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### "Black Smif-N-Wessun"

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Verse One: Steele

Here we go, break of day, with a mad live session  
Down in Bucktown it's Black Moon, and Smif-N-Wessun  
Pick up the pace cuz we're right behind ya black  
The punk got X-amount of shots, take one to your back  
BOO-YAA-KAA!!! Mr. Ripper did the shooting  
Cops heard the shots, shit's hot cuz they're pursuing  
But it's my stomping ground where herds get blown  
down  
Think I'm gettin caught by beasts youse a damn clown  
Check the drums of death as I break what's left  
of your face, cuz you're sellin out the rap race  
Your family cried as your body lies in it's casket  
I keep a black Smith-and-Wessun in my polo jacket  
Sixteen shots, for all you hardrocks  
And if your bitch is a dime she can get the cock  
Straight up and down, we two terrible toughies  
The Vickster hit your pockets then I made your eyes  
puffy  
What pussy? Better drop your mic and get to steppin  
Before you're face to face with a black Smith-and-  
Wessun

Chorus: repeat 4X

Load the clip, bust lead to the head  
The nappy head dread, Buckshot and Baldhead

Verse Two: Buckshot

Real niggaz represent and don't die  
Never dead like I said all we fuckin do is multiply  
I puff a mad bag of buddha  
Niggaz be like "Yo who the shorty?"  
I'm bustin niggaz with my six-shooter  
I get so much pussy my dick be in stitches  
Red-boned or even fucked-up black Zulu bitches  
What? This lil nigga is a mad stalker  
Brooklyn, New York will grab the leash around your  
neck and then I walk ya

If youse a bigger nigga bigger niggaz get bucked  
Cuz I'm the Buck and I don't give a fuck my dick you  
can suck  
Buck is a killer, thrill a nigga like Manilla  
I'm small but strong like that fucking gorilla  
A crazy-ass nigga puttin Brooklyn on the map  
I never gave a fuck, I never give a fuck, cuz I'm all that  
I take no shit see, givin the Buck fifty  
I even blew your bitch cuz your man tried to stick me

Chorus

Verse Three: Tek

Ahh shit, a personality split  
And I'm bout to flip with my nigga pull the trigger let  
the Glock spit  
A little bad-ass shorty with no remorse  
I kill forties and quarts remains on stage so who the  
boss?  
Another boom blew up the scene  
throughout the planet, get green, now I got sticky mean  
with my tag team  
G want a clip thinkin I'm takin this the underground  
moves  
There ain't no more fakin if you're fakin I'm bakin it  
Straight up and down, nuff respect to Bucktown  
Home of the chrome, where I roam, not givin a FUCK  
now  
Damn, just when you thought it was safe  
to come out, with a rhyme, I got the nine to your face  
Boom, hooked up with Black Moon, now it's on for real  
so I pack more steel lookin for the kill  
Hope you're not the picture on my scope, cuz the  
dread'll  
pump lead, from the black Smith-and-Wessun, nuff  
said

Chorus

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