

Black Moon

"How Many MC's"

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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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