

## Black Moon

### "Buck Em Down Da Beatminerz Remix"

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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

Aiyyo 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 Clik'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-five 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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