

Buckshot, Trapped

(Buckshot)

It was a puff of black smoke, in the air
I choke, then I witness two beady eyes there
Glare, wit no fear, pitch black
Waitin for the brother to attack, I tried to speak
I tried to talk, but my voice is gone
I feel like I'm on the other side, word is bond
But he ease up and tell me to stand still
I can't move at my own will, chill, I don't feel
That the situation cause for panickin, I'm stiff like a mannequin
But then again, when I felt the cold breeze
Ease across my back, lay back, in the wind, watch a brother cease in
Out the window, smooth like a puff of smoke, when I take a toke
I feel the body ain't no joke
So follow me, as I follow him
Into the night, and you can see the light

(Chorus 4X)

I feel like I'm trapped in the world of rap
I feel like I'm trapped

(Buckshot)

Wake up, you can kill the steady talk
We gon' steady walk, where?
First look in the eye of a needle and stare
Dreads in my hair, oh yeah, the BDI glare, yeah
Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, you can come near me, don't fear me
But spare me, the bullshit you talk to everybody else
Cuz it's irrelevant to those who got knowledge to self
Why equals self, so why ask why, I try
Not to ask why, while my shotty lie beside my bed
Thoughts in my head make my dreads grow, so you bled slow
But you wouldn't let go, the best is yet to come
Lay back as I kick some lyrics from my dia-
Phragm, God damn, somebody got lost, here I am, whose the boss?
Verbal floss (floss) if you know what's best for you
When they rescue, BD Buck shot at the average group
Ain't nothin personal, but at rehearsal
I'm serve justice for a click, and we roll thick

(Chorus 4X)

(Buckshot)

One man steps up to the mic, right, by a little man, right
Short height, smooth throat, that's made to float
And came to drop the bomb, everybody is listenin, so I remain calm
And drop it on the topic of the dress code
Timberland strapped type, and stomp a nigga head mode
We reside on the bowls of peace in the belly of the beast
But how cant here be peace when the Devil never cease
To cause mischief, this shit is makin me griff
Outta control, I'm fed up wit it, I'm dead up wit it
See I'm ready for head up wit it
Shit it on who? Back in '82, it was you
Yup, you started it, now everybody wants a little part of it
What, the rap music, I know you can't refuse it
But I'm here to tell you that you must lose it
Strictly convo, rhythm and poetry, shit, it got to go

(Chorus to fade)