Black Moon, Black Smif-N-Wessun

(feat. Smif-N-Wessun)

[Verse One: Steele]

Here we go, break of day, with a mad live session Down in Bucktown it's Black Moon, and Smif-N-Wessun Pick up the pace cuz we're right behind ya black The punk got X-amount of shots, take one to your back BOO-YAA-KAA!!! Mr. Ripper did the shooting Cops heard the shots, shit's hot cuz they're pursuing But it's my stomping groung where herds get blown down Think I'm gettin caught by beasts youse a damn clown Check the drums of death as I break what's left of your face, cuz you're sellin out the rap race Your family cried as your body lies in it's casket I keep a black Smith-and-Wessun in my polo jacket Sixteen shots, for all you hardrocks And if your bitch is a dime she can get the cock Straight up and down, we two terrible toughies The Vickster hit your pockets then I made your eyes puffy What pussy? Better drop your mic and get to steppin Before you're face to face with a black Smith-and-Wessun

[Chorus: x4]

Load the clip, bust lead to the head The nappy head dread, Buckshot and Baldhead

[Verse Two: Buckshot]

Real niggaz represent and don't die Never dead like I said all we fuckin do is multiply I puff a mad bag of buddha Niggaz be like " Yo who the shorty? " I'm bustin niggaz with my six-shooter I get so much pussy my dick be in stitches Red-boned or even fucked-up black Zulu bitches What? This lil nigga is a mad stalker Brooklyn, New York will grab the leash around your neck and then I walk ya If youse a bigger nigga bigger niggaz get bucked Cuz I'm the Buck and I don't give a fuck my dick you can suck Buck is a killer, thrill a nigga like Manilla I'm small but strong like that fucking gorilla A crazy-ass nigga puttin Brooklyn on the map I never gave a fuck, I never give a fuck, cuz I'm all that I take no shit see, givin the Buck fifty I even blew your bitch cuz your man tried to stick me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Tek]

Ahh shit, a personality split
And I'm bout to flip with my nigga pull the trigger let the Glock spit
A little bad-ass shorty with no remorse
I kill forties and quarts remains on stage so who the boss?
Another boom blew up the scene
throughout the planet, get green, now I got sticky mean with my tag team
G want a clip thinkin I'm takin this the underground moves
There ain't no more fakin if you're fakin I'm bakin it
Straight up and down, nuff respect to Bucktown
Home of the chrome, where I roam, not givin a FUCK now
Damn, just when you thought it was safe
to come out, with a rhyme, I got the nine to your face

Boom, hooked up with Black Moon, now it's on for real so I pack more steel lookin for the kill Hope you're not the picture on my scope, cuz the dread'll pump lead, from the black Smith-and-Wessun, nuff said

[Chorus]