

Black Moon, I Got Cha Opin (Remix)

Yeah, original crooks, original heads. We doin' it like this.

Word up!

I woke up in the morning, hopped on a train I saw my man
He had an L in his hand, hide it from the beast
At least I catch a bus before I hit my block
I take a mega hit frontin' on the good ship lollipop
Move the hop so I can put the hip in the grip
Everybody slip so I can take a trip to the dip
Dig a deeper hole microphone control with soul
Look at my hot eye's tell me how could you be cold
I'm coming to you from the underground, with a thunder sound
#1 question, "Yo how can I be down?"
But I tell you bring your lighter and roll your finger
Back up on the lighter so you can see the fire finger
Go from left to right then front to back
Herbal verbal lead is givin' the mic contact
React whenever I keep your head scopin'
Ahh don't front you know I got cha opin

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
Check my dialect from my diaphragm my man
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
Check the dialect from my diaphragm my man

Me and my crew walk the streets at night
Like lookin' for the right one, baby
If it's payday I'm at your doorstep
I never sweat swingin' the epp nowadays 'cuz my rep
Is known for the tricks that is straight like toys
In the cypher with my boys, we be gettin' busy
Wreckin' shop. I drop the top make the seeds pop
From the live that I sparked last night in the dark
I be dedicated to the moon 'cuz it's Black
Resurrect, come back, tell me about the other side jack
Now we goin' back to "Who's Got The Props?" when I blew up the spot
Last year on the box.
Pressure to come back with another fat single
Not too underground to make you stop when you mingle
But bust it, pay attention to the third verse
and I'mma take you to another level first, Yeah

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
Now you're sweatin' Evil Dee number 1 DJ!
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
It's the original heads, me, and the original crooks
(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
Now you're sweatin' Evil Dee number 1 DJ!

First of all listen, I'm the N you know that
when you see me at a show you better prepare for the flow
Right away. I'm givin' you a brighter day.
It's never sunny, still don't nothin' move but the honey out the page
So I enta the brotha zone. I come to the front of the stage
And let you know who's on the phone. Leave it alone.
See it's a hip hop thang. Not a fake drip drop fame or corny ass lame.
You can fool the rest but you can't fool me.
See the best school me for the simple fact
It's the g-o-d, buck to the shot
Still took the techs and Buck took the rocks
So forget the past, no more Shorty
Strictly Buckshot, I rock you 1 down to 40 Below
I gots to let her know that I am the day that never tire everytime
I felt the fire
People try this when your jam got cold
Used to be the man now your band got old
I know the plan, so I keep you scopin'
Don't front you know I got cha opin.

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(Duck Down!)

Don't front, you know I got cha opin
Check the dialect from my diaphragm my man

Yeah, without no doubt. This is dedicated to my man
Big 5, Big Trev. Real's in the place to be
We're coming to get you out, kid.
And we out...no doubt..