

# Black Moon, How We Do It

[Buckshot]

Just give me two seconds of ya time, I'ma take ya shine  
If you got a bad bitch, this gon' make her mine  
Once she hear the LP, a/k/a the album  
By any means necessary, I will do a Malcolm  
On the God, fix, the thirty yard six  
Dominican Republic, never heard of y'all shit  
They dig me, cuz I did me, swiftly  
Hit trees with my overseas mc's, then breeze  
Them please, all of them niggaz is good for  
Is talkin', they love walkin' on knees  
I cock and squeeze when I shower many  
Show a little love, every now and then, if I was them  
Fuck my enemies, I smoke my little trees  
Show love to my seeds, and put my hours in  
But that was then, and this is right here, right now  
We can do it Apollo 10, listen up

[Chorus: Buckshot]

How we do it, they wanna know  
How the gods can flow, we bring the arsenal, they like  
How we do it, we keep it crackin'  
Ain't no slackin', we lovin' to make it happen, they like  
How they do it, ain't no question  
What we reppin', got them steppin, oh yea  
How they do it, anytime you really want the answer  
Call me and my mans up

[Buckshot]

First of all, let's cut through the chase  
And get right to the bottom line  
You know the face, nigga, now the rhyme  
Rap is not a crime, though I'm killin' 'em  
Fo'five millin' 'em, Dru, send the bill to them  
So I can let them know how I rock dog Pepsi  
And the sock, don't rep me on your block, dog  
I do it for the indies, the independents  
Who rhyme from the last penny, up until the last dime  
I don't play games at all  
I'm at the bottom where the flames engulf, brains come off  
Brave us off, it don't matter, when ya face up north,  
it's no laughter  
Everybody seen the joke after, choke half the  
The niggaz in ya frontline, or in ya back up  
One time, duke, you betta know who you dealin' with  
No card, this is God, you hard of hearin' shit?  
Listen up

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

Let it be known, Buck be ahead of the throne  
The only nigga that's ahead of his own, I stay on p  
Like they on me, when they all see  
That I'm all that, and they just jealous, and can't be  
Hopin' I fall again, but every time you pop off a pistol  
You call my name, (Buckshot)  
No need for amnesia, I need ta, spit a sick verse  
For you, set off your seizure  
Shake ya body and ya knees up  
Ease up, weeze up in this bitch  
Spark them trees up, you look like you need Buck  
Well he's up, in the crib, til you pay the kid  
Pull your fees up, please, me with a visa?

He's a, black Ebenezer, hate all you scheezers  
Like me, I don't like you neither  
But your rap beats is soft, call Alicia Keys up

[Chorus]