

Black Knights

"Duc Lo"

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[Intro: Doc Doom]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Ya'll niggaz duck low

Niggaz ain't playing no more

Yeah, duck low, nigga

It's going down, round for round

Nigga, hit the ground, yeah

Duck low, when them guns blow

Flaming your way, nigga, it's real out here, yeah

[Chorus 2X: Doc Doom]

Duck low when the guns blow, cause bullets don't have
no name

Anybody can get it, everybody is fair game

When the guns flame your way, you better duck low

Duck low when the guns blow, duck low

[Doc Doom]

Duck low when the guns blow, cause niggaz out here?
Ain't scrapping no more, they'd rather put a tag on your
toe

Niggaz go to war, with tech's and calico's, gauge, and
fo'fo's

Four-fifths and nines like, pull up slow, where them
fools go

Right there, a gun can be a nigga's worst nightmare
A price there, my brother Rube got shot, I was right
there

Like damn, somebody call a fucking ambulance
Ya'll see my brother bleeding bad, call a fucking
ambulance

Cause gun plays, all day in the streets of L.A.

From sun up to sun down, niggaz be letting off rounds

Layin' fools down, cock and lock the whole block down

And won't stop spitting, til they drop a few of you
clowns

Gunnin' you down, just because you run with them
clowns

So blame it on your hood, cause they got you in some
shit now

So expected, these Cali streets is so reckless

And treacherous, and I suggest you don't test

[Chorus 2X]

[Doc Doom]

My whole team is ghetto street thugs, who'd rather bust slugs

We young guns, straight from the slums, and raid them hoodlums

Ghetto with manics will leave you slanted, so don't test me

Or with my team, cause infered beams can make the whole scene turn messy

My sign says money and weed, outfits and phat whips

Loungin on the sands of Jamaica, with a fly bitch

With wide hips, my nine's my sidekick ready to die for this

Brigade that I claim, Black Knights; we verbal terrorists

Cherish this like old ancient arts in museums

Black Knights, West Coast Killa Bee, nigga, move like Koreans from Pradium

Jam packed colisseums, with blatant portrait

Double time to rhyme for the plan goes accordingly

Triple platinum and some change, not far from border range

Hustling runs deep in my veins, my father's sold cocaine

[Chorus 2X]

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