

Buckshot, Breath Control

(Buckshot)

Feavin ass, creepin ass, my man's black path, ease up off the Av.
You don't make me laugh, I'm dead serious to the core
Brother, you better check the shit I got in store
Cuz, what I got in store keeps me ready for the war
W-A-R, R-A-W raw, I saw more than the average citizen
Shit is in style, fuck a ass til it smile
BDI, like the all I seein, everything, like this mood I be in
Meditation, constant concentration
When I inhale and exhale for all my niggas whose facin death row
Time to flow on another mission Buck, no diggity
Let's go, my dignity, when police be friskin me
Like you found the burner on the BD MC
But, non cypher, 10%, what you gonna do, represent
When you raise your glock, but me and my niggas on the top

(Chorus)

What you really need is
What you really need is
All you really need is breath control
Breath control, breath control, breath control
What you really need is breath control

(Buckshot)

If I said it once, I'll say it again
When all them punk niggas think they ready to spin
Step up, and you can get your melon crushed
Just like the rush from a train, I'll dissect ya frame in half
Raise my Duck Down staff as my microphone blow ya out the frame
All the way back, zone is the way of my walkin
Down the block, Buckshot, rock a nigga head off, get off
Or I'm gon' set it off from the south to the north
East, west, and we can all get it on, word is bond
Shit is like that, write that in your memory bank
Boot Camp Clik, thank, you for tellin me you read misses in your mind
Stupid, now I'mma hit ya mentality from behind
I know you're not alone in your zone
So I'mma enter your fuckin cypher where you roam
And turn your house into my home, just cuz I'm the ruler
Sun ruler, school a nigga, while you try to fool a original crook
We never stop thinkin, minds constantly on the move to keep it linkin
Like chains, you know we maintain, what?
Boot Camp Clik represent nigga, we don't give a fuck

(Chorus 2X)

(Buckshot)

It's easy, listenin to Buckshot, while I rock knots
Guarantee to put a bullet shot inside ya niggas who
Try to step to, Buck, the BDB, plus I hold my rep too
Fuck, I'm just a nigga you can listen to
Clear, you can understand every word you supposed to
See 'babble' is a word in your vocabulary
Not mind, nigga, when I rhyme, you can hear the sign of the scorpion
Got you coughin in, stuck by the venom that I put in him
Always loose, never win, I'm developin
A brand new bomb to set the blow
To let all them niggas know

(Chorus to fade)