

Black Moon, Frame

(feat. Cocoa Brovaz)

[Steele (Tek)]

Black Smif-N-Wessun (comin to shake ya frame)
Remember the name (nothin change)
We dismember you lames
Duck Down when we take aim, remainin on point
Is how we stay ahead of the game, like links and change
(To maintain is the main thing) The name change, the game change
(But we still the same) Just elevated to a higher plane

[Steele]

Commin to shake ya brain, commin to shake ya frame
In this land of dreams, we plan to scheme
To gain fame and cream, we plot and feme
Popular teams, poppin out the proper machines
Automatic gleem laser beam stop ya whole team, clear the whole scene
Police lights and si-rens, high beam, walk thru hell and reign supreme
This regime, stay militant, givin it to each
and every inconsiderate fool, to act ignorant

[Tek]

My voice is back on the streets, home forbidden again
We gettin brains in the range, born bonic again
My whole team got spins, BGS made men
And I run with them hooligans from Brooklyn
Who stay with Trey-Ochos, my oiyes a loco
Papa, you emcee guys can't see I
Spit like the raw that they sell in the doors
Ya squad couldn't get no money till my man fell off

[Buckshot]

Aiyo kill the chit chat
Son bring the click-click-click-clack
Where the brick at? Yo flip that
Where you went back, you told me that you push a 420
And you push a Taurus on the low though
Slow your roll, you're dead and you just don't know
Where ya niggas at, where ya bitches go?
Aiyo, this nigga ain't worth my worst verse
Whiplash like I hit him verse
Buck him and burst, fuck who we comin with
I'm comin with, Bucktown niggas on some money shit
Still rock boots in the summer with
A scully pulled to the side of my left eye
Rollin with the Death Tribe

[Chorus: All]

We go all out, in the brawl out
Two fo'-fo's to blow the wall out
Make ya crawl out,
Of the jeep, shit ain't sweet
Fuck beef
None of my niggas eat meat, we bust heat

[Steele (Buckshot)]

Black Smif-N-Wessun (comin to shake ya brain)
Buckshot, Tek, & Steele (comin to shake ya frame)
[(Duck Down when we take aim, remainin on point
That's how we stay ahead of the game, like links and chains)]

[Tek]

All of sudden ya killas cuz ya got a little size
Sold a little wiz and ya did a little time

I still get scribes from my niggas inside
A Zar, E Bo and my brother Jahard
Out in Texas corrections I'm known as Smif-N-Wessun
Cuz I rather have a gat, then caught with no protection
Cuz I still school a dike, just like they was horrors
And ride dirty with my mans in a tented up Taurus

[Steele]

Had niggas nervous when they saw us
Move swift and mysterious
Keep my shit on the low, cuz fo stay curious
Actin funny style like Eddie Murphy in Delicious
Test a razor sharp dart throw inside ya terrious
It's evident, I never miss, on point like a specialist
ST declaring this, BCC professialist
School you idiots that front more than a little bit
You little kids couldn't fear this Steele class period

[Buckshot]

Yeah we went, all that leary shit that you hear me with
Actin like you cool on that amiquick
Nigga, I know, I could see the snake in ya eye
On ya grill, you muthafuckas need to shit peel
Yo Steele, Boom-bye-bye, hit 'em with the ricochet
The gat speak, tell 'em what the trigger say
Come close, so you can get the nuzzle to your ear lobe
Blow you out a near earhole

[Buckshot (Steele)]

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Buckshot, Tek & Steele (comin to shake ya frame)
Duck Down niggas, shake ya frame
Bucktown niggas, shake ya frame
Boot Camp niggas, shake ya brain
Brook-lan niggas, shake ya frame
Uptown niggas, comin to shake ya brain
Black Trump, comin to shake ya frame
B Fumps and Dum Dum to shake ya frame
My Ouras and Scios shake ya frame
My B.J.S. niggas shake ya frame
What, my Murder Av. niggas come to shake ya frame