

# Buckshot, Chemistry 101

(Verse 1)

Mix a pound of underground, a cup of Buck  
A fifth of some 9th Wonder for the DJ to cut  
As he spin it when it comes to the formula  
Son I'm warning ya  
They saw me 'cause I (?) hot shit  
My 9 spit  
Glory, what  
All that fame shit ain't shit  
Same shit as the last niggas who spit past hits, bastard  
Who ain't have a father figure  
So you was raised like a bitch on some "don't bother a nigga"  
Me, I'm the Neo for my people on this Matrix shit  
Music got my people like "nah, I can't take this shit"  
Never the mess, call me the stress reliever  
I'm glad to be a nigga in my position, you tryin' to see us  
'Cause now, you like "wow,  
Can I be down with Duckdown & Bucktown, I'm kinda stuck now, help me out"  
Nope, it's too late for you, make sure you  
Keep makin' them records 'till the day you spoil  
Me, I'm straight, I'm here on the map  
My little brother is strapped  
My big dogs got my back  
And listen up, (?)  
On the ultimate, this is Buck-shot  
When I come with the shit  
I'm underground

(Ad-libs)

This is for you, this is for you, you, and you and you right there  
Listen up now  
See we back on the map  
Buckshot, Little Brother is strapped  
New York, to North Ca', all across the map  
Recognize that the boss is back  
Fuck that, whoa, yeah, uh  
Boot Camp, BCC, Justus League, another one!  
You know how we do it  
Yeah, this album right here is for all you MC's and you producers out there  
Learn your lesson