

Black Moon

"Black Smith N Wessun"

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Featuring Smif-N-Wessun]

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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