

# Black Moon

## "Rush"

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[Buckshot]

If I don't get in, I'm rushing  
You can step aside or collide with this four five busting  
No bluffing  
Just niggaz in that  
All black apparel with the barrels that spin back  
Buck where you been?  
I've been back  
So now I'm on the map  
And all I want is my bread, send that  
Holding my shank  
Rolling my tank  
Roll a dank  
Don't go to play  
But I will roll a bank  
Four, Five, Six niggaz in your spot looking at 'Shot  
Thinking I'm sweet like apricots  
That's when I let them know  
I can be Teddy Pendergrass if you want me to let it go  
I spit for life  
Boot Camp Clik for life  
Superman in the day with the kryptonite  
Niggaz love how I grip the mic  
Chicks love how I grip niggaz zip grab my dick and spit  
right  
Game in your brain  
I came in the game  
With nothing left with the world knowing my name  
It's nothing  
You can keep huffing and puffing  
But me and Evil Dee's at the door  
And we all Bum Rush

[Chorus]

The labels [Rush]  
The stores [Rush]  
The stores [Rush]  
The doors [Rush]  
All yours [Rush]  
The party [Rush]  
Anybody [Rush]  
For the shotty [Rush]

In your lobby [Rush]  
The industry [Rush]  
All my enemies [Rush]  
To you feeling me [Rush]  
Or to you rid of me [Rush]  
The masses [Rush]  
The Fastest [Rush]  
And the C classes [Rush]  
To my g's past [Rush]

[Buckshot]

This is Bucktown  
Without Freddie Williams  
Call me General Buck  
Because I led millions  
Whether chuck tailors or chuck Timbs  
Fuck with him you might get your face crushed in  
Brooklyn  
Franklin Avenue bring the crooks in  
Everyday hustlers  
Professional boofin  
Slide your dame like greets in the vacant lot  
Bust two shots make it hot  
Chicks get naked a lot  
You love that  
When they take it a lot  
You love that  
Get the buzz back  
I pray that you never get in my way  
My guns slay motherfuckers when you get in my way  
I'm Billy the kid  
Shit, I really the kid  
Shoot you in front of your kids  
And been slid to the next state  
Me and Beatminers on the way up  
Quick to slay up the next tape  
Fix your face  
Don't miss the date  
Some call me Mr. Hate  
Cause I got a list to hate  
Rules number one through eight it's all great  
You can't relate  
With this thirty-eight I'm rushing the door and can't wait

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

Talking about how I can't come in  
We bum rush  
See them niggaz with no grins  
They from us

We all got big ones to bust  
Got a lot of niggaz for them niggaz who never did run  
for us  
But respect ain't shit  
When the tech spits two shots in your Lexus coupe and  
your neck splits  
That's it, it's a wrap  
You ain't know dissing that it get you clap  
Fucking with 'Shot watch your back cause we coming  
through  
Running through  
Murdering too  
Anybody can get it nigga including you  
It's awful  
Unlawful  
How we kick down your door and your jaw hit the floor  
too  
Back up a little bit  
Give me some room  
Niggaz ain't want to give props to the Moon  
Cause I'm underrated  
The underdog and the overrated  
You know I made it but you still telling me know favors  
Fuck you  
Let's get it on right now  
A lot of niggaz gone right now but I'm gone right now

[Chorus] x2

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