

Black Moon, Where It Goez Wrong

(feat. Tek)

[Tek]

Dear Lord can you hear me?
Do I want them to respect or fear me
Nightmares got me sleepin' with the little shotty
Though I know I can't put the barrel to everybody
Pray for me now, what makes a soldier?
I know it's no breaths til beef is over
Keep your guns warm, my heart goes out to you Seth
And my cousin baby just died from crib death
Stay with me, just hit me on the celly cell
I know sufferin' and pain really well
If it don't kill you, it makes you strong
I think of the song, "what's going on"
When it's going wrong

[Buckshot]

When I act like it's love, and I know it ain't
If it was up to you, y'all niggaz would be throwin' paint
On my outfit, like he ain't about shit
Before you talk about shit, take your mitts of my mini fountain
See I had geeks, and all y'all really had was feet
And you ain't never had a beef, so why you had to speak
Fasten your seat, and I'ma take ya on a mission, nigga
I teach my own how to keep my own, listen nigga
Get the check, pay ya dues, or pay ya respect
Or pay attention, cuz I already paid the rest, to just
Focus on the god, as the God speak
Never waste a line like I'm sniffin' on the hard street
And as far as we go, you know how the squad see it
If it's love it's love, if it's not, so be it...

[Tek]

I put my love for boxing, into everything
I know the ropes how to read the scale and work the ring
I'm military in the mind, hood in the streets
Good nigga in the hearts, nothing bout me weak
I open shop, rent the blocks, and call the shots
You get popped, get knocked, co-operate with cops
I get live, survive at one sixty five
You nothin' like the god, I'm out raw til I die
Smile for me, kiss ya little child for me
I know the story, going to bed, feeling hungry
Wakin' up dirty, all eyes on me
Blinded thug angel til my god call me

[Buckshot]

I brought you up, from the ground up
Now you wanna run and say my sound suck
Tellin' niggaz Duck Down butt
But ain't no butts when I come around
All you hear is the crowd yell "Buck"
Get it right, or get it wrong
What's my name, Buckshot, what ya name
Not in this song, heh, sorry no props today
Hard on the stretch, fiends won no rocks today
Shame, could of been in the game, but now what
You shine for an hour, nobody dug ya style, butt
The niggaz that be geesin' you up
Hopin' you hand them a piece of the cut
Jesus, it sucks, your reason, is what
You don't got one, big deal, you got guns
I got guns, be for real, we can get it on

Right now, but stack up, your money short
And I'm long right now, I told you