

Chris Lowe f/ PMD**"Buckwhylin"**

Visit "[Buckwhylin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[PMD]

Yeah, whatchu want, whatchu want

Ay Chris Lowe yo

Why don't you step to the mic and bless 'em with a
jewel

Representin two-oh-three style, y'knahwhatI mean?

Hit 'em in the head

[Chris Lowe]

Listen, to the situation my son

Lowe serious as cancer, all foes is done

with these beats, you got 'em from me

Now you can tell I been around since the JVC

I bring it back, the skull snap rap

The real rhythm on the real rap track

People think, the streets, as far as I see

Your boulevard look hard but it's easy for me

Livin out in C-T, who the hell I be

Chris L-O-W-E that's me

Cool with the riffin, guys keep a handle

If you don't you get waxed like you a candle

Behind closed doors, I schemed on yours

Came back, haunted you and shocked your drawers

And then the time slid, like I did a quick bid

What go around come around like I'm doin right now

[Chorus]

Buckwhylin, buckwhylin, buckwhylin, buckwhylin

[PMD]

Yo so check the C-T, 203 that's when you catch P

Straight ballin, big up New Haven, where I roll strictly

My shit so raw like cocaine you wanna sniff me

My dick be, hard to spit so don't piss me

off, you and your crew, soft

You get knocked off, you crossed the God, "Rugged &
Raw"

I'm warnin you all, big fat tall or small

Guns or brawls, could walk away like fuck you all

[Chris Lowe]

You can call me Chris Lowe, but I'm a top biller
Part time dealer, permanent killer
You know it get ill on the shank it's for the scrilla
Ha, I'm like the rest of the best, I'm a thriller
See now you look like you lost, and you lost to me
Action, try to find a way to start to relaxin
Relaxin, you can look but you ain't seein for me
Not 'less I got a hustle or muscle with P
Some people shocked and amazed at who I am
From Sleeping Bag cut short at Def Jam
You can see me chillin ain't no skin off my back
Me and Chuck Chillout, watch the funk spill out
Through the speaker, feel it down in your sneaker
You jump to the thump like a Reebok pump
Lowe whylin

[Chorus]

[Chris Lowe]

Pay attention while I rock the beat, one time
Pay attention while I be rockin the jam
I need a scratch - now my batteries is bangin
My raps {?} raps with no explainin
You can fly high, hope you don't die
You know I'm the type to make the player hater cry
Lookin up to me, what you think they see?
The fresh fantastic fly funky MC
C'mon, even the score, sound you a door
Only got one album, hope I get one more
So, please, take the rhymes like these
The beats is red hot like a hundred degrees
Son duke, this ain't a fluke
So believe me when I tell you don't pull out if you ain't
gon' shoot
You look nervous, might as well join the circus
Yo you need the discipline, trouble the shit you in
Go whylin

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Chris Lowe f/ PMD](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.