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
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)