

Black Moon, Show Down

(feat. Q-Tip)

[Q-Tip]

(yo) Ayyo Buck, word up (get up in em)
Yo it's that nigga from the Tribe
Let these niggas know what's up son, aight?

[Buckshot]

Bounce to this, you don't wanna miss this, get into this
This is that shit that make em all flip
They all want a piece
Some keep a steady mind, some get geese
Now what be the shit that make them niggas think
When they ship come in, they ship won't sink
Everybody you meet on your way up, you meet down
So if you burn a bridge how you gonna cross town
Think about it now and cry later
A mothafuckin money maker so I die greater
And everytime I get them visions in my head
Everything is red, gettin high from the stimuli
Very blurry-eyed dred
Said to me, Buck da B-D-B
When you smoke your ?sensity? I hope you take out your seed
And watch your back for them bitches who act shady
Wit another lady friend that try to serve you wit gravy
Menage, I almost got caught, what can I say
Fallin for the lust, I almost got bust Friday
But safely so, got em by the most high
He's out yo, into some next bullshit, I'm like

[Q-Tip]

Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this
All my hip-hop heads
Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this
Mr. Buckshot say

[Buckshot]

Hip-hop, set out in the park
Niggas comin through wit they heaters to bark
I always have to be around some shit
Showin mothafuckers I be down for shit
Real quick to do my justice
Walk the streets and stay close to my musket
Bust this, everytime I hit the corner I notice at night
Niggas always wanna see a fight, crowd around it like
Cause a scene, some dumb nigga might pop off a shot
In the air for props, followed by the cops and the ghetto bird
Swoop down and hit them niggas while they standin on the curb
What a herb, kick off a shot in the air
Make the crowd shatter, kid you should've splurged
Now all I see is a fleet of DT's
Comin in the direction of B-D-B
Kick up dust, can't get bust, duckin darts
See they wanna shoot the god
Fuck it, they want to hit all of us

[Q-Tip]

Bounce to this, in your Pinto
You can bounce to this in your 5 double-0
You can bounce to this in your Mustang
You can bouce to this, let it bang let it bang
You can bounce to this on the block that you on
You can bounce to this, polyin on your horn, come on

[Buckshot]

When a finesse pulled up in a GS
Double-breast to protect the lungs that I blow cess from
Yes, now I got time to press
Early visions in my head seein you in that red dress
Back door, it's the VIP
For B-D-B, classic '83 type jewelery
Sport gold nugget, fuck it
Rugged individual and make a profit from it
That's why I love it and I get mine
Promote the bump and grind, sippin liquour to a lime
Every girl'll be a dime, see it's showtime
And every mothafucker online wanna hit something
Niggas need to stop frontin

[Q-Tip & Buckshot]

Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this
All my hip-hop heads
Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this
Mr. Buckshot say
Bounce to this in your 3-2-0
Bounce to this in your 5-4-0
Bounce to this in your 7-4-0
You can bounce to this blazin on hydro, ooh
Wha-what, if you smoke a ounce you can bounce to this
In the club you bounce to this
Up inside your sheet you can bounce to this
In the projects you can bounce to this
Fuck it, in the suburb bounce to this
Huh, in the curb you can bounce to this
Fuckin wit the herb, you can bounce to this
Wha-what, wha-what
5FT, Evil Dee, Buckshot da B-D-B
Back at yo' ass for the nine-now
Don't bite this style, mothafucker BOO-YAA!!