

# Black Moon, Enta Da Stage

Buckshot

[ VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty ]

Jump up

All my niggas in the house raise up your blunts just once  
I'm bringin it back, back to the original crook  
Flippin the hook like flippin a book  
Niggas know my style cause I be buckwildin on Franklin  
It's time for Buck cause you're dead and stinkin  
The original comin through with the boogaloo  
What you gon' do to the crew, make way for the brothers who  
Will quick react, bust a cap, breakin your back  
And breakin the fact that your act is a shitty pack  
You shoulda got with the Shot, lyrical Glock  
Run up on your block with my trigger pon cock  
So ease out, selector, play that shit  
For all my niggas locked down, play that shit  
For all my niggas Uptown, play that shit  
And when I pick up the microphone somebody head get split  
So polly I'ma give you every page  
Bustin the gauge, light it up, now come in the stage

[ CHORUS ]

Jump up

(Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty)

[ VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty ]

If you want it, bring on your army, troop, I'm with it  
Now your girl is all over my dick because I hit it  
From the front - ugh, from the back - ugh  
Load the clip, hit em up with the back in his fuckin back  
You better run, fucker  
The original is a real gun lover, word to mother  
Buckshot, come test me if you wan dead  
And if the weed is good it gotta hit my head  
So I can see shit slow  
I'm bringin it down to the highs and the lows of the flow  
A mind master, rhyme, lyrical blast a bitch  
I own the flow, you know I mastered it  
What, picture a nigga droppin me  
Ain't shit stoppin me, you're cockin me  
I've shown I'm prone to plastic niggas  
At the count of three squeeze your trigger  
On a bigot blasted bitch I hit you with the hook  
From the ( ? ), after hook, after hook  
You know I Got Cha Opin, Make, Take Munne, Munne  
Ack Like U Want It, ain't a damn thing funny  
Son Get Wrec with your Black Smif-n-Wessun  
Shit Iz Real when I toss another lesson

[ CHORUS ]