

Black Moon, Stoned Iz The Way

[Buckshot]

Stoned is the way of the walk
In New York, shit is real, number one, grime this meal
Now I'm for real, my mind's designed to kill
Like muthafuckas who behind them chills, and I'm still
Settin' it off, lettin' it off, begin it
Rough til my ending, leavin' in trust linen
Little Buck, bad ass fuck, whatever now
Got smart with the hustle, shot clever now
Set 'em down, make way for the king
Hailin' from New York, New York, the big city of schemes
Man, I'm mean, it's so many rumors, cause I
Stay fly, and do crimes, with alibi
That's why, y'all be lookin' like, y'all them Brooklyn Knights
You know the type, gettin' niggaz on or off the night
So get on it right, cause we off the chain like bikes when they stoled
And all of my niggaz like when it's cold
Cause in the winter, I begin to, alotta other shit
Now BDI means Buck Does It
Hennessey, you guzzle it, cause wasn't this, the recovenent
If it ever was, we covered it, we thuggin' it
Like Joe and the R, no film, but y'all can still get shot
When you pose on your car, slow up pa
You should get you dough up, pa
So I can stick ya like a blow up doll, now grow up y'all

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

Bididididi-da-di-day, bididididi-da-di-day
Stoned is the way - of the walk
In New York, shit is real
And everywhere you go, you know the deal

[Buckshot]

Now let me show you how the East Coast rock
Better yet, how these toasts pop
Keep frontin', and your magazine team don't need those props
Only mag' I need is on machine gun tops, now take it back
You said something? I said it back
And next time it's a bomb, in your watch, when you send it back
We the true Men in Black, cause we don't wear suits
And ties, when we shoot you guys, in fact
It's still Timbs and Carhart jeans
With my team in the dark art beam
Man, you know how hard I scheme, to get cream
To get this far and come off with a jar of steam
That's y'all dream, shit, pardon me
I got to make moves in the game, give a fuck about losin' the fame
Better yet, losin' ya brain, the more or less, losin' ya name
Cause you won't be losin' no pain, who movin' this mayne?

[Chorus x2]

[Buckshot]

Caught up in the street life, everybody think it's a sweet life
I mean, it's sweet, if you eatin' right
But nine times out of ten, the mind tricks the body again
The body go for the shotty to win
The brain split, ain't shit, niggaz talk alot
But loose lips sink ships, and you about to drop
And I don't mean no record, be double o, be double you
We never know, he never knew, check it
Boots and jeans, all hoops and dreams
The ghetto model just to get out of the ruthless scene
We call the hood, so it's all good, I hustled up state

In the woods, with po' nine, put your face in the mud
I had to grind, double time, get mine, listen to dudes
That shine, movin' through them ruthless times

[Chorus x2]