

## SWV F/ TLC

### "Powaful Impak!"

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Intro: Buckshot

Hey yo, this is straight up for all them niggaz out there  
Who fronted on some bullshit in the beginning, fuck  
dat

(some reggae shouting)

Verse 1: Buckshot

Blaaaww! Here comes the Buckshot Shorty  
I kill black real, so guard your grill like naughty  
Niggaz call me Jeffrey Dahmer, why  
I'm quick to bombercars  
That fuck your armor, cause I cause mad trauma  
No comma, straight through your mama like acid  
I fucked her, then I did it, that's why you's a little  
bastard  
You talk mad shit with no back up, what's up, act up  
You punk niggaz get smacked up, word life  
You fuckin' with the wrong nigga  
I fuck too many on the mic, they call me daddy long  
trigger  
Mister Buckshot, makin' the gun hot  
From niggaz that fiend to see my little ass rot  
Peep my style, check my level  
I'm so hot, I shot a fuckin' fair one with the devil  
Booyakya!, watch your back, grab your fuckin' gat  
Here come brothers who are ready to act

Chorus: [samples of Busta Rhymes]

[Powafal Impak] 4x

Boom!! [the cannon]

(Repeat)

Verse 2: Buckshot

Some pack a mac, I choose to pack a black 22  
By my waistline, buckin' your whole crew  
I step through, and represent Black Moon  
First, before I kick a verse, I puff a bag of boo  
Lyrically I freak your funk you never heard

My shit is so fly, when I kick it, it's absurd  
Damn, how I wrecked your life with one record  
Made your crew break up and girl get naked  
Respected, because I work hard for my cash  
Shakin' more flavor then Mrs. Dash  
Look out below, my flow will hit your brain  
I got dough, but I still hop the train  
I'm bustin' niggaz open, Attica style  
Yo, straight to the jugular, brother you're mad foul  
Gimme dat, because I rock with the best  
Yo, peace to the hardcore niggaz, fuck the rest

Chorus

Verse 3: Buckshot

Fee, to the Fi, to the Fo, to the Funk  
I pop junk and keep the bump in the trunk  
Puff the skunk and get high, Oh lord  
Get on my skateboard and do a motherfuckin' driveby  
You little crab ass flea  
Biting my style, you know the original rudeboy is me  
Buckshot, no joke, smoke a nigga like buddha  
Who the fuck you think you playin' wit  
Yeah, I'm sayin' it  
Cause I want beef, for you can hang here right  
Yo, sometimes I wonder how the fuck you get a mic  
But I don't sweat that, cause I 'm still paid  
Niggaz get bucked down, bitches get sprayed  
I do what I want, just so I can make loot  
If it's an eagle, pack the gat son  
You know how we do, true

Chorus

(Assorted shout outs 'til end)

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