

## Black Moon

### "Buckshot's Freestyle Joint"

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[Buckshot]

Sometimes you bark, and some of them they ride hip  
hop

Buckshot, bust cheek, my trigger pon cock

Non stop, when I rock, niggaz be on my jock

So I got flocks to carry glocks for the cops

Niggaz know my style, cause I be buckwild on the  
Franklin Avenue

Whatever have you please, to my man, Yoo-Yoo, spark  
that L

Let's get with the buddha session, back a nigga down

With my black smith & wessin, you can call me crazy

Because I hate bitches, head to the neck to the leg full  
of stitches

Break you fucking down, youse a clown, with my tre-  
pound

Fill it in your muthafuckin' chest on the ground, get  
down

Nigga, don't try to fight back

You be writing rhymes, and I be like, 'yo, you ain't write  
that'

I heard it from my nigga, and I see him down the way  
niggaz be on my dick

Because I'm like, yo, Mr. K, the original ill subliminal

Type shit, when I grab the mic, you be like 'yo, I wanna  
do hype shit'

Ups, ups, and aways wes goes

I can rock the mic because I got mad flows

Like, this, that, dilly, dally

Last time I fucked your fucking girlfriend Sally

In the alley, right up the anal

She was like yo Buckshot Shorty you bring the pain too

My type of ass like the glass filled with grass

When I'm on your dick, you know I shine like brass

Niggaz on my dick, because I gots mad strength

And when I fucked the girl, but it bleed

I go to left, I never stop, because I can rough it the top  
of my head

Niggaz be like; yo, Shorty, I thought you was dead

I thought you was the vein from the way they had you  
strained

On the last time, on the rhyme, you brung pain  
To all the other MC's, like my man, Five FT  
Niggaz be like, yo Shorty, can you rock the mic please  
Slapped on your skills, didn't think you had it  
Your gonna shoot the mic, like my main peradict, on  
the mic  
Give a check, one, two, to the head, niggaz be on your  
dick  
So yo, yo, just come and flip a script

[5FT.]

Back up off this little trip  
To pull the muthafuckin' dozen, give a dick  
So, don't you dare, press your luck  
The war has begun, and I'mma about to get in  
Flip a script, pick a target & I shoot to kill  
Cuz I deathstalk with the glock strapped to the right  
Prefer grenades cause they get the job, done right  
I blow but sneeze, let niggaz know what I mean  
When I get mad, I go the muthafuckin' bloodstream  
Bust a bitch in her throat and watch blood spill  
As I get, an ill do, she die for her own will  
I'm sending bodies after bodies to the morgue  
And with an autopsy, somebody had a smorgesboard  
Of jealousy, I feast the heart to body parts  
As I spark up that L and get dirty after dark  
One time, as I blow your muthafuckin' mind  
It's time for me to get ill, and commit a mad crime  
I went off throat, but, I keep the flow going  
Keep it going, keep it up and going, and I'm just  
showing you  
Just a little bit, of my lyrical skills  
When I go with the skills that pay the bills, when I flip  
And I rip, it's time to be --- ahhh, fuck it

[Buckshot]

Inside of the mind, I see  
I'm the type of nigga that you call a mad freak  
Cuz I'm a scorpion, Buckshot Shorty, be  
In your fucking drawers, yo, sharp like claws  
Always break laws, cause I hate the fucking devil  
Niggaz be on my dick, cause I'm a hardcore rebel  
Look at the 85, you'se a dumb, deaf and blind  
I'm the type of nigga, that flip the script, I hit from  
behind  
Like my niggaz Mobb Deep, creep on the under  
Yo, where's my man, Mighty-O, pass the blunt-a  
A nigga like me, because I've been ya man for years  
Word up, I knocked out beers, and then we knocked out  
years  
And all the type of shit, that we did, me just can't hang

with  
We grab the glocks, bang-bang, bang-bang with  
Niggaz on two-third, word up, served  
When we got fucked up, yo, we just smoke the pound  
of herb  
We never gave a damn, we went blow for blow  
Niggaz were on our dick, because we're toe to toe  
And niggaz pulled out knives and razors  
But we pull out the muthafuckin' infered lazer  
Right to the head, now pull, nigga  
I'mma get swift with my trigger, take a swig of the 40  
On the block, to park the yard  
Niggaz be on my dick because I say that I'm God  
Why, cause I'm God, cause I manifest the puss'  
What? And I'mma catch you down  
When I hit you with the push in the mush  
In the green, from the textbook  
Like the Holy Koran, when I drops the bomb  
I'mma take it easy, cause you not ready for me  
If I say this type of shit, you might just spit, or with  
But if you, get it, yo, you gotta, dig it  
Now I can grab the mic, check one, can you get with it  
Yo, 5 F-T, bring it back from the top of the head for me,  
aight?

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