

Buckshot, U Wonderin'

(Buckshot) & (Big Pooh)

Yeah (Yeah)

They wonderin'

Ayo Pooh (Whaddup Buck?)

Check this out (Ha?)

I ain't got the answer dog (I got it either my nigga)

And I'mma spread a little somethin'on 'em (Aight)

You know the game is crazy

I can't explain this shit sometimes

(Ay let them niggas know what's good, man)

(Buckshot)

From the news to the radio

Radio to satellite

All I hear is niggas lookin

Actin' like, matters like

The most pathetic method to use

Especially old dudes

Who thinkin' they old news

You blink, and you old school

Niggas know rules 'cause you can do what you want

No, fool

You should get ya shit together

Stay out the lobby

'Cause if you ain't selling records in the store, it's a hobby

And you probably disagree

Fuck it, this is me

I've been here since '93

You've been here since finding me

So, jot notes, take a lesson

This is 'Shot, Smif N Wessun and Sean P

The army possessin' automatic weapons

With the exception of my brain

I'll give 'em my grain, tryin' to break down the game

For those who can't staid (stand), they lame when they starin'

They lookin' at me wrong, when they hear this song what they hear is

(Chorus: Buckshot) & (Samples)

The wonderin' what's goin' down with the underground

When I come around, smiles turn to frowns, cause

(They wonder what's on my mind)

When you see my face now

(They wonder)

When we come through deep

(They wonder)

When you see us in the street

(They wonder what's on my mind)

(Big Pooh)

It's me

Starin' face down the eyes of a barrell

Niggas wonder is he thorough, take a look at the kid

This 3 years since some shit that I did became a classic

Now I got this shit wrapped up in plastic, bastards

Speakin' on my talent, they way I pen these scriptures

'Mothafuck, that nigga rap is riddic' (riddiculous)"

God forgive me now, so I repent

I'm on some fuck you shit

'Cause this year what they got, I'mma get

This is

What I call here a tropical storm, man

Came in these lanes for the way they go on, an' (and)

Sleep on my record

You wonder what the fuck is goin' on in my life

I'mma tell you in a second
First we got shafted on our first deal
Our first lawyer fell for the fake nigga, and that's real
Now it's all over, yo it's a new chapter
Prepare for the rapture, I'm bakin' you son
I'm on tune with myself, this is lyrical fitness
Buck is here to witness, so hear these breaths
9th Wonder in control of the sets
J. League and Boot Camp get the props nigga, in case you forget

(Buckshot) & (Samples)
The wonderin' what's goin' down with the underground
When I come around, smiles turn to frowns, cause
(They wonder what's on my mind)

(Big Pooh)
You mothafucka's can't hold me
J. League, B-C-C
Beware of the L-B
And next up is my mothafuckin' nigga
Sean P!

(Sean Price)
Alot of mothafucka's say they can rhyme
Until they get in the booth
Find out they ain't tellin' the truth
Sean Price cash royalty checks
Cop work, flip that, cop some more, then forget that I rap
Yo, rap ain't real, my life is real
If you rap out my life, fuck around and get killed
Niggas always wanna ask if I'm Sean
I'm like "chill, mind ya business"
Give that man dap, and I'm gone
Yo, see me alone, and see me with rock
Fuck around, I see you with shots if I see you with cops
Niggas ask why I clap at the kids
'Cause I saw him last night, it wasn't right how he yapped to the pigs
Yo, pop ya 'cris, I pop Hen' bottles
Pop E pills, nigga, with top 10 models
I'm back for revenge, and I'm back with no ends
Big ruck when I rock, stop askin' a friend
Yo, I'm 32 but the gauge is .12
And the fifth for these funny niggas, Dave Chappelle
When Run-DMC was fuckin' raisin' hell
I was on the run from these D's, raisin' hell
Kinda broke, couldn't raise the bell
Called my man, he broke 2 fuckin' (?) and a gauge for bail
Beat the chase got my gauge right back as well
With rap, you can say such amazin' tales, nigga