

Black Moon, That'z How It Iz

[Buckshot]

Keep thinkin' it's easy, like all you gotta do is
Spit a hot verse to get on, and cop them new whips
Hah, joke's on you kid, you hot on your block
But not off your block, you need to pay more dues, kid
"Hold up, hold up, rewind that, I want y'all to hear
that again"
Keep thinkin' it's easy, like all you gotta do is
Spit a hot verse to get on, and cop them new whips
Hah, joke's on you kid, you hot on your block
But not off your block, you need to pay more dues, kid
I know you wanna and shit, cause on the streets
Rap is bigger than crack to flip
You like, watch me turn the o to a ki'
In one day, and one day turn to one week
See? I know you love the chains and the jeeps and
Hoes in the videos, make it so neat, like 'damn'
All I gotta do is learn, to spit a hot 16, and it's my turn?
'Nuff la to burn - I earn my dues
Wanna do what I do, nigga, learn the rules
Rule one, what's that, never bite, cause when you bite
That's like rockin' ya man's drawers at club night
Ill, dis-gusting, keep bustin' flows
You wanna shit like 'keep bustin', whoa
Pause, rule number two and three
Is the same as four, respect the laws
Five is, what you in this for?
Cause there is guide in this rap shit, this ain't no image, pa

[Chorus: Buckshot]

It's not a game, in this game, everybody want bills
Everybody want mills, thatz how it iz
You can't explain the greatness, no fakeness
No imitation, thatz how it iz
Everybody wanna blow in the game
Some don't go long in this thang, that's how it iz
You can ask kids, the fact is
This rap shit, is not for the average

[5FT.]

It's not about, doing a demo, and gettin' on
It's about handling business, being focused and strong
It takes, a hell of a lot, to make it to the top
Your blood, your sweat, meltin' in the pot
Puttin' in work, around the clock
See this shit don't stop, it goes beyond
Studios, and the press shot
Originality rules, when you limit the style
You seen the fa-tality blues
Either you sound like Kiss or Jay, but y'all not them
That's when you lose, drown in the pool, before you could win
This is a grown man's game, with grown man's aim
Not everybody blowin' the game, is flowin' the same
You must perfect your craft, if you plan to blast
Take this, as a little, lesson to last
Instead of, gettin' the gash, you movin' to fast
Cause your eyes are locked on the bling bling and the cash

[Buckshot]

Shorty, I ain't gonna do shit, cabbage you
Say you nice, when you nice in average
You need to get your own flow mastered
Cause son already blew with that flow last year

[5FT.]

You claim you the nicest with identity crisis
Spit a whole heart to this jewel, cause it's priceless
Perfect to your tightest, your highest
Don't be a carbon copy, end up on the strike list

[Chorus x2]