

Black Moon, Stay Real

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

I, stay real, never change, it's alotta suckas
Who runnin' this game, I'm bustin' them thangs
Hah, peace God, it's no peace, now
I'm here to tear the streets down, I'm here to eat now

[Buckshot]

Yo, on the block that I'm from
Late night is a hustle hour
Anything gets sold, weed, clothes, plus the powder
Let's take a stroll, see what we lookin' at
Niggaz used to cook up crack, now they learned to hat
2000 and up, what? Everybody got another
Scam to get a buck, Commander Lil' Buck
Well here I am, fam, damn
The pussy niggaz with powers, the ones
Who put the paper to the plan, so I take it to the fan
Police wears clothes the way I do it hand to hand
Plus I push the land cruise, with musc-lin' from the mobs
Who told me, God, build on what you got and praise the father
Perspect, I started the army, now we up and runnin'
Look, you dissed me yesterday when I was off
I'm on today, and now you up and coming
What a shame, that's what dollars do?
What makes you think when I get on, I'ma holla at you
You see how we do, you see how I dust this
Frontin' like you from the Ave, buster, bust this
Yo, it's the key to longevity
And I'ma show y'all niggaz why they all remember me

[Chorus x2]

[5FT.]

Full throttle, for ground water bottle
We about to celebrate it, like we just won the lotto
If, money for the makin' and money for the taking
Not to give a fuck less, about anybody who'se hatin'
I'ma conquer this mall, to conquer it all
And in a minute, I'm about to go bonker for y'all
I'm outta, control with it, where the darkest grow with it
With me and my militant mind, go head and blow with it
Take it to the top of the charts like 4th of July
Sparks, make sure my beats bark, meanin' the heat spark
Right or left, life or death
I give you everything I got, to my last breath
I, 718, Brooklyn to heart, the 5 and the beats from the dark
Te fever's unleashed from the start

[Chorus x2]

[Buckshot]

Let's take another trip, see what we can find
A whole lotta niggaz, runnin' outta time
Everybody's scramblin' to get a hand in
Everybody throwin' bows, but nobody landing
My plan is, the fans and them, got to hear the new shit
From my mans and them, niggaz that I move with
What's the movement, first of all, eye on the night
The rest of y'all niggaz rely on the light
Light beats, light hooks, light beef and you shook
The rap game like the crack game, the streets is cooked
Believe me, that nigga sellin' you soap, we can tell
The way he keep the shit clean, that I'm sellin' you dope
So raw, so uncut, uh, you can smell it through the placid

That be that classic acid, black, move and pass it
For the masses to get, learn the lessons
When you wonder why ya asses is kicked
Check it, it's the key to longevity
And I'ma show y'all niggaz why they all remember me

[Chorus x4]