

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 collosal 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