

## **Black Moon**

### **"Onslaught"**

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Featuring Busta Rhymes]

(verse 1 -- Buckshot)

Buck spread love like the Pope but I never spread false hope

I bring the bomb squad close

Rock you with a dose of TNT

What you ain't believe in me?

I'm comin' back from of these who be thievin' me

I'm incredible also edible

Rock it in the stage show, see me in the interview

Wanna be worldwide but you get with I

You try, you die

Don't deny the fact that you got your back blown by  
bronoculars

The way I'm rockin' ya and drop toppin' ya

Nolo go for dolo and we tallyin'

All my outlaws form a rally and we bomb first fool

Pull the toll, see what happen if you hesitate

I cut your blood supply short, it's your fault

you got caught in the onslaught

(hook -- Busta Rhymes)

Yo in the onslaught your lives got caught

Now we can run the full court all in a blood sport

And while we hold the fort cut ya like live shorts

Feel the pressure burn wild like (comin' for you)

(verse 2)

I used to sit back and let a lot of clicks

get to my head, wanted to dead a lot of clicks

Broke wit' no chips, frontin' in the game wit'

a little record deal but still drive the same whip

It's a shame ain't it, the vision that they show you in the  
videos

would really make you think that you got the ghetto, oh

Don't get me wrong, I ain't tryin' to stay

But yo, at the same time I ain't tryin' to run away

A lot of family get left behind

back on the block still left to grind, some still do crime

some do time, but no matter what

none of my heads keep an empty shell inside the nine

Cock back, Buck on the Evil Dee track and make the

mind react

Smoke a fat one listen to Buck and get black  
As a matter of fact  
even if you don't toke you can feel the contact  
(hook)  
(verse 3)  
See you through the window to your rescue I guess you  
heard the rest do all that wackness but in fact it's  
Sounded kinda good 'til you hear this phatness  
You lack this, what scrap this  
Record this, oh my Lord this is the warning sign for y'all  
B.D. wanna ball  
Is you feelin' me? Let me know somethin'  
And if you see me with you smoke well let me smoke  
somethin'  
Pump it up like he, film me like Spike Lee,  
body count like Ice-T, do it nicely  
Hize to see the B.D. Buckshot rappin' he can make the  
bomb happen  
All my heads stick to gun clappin'  
don't change, from my street cats to my man Starang  
Bang, bang, yo, can you hang yo  
It's your own fault you got caught up in the rain yo  
now in the onslaught  
(hook) x 3

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