

SWV F/ TLC

"Buck Em Down"

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Intro: Buckshot Shorty

Aheh yeah... yeah whattup?
Welcome to flight Black Moon, we about to take you on
a journey
Yeah... brothers lookin mad fine everything's lookin
smooth
I'm your captain Buckshot, my co-pilot is DJ Evil Dee
We have S-W-N-D on deck
We about to take you about 31,000 feet into the air
We'll be cruising at a smooth altitude so
just buckle up, enjoy your flight

Verse One: Buckshot Shorty

To the weak, what we do, buck em down, word life
Each and every individual in sight
Let my man Jewel peep your style for your card
Then I kick a verse and take a look at the God
Aiiyo God hit them brothers with a verse real quick
And show em how you represent the Boot Camp Klik
You know what they say about brothaz who screwface
Upstate your knee be gettin laced, word life
I ain't gonna bull, ask my man Buff
On the streets he was tough locked up he was sweet
stuff
Kid it's hot, word to Ma Duke
and get the loot from the man at night from my
Timberland
Buck with the Shot that I bang with hang with
gang hanger with the double-edged banger
Boot Camp Klik's breakin your laws
If you fake we gon bust a cap, matter fact, break your
jaws
I'ma bring it to your chest like wind
Then fill your lungs up with all the bull you had within
But I'ma put it back so parlay
To the weak in Bucktown all we do everyday

Chorus: Buckshot and DJ Evil Dee

Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down, buck em down
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down...
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down, buck em down
Buck em down!! (Wind parade)
Buck em down, buck em down...

Verse Two: Buckshot Shorty

Yeah they tell me chill when I kick it
Although lyrics is wicked, it's all about the L's and how I
lick it
Or how I shot somebody in the mug
with the slug leavin white chalk all on over pitch black
rug
You couldn't tell me other word to mother
When I was fifteen runnin around I was a real street
lover
On the corner out shootin the dice
Layin up, gettin nice, talkin bout a heist
GQ headin up to one-two-five
Push up on a shorty lookin live on the prize
I couldn't get the time of day when I was Little K
Now you call me Buck so your lips wanna puck?
Buck to your head, I know your X amount of thoughts
But they call me Buckshot, cause I take no shorts
Word to the shell around my chest
Big up to all de massive rudebwoy pon deck
So if you see a weak brotha speak to that bastard
Or I'ma hit em up with the plastic

Chorus

Verse Three: Buckshot Shorty

When I was in school I was the mack
Buck was strapped with a lyrical contact
knapsack, filled with the gear that I G'd
and a nickel bag of *inhale sound*, yes indeed
A mad little brotha runnin up on em all
Fly as hell, hit the park play the wall
And all the older people sayin Shorty's a bad-ass
but youse a smart little brotha so you gonna last
They knew the time, they knew the rhyme woulda
hit you in at least four years, so I came to split ya
In the nine-four it's all about the war
Ninety-give ninety-six Boot Camp Clik is takin over
In nineteen-ninety-eight I couldn't wait
To get all my brothaz and do shows from state to state

Now I'm the original head givin instructions
Thumpin with them brothaz Beatminerz on productions
Welcome to Bucktown, U.S.A.
Where the weak, get they s--- ass played

Chorus

Outro: Buckshot Shorty

Yeah, I like this
Ya know, this is hittin
to the lab, down in Bucktown, hah
I hope you enjoyed your flight
with Black Moon, word
This is how we do on the regular
And umm, please come again
Word, we out

(Wind parade)

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