

# Buckshot, My Bitches & My Niggaz

(Harly Hearts)

My bitches rock wit me, potato in the sock wit me  
Cock wit me, take it to your block wit me  
Stock wit me, then run through the stock wit me  
It's our philosophy, it's not a game  
cause you look sexy, and I bet you be protective ??  
Cause when we engaged in battle we aimin for the brain  
That's our position simple and plain, there'll be no explanation  
we show no hastation, we holdin down on station  
Only a quip, wit that ideal shit, tryin to flip  
You betta chill, before spot out a bloody lip  
Plus any other chicks in my click, you get beat quick  
with the nice stick, wit the, wit an icepick  
There are ways of killin, that ill not leave a trace  
It's at the pain enghished horror frozen on a corpse face  
and of cause the body, outlined with the trace of white chalk  
That's my M.O. Harly Hearts, I'm the bitch from New York

(Buckshot)

My niggaz kill for, take it to your grill for me  
Represent Crow Hill for me, from day one they still wit me  
and chill wit me, on the corner where the killaz be smokin a blee  
Throwin this from the rebleness, you can't see Buckshot  
on ya TV, rappin BCC  
Incredibly, if ya think ya betta then me  
?Fiend? for Buck to stop the future like a felony B  
What you tellin me B?  
All my niggaz cant get in the club for free?  
Cause we two D-double-E-P's, nuthin for free?  
Run in your spot and cause havoc  
Next time you recognize, niggaz ain't havin it  
And my girl ain't havin it, she licks shots to  
Take away your block too, while my thugs do or die too  
Fuck around my man out one in your ??  
Just because we got to, and you know we got a lot too

Chorus: Buckshot, Harly Hearts (repeat 2X)

(Buck)☐My Niggaz thug for me, bust another slug for me

☐One time for the love for me

(Harly)☐My Bitches rock wit me, pull another glock for me

☐pullin on niggaz cocks wit me

(Buck)☐My niggaz flip for me, get the money quick for me

☐only talk'n about the chips wit me

(Harly)☐My bitches roll, wit me, control em Niggaz souls wit me

☐made woman and we holdin G

(Harly Hearts)

My bitches rock, wit me, chambers filled and cock wit me  
Black mask runnin up in your spot wit me  
Ain't no stoppin this monopaly, we hold this game under lock and key  
You a mockery, potatoes again, now I got the glock wit me  
Just in case I feel like poppin three  
Tou watchin me (well good) my bitches watchin you  
and now your chances of survivin, are impossible  
See I'm as real as it gets, I run in there tight steps  
Leavin no trace, no ways, no side faces, my concepts  
Fuck you and your dreads, cause we dont leave War vets  
We bustin cokes and sets, 12 gauges and techs  
Six soies and Macks, baurettes and make pay  
Bring that raw to your door, bitch, with no delay  
Turn your ass from ghost white to the colour of grey  
Harly Hearts signing out fall off, of gun play

(Buckshot)

My niggaz ride wit me, send me on your side wit me  
Lie wit me to make the shorties, slide wit me  
Get high wit me, nigga ride or die for me  
Send a nigga in the sky for me  
Smokin chocalate tie with me, get pies wit me  
Jewelery to buy wit me, wit Ice like T's  
Similar to brist, light up your rists, it's like this  
Call to my thorough niggaz, you invited to this  
not if ya miss, the reason, why I came to thug game  
and I chose the rap game not the drug game  
For my niggaz throwin tech's in the sky, like Bed-Stuy  
BK to you or die, when the led fly, and I  
representin for all of my G's, from Blacks to Japanese  
US to overseas, back to New York  
You should hear the slang we talk  
Buckshot and Harly Hearts so I can bang New York

Chorus