

# Black Moon

## "Showdown (Feat. Q-Tip)"

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Featuring Q-Tip

[Q-Tip]

(yo) Aiyyo Buck, word up (get up in em)  
Yo it's that nigga from the Tribe  
Let these niggas know what's up son, aight?

[Buckshot]

Bounce to this, you don't wanna miss this, get into this  
This is that shit that make em all flip  
They all want a piece  
Some keep a steady mind, some get geese  
Now what be the shit that make them niggas think  
When they ship come in, they ship won't sink  
Everybody you meet on your way up, you meet down  
So if you burn a bridge how you gonna cross town  
Think about it now and cry later  
A mothafuckin money maker so I die greater  
And everytime I get them visions in my head  
Everything is red, gettin high from the stimuli  
Very blurry-eyed dred  
Said to me, Buck da B-D-B  
When you smoke your ?sensity? I hope you take out  
your seed  
And watch your back for them bitches who act shady  
Wit another lady friend that try to serve you wit gravy  
Menage, I almost got caught, what can I say  
Fallin for the lust, I almost got bust Friday  
But safely so, got em by the most high  
He's out yo, into some next bullshit, I'm like

[Q-Tip]

Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this  
All my hip-hop heads  
Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this  
Mr. Buckshot say

[Buckshot]

Hip-hop, set out in the park  
Niggas comin through wit they heaters to bark  
I always have to be around some shit  
Showin mothafuckers I be down for shit

Real quick to do my justice  
Walk the streets and stay close to my musket  
Bust this, everytime I hit the corner I notice at night  
Niggas always wanna see a fight, crowd around it like  
Cause a scene, some dumb nigga might pop off a shot  
In the air for props, followed by the cops and the ghetto  
bird  
Swoop down and hit them niggas while they standin on  
the curb  
What a herb, kick off a shot in the air  
Make the crowd shatter, kid you should've splurged  
Now all I see is a fleet of DT's  
Comin in the direction of B-D-B  
Kick up dust, can't get bust, duckin darts  
See they wanna shoot the god  
Fuck it, they want to hit all of us

[Q-Tip]

Bounce to this, in your Pinto  
You can bounce to this in your 5 double-0  
You can bounce to this in your Mustang  
You can bouce to this, let it bang let it bang  
You can bounce to this on the block that you on  
You can bounce to this, polyin on your horn, come on

[Buckshot]

When a finesse pulled up in a GS  
Double-breast to protect the lungs that I blow cess from  
Yes, now I got time to press  
Early visions in my head seein you in that red dress  
Back door, it's the VIP  
For B-D-B, classic '83 type jewelery  
Sport gold nugget, fuck it  
Rugged individual and make a profit from it  
That's why I love it and I get mine  
Promote the bump and grind, sippin liqour to a lime  
Every girl'll be a dime, see it's showtime  
And every mothafucker online wanna hit something  
Niggas need to stop frontin

[Q-Tip & Buckshot]

Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this  
All my hip-hop heads  
Bounce to this, bounce to this, bounce to this  
Mr. Buckshot say  
Bounce to this in your 3-2-0  
Bounce to this in your 5-4-0  
Bounce to this in your 7-4-0  
You can bounce to this blazin on hydro, ooh  
Wha-what, if you smoke a ounce you can bounce to this  
In the club you bounce to this

Up inside your sheet you can bounce to this  
In the projects you can bounce to this  
Fuck it, in the suburb bounce to this  
Huh, in the curb you can bounce to this  
Fuckin wit the herb, you can bounce to this  
Wha-what, wha-what  
5FT, Evil Dee, Buckshot da B-D-B  
Back at yo' ass for the nine-now  
Don't bite this style, mothafucker BOO-YAA

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