

# Black Moon

## "Duress"

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This is how the real shit

Chorus 4X: Buckshot  
Why the Devil keep fuckin with me  
Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

[Buckshot]  
Listen up yo, ah  
Feel like the Devil got a personal grudge against Buck  
What the fuck  
Walkin thru the streets, mindin my biz  
Fearin like the Devil know what time it is  
Rollin my leaf, just bought a dime  
Everything is spinnin in my goddamn mind  
Hold up, wait a minute, speak a one time  
It's too many voices in my head, I hear the flatline  
Could of sworn I heard the voice whisper from behind  
Kinda deep though, made a nigga creep slow and  
breath slow  
Cautious, nautious I could feel it in my stomach  
The Devil wanna blow the trumpet  
Look at every step I take, I could feel it every breath I  
take  
If I sniff up one time, I feel the earthquake  
Damn the takes, so much to hold it all inside my chest  
Feel like I'm bout to jest  
Blow up, but before I do, I'mma take to them demoms  
Schemin on whole crew

Chorus 4X

[Buckshot]  
I used to want a Beemer, I used to want a Benz  
One thing that I never wanted was fake friends in the  
end  
I knew that ones that stuck by me be, was the ones that  
see me  
On the streets, not TV  
It's an everyday, it's an all day  
Devils and the cops will get me in the hallway  
Hopes drop me in the for slay  
Around the third, because I'm about to blow

And be the shit, my word

I don't give a fuck, I ain't trying to quit at all  
Even if my back is up against the wall, I brawl  
It's a struggle in life, and it struggles the game  
But whatever you gain when you at your worst at you  
feel the pain inside  
That's when I'm near my goal  
I could taste success, gotta stay in control  
See the world's cold, momma told me from day one  
"Prepare to blaze dum, play the game son"  
As a juvenile, I always got into shit  
Even if I didn't start, I was bound to flip  
Gettin to me in the worst way  
Shot my little nigga on his birthday  
Rest in piece to my nigga Ray  
I know the Demon want me next  
I see you schemin on me next  
But I'm about to flex, Devil you can check

Chorus 3X

[Buckshot]

I'm livin in the world, where nothin is free  
Gotta pay the Devil even if I smoke trees  
Oh come on now, is it on now?  
Smoke my weed and the public put me on foul  
When the judge lock me up I see the jury smile  
Gigglin, finger wigglin, he gone for a while  
Hit a nigga, what? your shoes don't fit a nigga  
You just wanna get a nigga, I figure  
I'mma be the livin proof  
Hit them niggas, blow up like koof  
Put your smoke inside your face like poof  
What now muthafucka? 98 Duck Down nigga  
Straight to ya chest like arrow nigga  
Straight shots, Devil wanna put me in the lot  
Six street deep till a nigga rot

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