

Da Beatminerz, Devastatin'....That's Us!

(feat. Black Moon, Lord Have Mercy)

[Buckshot Shorty]

Niggas get hurt on my block
Niggas do dirt on my block
Some push work on my block
Little niggas hustle laptops, ragtops
In the high-speed chase from the bad cops
TNT, fuck that, they ain't seein me
The heat is in the seat of my three
Nowadays deez pop niggas for no reason
Like it's nigga season, fuck that let's visit the precint
Son I got the rubber gloves
For the rubber grip snub in the jar by love
I play the block like the cars I love
The Gods love Buckshot regardless - I burn the hardest
I used to be formerly know as the artist
Know it's back to Buck, I smack niggas what don't start it
Cuz I play the block like corn stores
Hardcore where my niggas hold rocks in they jaw

[Chorus: Lord Have Mercy]

Watch out, shut shit down - That's us!
Keep it King Kong, aim string long - That's us!
Gotta haul weight all day nigga - That's us!
On fire! - That's us!
On fire! - That's us!
We don't back down, we back 'em down - That's us!
Put the cash up, we mash it down - That's us!
Ghetto bastards, we crowd around - That's us!
On fire! - That's us!
On fire! - That's us!

[Buckshot Shorty]

It's the block where we all hand and we all slang
Shots to the mall nang, never ball rang
Everybody got game, we hustle and muscle for fame
Ghetto celebs, you know my name
I put the work on it, I be the first on it
And at the first of the month, I'll be the worst on it
Them jealous niggas be gettin me hype
Wanna make my block hot like my streetbike tailpipe
Do what you feel like, cuz I'ma still kill like
Twenty niggas who feel hype, cuz I'm still right
One in ya windpipe, one hit'cha real light
Steak-n-cheese, ain't no mistakin these
We pop niggas and we pop deez
Especially when we drop trees
Fuck that, we pop with ease
Nigga this is the block and shit don't stop
Little use, got bullet proof suits to rock

[Chorus]

[Buckshot Shorty]

Fuck actin like it's all love, fuck that
It ain't all love when the guns off the gunrack
Beef, been there done that
'Til that, a dude can't drill that
Even if I never feel that
But tickle the shit you come with or go with
You like bleedin with no kit, useless
If you got a choice choose this
Crown Heights, Crow Hill, everything is Christmas for real

We rob and steal
Boost a little 'Lo a little Tom Hil'
We don't really wear Tommy Hil but everything we rock they steal
Money is the root of all evil
But the Devil ain't a dollar bill
You better get that money - I'm gettin it
I ain't bullshittin it, I'm tryin to get rid of it
Every bit, every little cent in my bank account
Fuck workin thirty years on the paper route

[Chorus]

[Lord Have Mercy]
Yea, yo, yea
Black Moon style, what
Yea, yea, what, yea
Beatminerz style, what, what
Uh, uh, what
Lord Have style nigga
Uh-huh, uh-huh