in the vacant lot
Bust two shots, make it shot, chicks get laid alot
You love that, when they take it alot, you love that
Get the buzz back, I pray you never get in my way
My gun slay muthafuckas, when you get in my way
I'm Billie the Kid, shit, I'm really the kid
Shoot you in front of your kids, and been slid
To the next state, me and Beatminerz on the way up
Quick to slay up, the next up, fix ya face, don't miss the date
Some call Mr. Hate, cause I got a list of hate
You, number one through eight
It's all great, I can't relate
With this 38, I'm rushin' the door, and I can't wait

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

Talkin' bout I can't come in? We bumrush
You see them niggaz with no grins, they from us

We all got big ones to bust, got a lotta respect
For them niggaz that never did, run from us
But respect ain't shit, when the tech spit
Two shots in your Lexus Coupe and your neck split
That's it, it's a wrap, you ain't know this and that
Will get you clapped, fuckin' with Shot, watch ya back
Cause we comin' through, runnin' through, murder in two
Anybody can get it, nigga, including you
It's awful, unlawful, how we kick down the door
Your jaw, hit the floor too, back up a little bit
Give me some room, niggaz ain't wanna give props to the Moon
Cause I'm underrated, the underdog, and you overhated
You know I made it, but you still tellin' me no favors
Fuck it, let's get it on right now
Alotta niggaz gone right now, but I'm born right now what?

[Chorus]