

Black Moon, Looking Down The Barrel

(feat. Sean Price)

"Looking down the barrel, of a 12 gauge magnum" [x2]

[Buckshot]

BD bubble up like a branded tattoo
Outlandish and got plans to get at you
Rap dudes, but half dudes really think that I
Fell off, you can get the ball to your left eye
Look, ball or crook, where I'm from
If a nigga is shook, they call him a mook
You guessed it, the Brook, let's him them books
And read a classic, Jimmy 'Fly' Snuk', give me mines look
Pots is not the reason that I'm out this time
For a moment in time, I'm takin' your shine
If we was a gun, you an uzi, I'm a nine
But I'm accurate, one shell will fill your inside
An my life skates, on anybody, anytime
Everywhere, everybody, any place
It could be a rhyme state, and we could battle for first place
But the loser gettin' two in the face

[Chorus x2: sample (Buckshot)]

"Looking down the barrel, of a 12 gauge magnum"
(And you won't have a second to learn
Or you ain't have a second to turn
Move two spots, the shells hot, shots wreckin' ya perm)

[Buckshot]

I paint the picture like a painter with no brush
We not the average, what goes with us
Let's see, gassious, bullet wounds and cuts
Rest time for the Moon is up, fix ya tomb and buck
Little fuck, attitude, bossy
Only thing missing is the coffee
But of course, each are free, at the age 10
Seen my first coffin, but I was sharp like cleets
So I, stuck with the plan, fuck with the fan
Got a label, plus an office, and a custom van
But that ain't interrupt the scan
Cuz with no deal, my Set Dip like we fuck with Cam
Bucktown to Uptown, Brooklyn to Manhattan
We make records, you make raps, so stand back
You not on my league, not on our level, either homey
Please, little homey, you'll be

[Chorus x2]

[Sean Price]

Aiyo, gun on my left and knife on my right
One in your neck is slicin' your wife
Then I, get away clean, put away cream
Cuz niggaz might start hatin', violatin' the team
I'm blastin' the hatred, I'm blastin' the ancient
Niggaz feelin' afriadavits, off some faggoty gay shit
Go, four-four, nines snatchin' you bracelets
I ain't slow ho, listen, that's the matrix
Ok, I got mine, you get yours
Fuck you take ten paces, turn around and draw
Squeeze, glock gotta spray, Doc Holiday, nigga
I'm your huckleberry, plus don't give a fuck if any
Nigga, get line and learn, motherfucker is you out your mind?
I will beat fire and flame, when the fire today
Leave you laid out for the doctor to rewire your brain, P!

[Chorus x4]