

Black Moon, Murder MC's

[Verse 1]

[Buckshot:]

I woke up in the night
grabbed my forehead
wipe my forehead with the sweat on to the bed
Deep inside thought
thinking of a way to strapped
and walk the streets without getting clapped
Just because I'm tying the fuzz growing in my buzz
I'm doing my justice, bust this slug to the ignorant
Who said I didn't have knowledge of self
So come and feel the wrath
So listen
First of all let me explain
That when i drop a rhyme I I make it hard enough to gain
The god is heavy
I blow you up like dynamite
Into my dome I let the L ignite
Fight, I take you on flight here
The war starts here.

[BCC:]

See we murder MC's every day,
motherfuckers dont play,
straight from the Bucktown side of the block
Keep your shit hot
Like we said, That's when all the madness stops

[Verse 2]

[Buckshot:]

To all the Godz who know who's the coloured man
the colored man is the obvious, you understand?
I kill him, and drill 'im in my bootcamp
Who can't survive in the creek?
You can't
Champion, bootcampian click
stick and move
I bust your shit
Move and stick
It's the original crook
Stomping through your army, what!
Gortex to your head
Keep your eyes shut
But, I'll take you in consideration
My occupation is to bust your federation
with my ammunition
Flipping precision, being precise
He's right, I'm nice
You can check my status and my apparatus
See the baddest Buckshot shot the boodah
Murder hero to clean your pipe like Ruger
Smoke a bag of charm then I drop the bomb,
Buckshot I represent the Arm Leg Leg Arm
Head, natty dread, boy big him up
Roll thick like syrup
cause chaos and terror

[Chorus]

I had a vision
It appeared to me in the form of a devil
but the rebel wasn't there to see
for me this is the year to be

the son of the seven, representing the sea
the heatseeker
the cypher maker
quick to take a
sec to re-a-lize, I burn right through you
Double guage
I'm pointing the rage at your culu

....
We blew the motherfucker
Now we outta here.

[Chorus]
[Buckshot:] MURDAH! MURDAH! MURDA