

# Black Moon, I Got Cha Opin

( \*DJ Evil Dee cuts up\* )  
(Don't front)

[ VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty ]

When I get bent I must represent, no question  
Get up a dime spot and then I'm off to the dread section  
Roots hit me off lovely  
Comin out the spot I had to duck because a nigga tried to buck me  
I'm easin on the Glock like, "What up, hop"  
Buck's pullin out on cops cause I want free Glocks  
What the fuck, bring your bitch-ass type brigade  
Hittin them all, hand guns and hand grenades  
( ? ) man that's wanted for murder  
Got your block locked down, so don't come any further  
In my clip is a .22 dum-dum  
Oh yeah, I seen your moms, I hit her off with a jum  
Know what I'm sayin? Fret it or forget it  
( ? ) fly so I'ma still get paid, I don't sweat it  
I'm every MC's nightmare manifestin  
A little shorty pushin the fact that I'm best in  
This shit called hip-hop, raise the throne  
Kid, don't front, I got you open in your dome

[ VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty ]

Rest in peace to my niggas in the East  
And all the real niggas that was shot by beast  
Around the way all we do is spark mad ism  
Ladies be like, "Yo, he's Buckshot right there, that is him"  
But let's get with the cipher, kid, pass the eight  
So I can wet my lungs and blow smoke in your face  
Word to Jah, niggas can't touch me, kid  
Cause I'm too nice to do bids or ever hit skid  
Fronts in the bottom of my teeth like whatever shit  
On the real, gettin played, what, I never did  
Cause on the mic I gotta represent the real niggas  
The field niggas get the muthafuckin ill triggers  
Word to Herb, lick shot with my verb  
And keep my hand on my grip when I play the curb  
I never got caught by a undercover DT  
( ? ) can't see me  
You grab mics from the ones I left broken  
Kid, don't front, you know I got you open

[ VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty ]

Late at night I catch a buzz, then I write  
The type of ill shit to make the mind feel tight  
And be wantin to battle like every five minutes  
But I'm in this like Guinness so that ass get finished  
Straight from the floors of hell, feel the flame  
You faggot ass, I heard your nickname's Blaine  
I hit your brain and you felt the pain, maintain  
When it comes to a battle you know the Buck reigns  
I vocal-throw the flow, niggas be like, "Yo, how'd you do that?"  
Bitches be like "Yo who that, you're all that, yo, true that"  
Never forget that I'm the one you thought wouldn't make it  
I used to make money, now I just take it  
I do what I gotta do to bring you to the concrete  
Buckin niggas down cause they think shit is sweet  
I keep a Tec whenever I'm in the projects  
Ease out, then flex, in effect like Wreckx  
Buck to your head, now die is my slogan  
Don't front, you know I got you open