

Black Moon, Slave

I'm gettin the ahh, I'm gettin the ahh from the
weak shit that I hear no lyrical styles come near
to the one who boasts like Buck
On the mic truck, cuz I never gave a fuck
I hate the weak shit, man it be fuckin with my soul
I peeped how radio be trying to take control
Tellin me to get a little lighter on my lyrics
But if it ain't real on the mic I can't feel it
Straight from my bloodstream, I pump finesse
Nevertheless, hold it in your chest like stress
Rhythm and blues style is not in my environment
And when I "slowww downwwn" it's time to take a hit
But until I fall off, call off your set
and if you never knew me, then you never knew wreck
Look inside of the mind and see
Cause you might be trapped with a nigga like me

I feel like I'm trapped in the motherfuckin cave
To the rhythm I'm a slave, lookin in my grave
Jugular vein bustin out my neck, you see the rage
I move when I groove cuz I'm into, the stage
of the Buckshot, black, I'm bringin it back
to the roots, like Timberland boots, home on my rack
And I don't give a FUCK what you say
Commercial rap, get the gun clap, day after day
Niggaz don't play on the d low, kid you know my steelo
I roll on more niggaz than cee-lo
We might just bumrush your set
Me AND my niggaz on the real mic check
Like my nigga Smif gettin swift on the gift
Then I toss another lesson to my nigga Wessun
And my nigga Five from the tribe of Moon
Pass the Crooked I, bitch yo pass the boom
Whenever you're ready I'ma take you into the stage
Deep in the mind of a slave