

# LL Cool J, Buckin' Em Down

[Intro: LL Cool J]

Yeah, man the flavour, flavour

YEEEEAAHHH...!!!

Ah yeah, who we doing?

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

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[LL Cool J]

Ninety-three comin' off with the flicks and the rough shit

Packin' nigga's kicks with black pits

Saber tooth, the truth, ha-coot! spit the juice

and let the hot-ass-lead-loose [gun shots]

Let it fly, betty-bye if you're ready to die

Kickin' your ass and you can ask Keith Sweat why

I make your Benz seem obsolete G

Rippin' your ass discretely, if you meet me

Puttin' bullets holes in tents, no fingerprints

You'll catch a slug in your ass while you jump the fence

Another young black man just caught a case

Not from ?texas-mase?, from gettin' funky like a staircase

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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[LL Cool J]

Yeah, what a scene, pullin' a Tech

with an extra magazine out the baggy-ass jeans

Wettin' up the block with mad Tech shots

Drop the glock, puttin' crackheads in headlocks

Like a cheetah with my dig-beaters

Ten millimeter, buck, buckn' you down from my two-seater

Rippin' shit for the brothers who ain't here

Killin' bears and kickin' snitches right off the pier

Glock full of guts, steady buckin' butts

Lettin' moonlight in your head-pull-puds

Def Jam in your ass for the jams

You've got posse, but are you nice with your hands?

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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[LL Cool J]

Biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the

shakin' them up and the pickin' them up and the

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shakin' them up and the pick...

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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[LL Cool J]

Draggin' you flower-ass rappers outta clubs  
Thinkin' it pay too much, wet 'em like a dove  
But in the slang, in the speech, in the style  
Connect, can never be ripped by a surburban child  
Gun smoke, bananza on the block yeah  
When all the shit was dead, coulda did a bid  
Conferring emcee scramble, dismantle  
Never gamble and try to handle a vandal  
You'll catch a forty upside ya head with ya fake dreads  
Tryin' to front like you're packin' lead  
Dumb-dumbs are fine in a spiro  
And now you got more beef than a jiro  
Peep the balistic, kick, slick, quick  
flip a script-a-slips, but that ain't new shit  
Burnin' ya crib doooowwwwnnnn...!!!  
I'm frontin' personal, he's hearin' how a nine sounds  
Busy-quizick, the ?disare? is in  
Fizz up his li-life, the visits was borin'

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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