

# 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]