

# Black Moon, Two Turntables & A Mic

"Alright party people, it's about that time  
We want everybody everybody off the stage  
Who ain't supposed to be on the stage  
And you trip over the wire, we gon' get Smitty to beat you up"

[Buckshot]

Just clap your hands to the beat  
"Just clap your hands to the beat" [x6] "you don't stop"

If you look at reality, I bet you can't see what I can see  
What could you see Buck, another duck  
Gettin paid off the bullshit, what the fuck  
Now, you can keep the ball if you want  
But I'm gonna fight for the right in the name of the blunt  
Hip-hop rules, can't nobody touch the flavor  
Brotha, word to motha, tell your neighbor (WHAT!!)  
That we do whatever we gotta do  
God bless the budda cess and my whole crew  
One thing I hate see fuck a hand  
You and your crew bite my style and you play Teddy Rucker man  
Timberland on the upper hand  
See the future plan is to be the man on the mic, huh  
I see for now I got to demonstrate  
Hey, hold your head back and feel the weight, remember this?

[Chorus x4]

Two turntables and a mic (MIC!!)  
One phat emcee on the set (SET!!)

[Buckshot]

Watch me blow your back out wit the verb  
Herb, come test Buck you get served  
Look, up in the air, it's a bird  
No, it's Super Nigga and look he's puffin the herb  
Sayin "chocolate do a nigga justice"  
Bust this, spark another session I'm lovin the mist  
Contact in my nostril  
Is a colossal emcee to recollect on set  
The point is, you get biz on the mic  
Like back in the days, niggas we got more like  
Shit, today it take niggas too long to recognize  
Just because I'm not commercialized  
Or when I'm in your town I rock the underground  
But you don't know me  
Cuz I don't got no bitches wit me that's ready to blow me  
Half bud-ass yellin "have a good time"  
Nowadays I'd rather have a good rhyme

[Chorus x4]

[Buckshot]

Commercial rap get the gun clap  
Buckshot, original mack I'm takin it back  
Back, back to when the wack used to play loafer  
Carryin equipment, nowadays they gettin over  
Sayin it's another form of hip-hop  
But get dropped wit the ball, back and talk when you walk  
At night, whenever I stomp I can feel the hawk  
Inside of my chest, from the bless  
What I manifest is what I bring forth  
Hold up people, I'm gettin you lost, wait a minute  
Remember this? remenisce?  
Way back in the days when the battle meant whoever got dis  
Now what they do is this, to ruin this

They put a commercial emcee in the business  
To make a brother like me play the dugout  
That's that shit, no doubt

[Chorus x4]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, that's what you been missin  
Two turntables and a mic  
And one phat emcee on the set, blowin up the spot  
MC, DJ, this is how we do today  
Niggas can't believe how we do that  
Buckshot, BCC, representin who I be, FAP listen  
Check it out  
Buckshot, Beatminerz in the front in the back