## Black Moon, Buck Em Down (Da Beatminerz Rer

[Intro: Buckshot Shorty]

Aheh yeah... yeah whattup?
Welcome to flight Black Moon, we about to take you on a journey Yeah... brothers lookin mad fine everything's lookin smooth I'm your captain Buckshot, my co-pilot is DJ Evil Dee We have S-W-N-D on deck We about to take you about 31,000 feet into the air We'll be cruising at a smooth altitude so just buckle up, enjoy your flight

[Verse One: Buckshot Shorty]

To the weak, what we do, buck em down, word life Each and every individual in sight Let my man Jewel peep your style for your card Then I kick a verse and take a look at the God Aiyyo God hit them brothers with a verse real quick And show em how you represent the Boot Camp Clik You know what they say about brothaz who screwface Upstate your knee be gettin laced, word life I ain't gonna bull, ask my man Buff On the streets he was tough locked up he was sweet stuff Kid it's hot, word to Ma Duke and get the loot from the man at night from my Timberland Buck with the Shot that I bang with hang with gang hanger with the double-edged banger Boot Camp Clik's breakin your laws If you fake we gon bust a cap, matter fact, break your jaws I'ma bring it to your chest like wind Then fill your lungs up with all the bull you had within But I'ma put it back so parlay To the weak in Bucktown all we do everyday

[Chorus: Buckshot and DJ Evil Dee]

Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down, buck em down
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down...
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down, buck em down
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down...

[Verse Two: Buckshot Shorty]

Yeah they tell me chill when I kick it Although lyrics is wicked, it's all about the L's and how I lick it Or how I shot somebody in the mug with the slug leavin white chalk all on over pitch black rug You couldn't tell me other word to mother When I was fifteen runnin around I was a real street lover On the corner out shootin the dice Layin up, gettin nice, talkin bout a heist GQ headin up to one-two-five Push up on a shorty lookin live on the prize I couldn't get the time of day when I was Little K Now you call me Buck so your lips wanna puck? Buck to your head, I know your X amount of thoughts But they call me Buckshot, cause I take no shorts Word to the shell around my chest Big up to all de massive rudebwoy pon deck So if you see a weak brotha speak to that bastard

Or I'ma hit em up with the plastic

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Buckshot Shorty]

When I was in school I was the mack Buck was strapped with a lyrical contact knapsack, filled with the gear that I G'd and a nickel bag of [inhale sound], yes indeed A mad little brotha runnin up on em all Fly as hell, hit the park play the wall And all the older people sayin Shorty's a bad-ass but youse a smart little brotha so you gonna last They knew the time, they knew the rhyme woulda hit you in at least four years, so I came to split ya In the nine-four it's all about the war Ninety-give ninety-six Boot Camp Clik is takin over In nineteen-ninety-eight I couldn't wait To get all my brothaz and do shows from state to state Now I'm the original head givin instructions Thumpin with them brothaz Beatminerz on productions Welcome to Bucktown, U.S.A. Where the weak, get they s- ass played

[Chorus]

[Outro: Buckshot Shorty]

Yeah, I like this
Ya know, this is hittin
to the lab, down in Bucktown, hah
I hope you enjoyed your flight
with Black Moon, word
This is how we do on the regular
And umm, please come again
Word, we out

[Wind parade]