

# Black Moon, Come Get Some

(feat. Louisville Sluggah)

[Intro:]

Sippin my henny  
Don't start none, won't be none [x2]  
Wan't some, get some  
Like, Buckshot, Hennyville

[Louisville Sluggah]

Guess who? punk chunk, ya brain just blew  
It is he, gun two, L.O.U.  
You want some? Shit, come and get it  
Bout this Bob Mar' split bitch, nah you can't hit this  
Moked like Jeff Bridges while we takin pictures  
Smilin at these bitches, not thinkin bout our digits  
You want some, come come, I got some  
Fifth of Henny and some friends, we can all get dumb  
Everybody had a cup and in a pot put nut  
Half to gettin mines, I told her regulate that son  
Spillin some, for my fam that past  
I miss my nana always, but I'mma still get ass  
Get more cash, jump off and whip some ass  
Ville clickin, and off and think my niggas a blad  
It's like that, mad cuz my fam don't brag  
Fuck a finer dime and shine it to a Hefty bag

[Buckshot]

Fire one, Buckshot, comin with a gun  
Fire two, Buckshot, blast that too  
Actin like you solid witcha plastic prue  
Schemin on my nigga L.U., who the hell are you  
What? you think I'mma talk and flap  
Fuck the chit-chat, man I should've of been put this in your back  
You ain't have to act like that  
But you did, now I'm bout to aim for ya wig  
Word up my nigga, see whatever they want, they get  
Want me to flip? I flip  
The rhymes I whip, hence back to Brooklyn in a flash  
Thinkin about the weed and the stash, in the ash tray  
Man I got ass on the way  
Shit I got a call from Renee today  
She got that bombay, I'm bout to put her on the block  
where the drugs and the thugs stay  
Pick up my money and send her on the way  
You know what it's like  
I fuck around and smack the chicken in the breast  
Chill, you can get wet by the Hennyville spill  
Buckshot I still kill

[Chorus x2: Buckshot]

You want some, you get some  
I'ma bout to fuck around and bleed somethin  
Don't start none, won't be none  
But since you started, I'mma bout to rip apart shit

[Buckshot]

Aiyo, what ya niggas wanna do with us  
Bucktown we bust, murder is a must  
Everytime I think about commercial rap niggas  
Leave the hood and scared to come back, niggas  
I subtract them niggas, they aint a part of us  
He ain't a part of my click, don't even start him up  
He rock a 10 Karat, we rock 24 all day

Still smoke in a hallway  
And I make more in a day, then you make in a year  
So why the fuck is you in my ear  
You still think it's sweat now?  
Fuck the beef now  
Yo Louieville take it to the street now

[Louisville Sluggah]  
It's BDB and Hennyville ya  
On fire like cheeba, get ya girl scream "Mamma mia"  
Aiyo I'm out of Henny's World with the go cart girls  
My niggas barkin, while some turn over and nerve  
Too many drinks son, it's affectin what you thinkin  
Stop dummin, don't forget we Black Trumpin'  
Yo I jump inside my Buggy  
Aiyo shorty wanna wish me luck, I ask  
If I win or lose, will you still give it up?  
She giggled and pilled off, we had to laugh  
Buck sever before we dash, it's in the bag  
There it go, the checkered flag  
I'm neck and neck with shorty for a second  
I wouldn't believe she do me dirty  
She tried to ram my tire, caught the divider  
Flipped the entire car and caught fire  
I kinda felt sorry, nigga, not hardly  
Sittin in the window, startin smokin Bob Marley

[Chorus x4]