

## **Black Moon "Who Got The Props"**

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Put up, what up, bo bo bo  
Suckers want to flow  
But they got no show  
So I'm a grab the mic  
Flip a script and leave you stunned  
Buckshot's the one  
That gets the job done

Mic check, I get  
Paid to wreck your set  
Get ready to jet  
Cause I'm a threat to your fret  
No holds barred  
And complete move fakers  
Best to be the backup  
Watch your girl, I might take her

If she's a crab  
I'm a diss her and slide  
If she try to riff  
I got my Smith on my side  
Word to God  
Here I come, so make way  
Rugged and rough  
Killing your set every day

Microphone check  
One, two, here we go  
And I'm a let you know  
Who got the flow  
Spitting my verbs like  
An automatic weapon  
Suckers keep stepping  
Cause I'm a let you know

[CHORUS]

Who got the props  
Who got the props  
5ft, Evil Dee, and Buckshot

[Repeat CHORUS 3x]

One Mississippi, two Mississippi  
Sucker tried to diss me  
Ao I played him like  
A hippie from the 60's  
But I'm a get paid from the 90's  
Quick to play you  
Little Rascals out like Stymie

Kicking flavor  
With my Life Saver techniques  
Guaranteed to move feets  
And I go on for weeks  
Maybe years if my peers  
Give me ears to fill  
Lick off a shot and  
Act ill, parlay and chill

See I paid my dues  
Now you can't tell me nothing  
This is dedicated to the  
Ones who kept fronting  
The ones who tried to  
Diss and play high, oh, no  
Just cause you had low  
See now I got dough

And I'm paid out my rectum  
Meaning my backbone  
Grab the mic, flip a  
Mad script to your dome  
Suckers, I kick 'em like tae kwon do  
Yes and low, from head  
To toe to let you know

[Repeat CHORUS 4x]

I'm the rugged operator  
Like Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Buckshot quick to play  
Your nigga like Sega  
Smooth trigger-happy snappy  
Keep my hair nappy  
When I swinging  
Ep girls call me big pappy

I used to play a game  
Called ring around the rosey  
But now I play the mic  
That's why the whole world knows me  
I'm sort of like a Chevy  
Heavy when I bumrush

You'd better bring  
Your whole damn crew or  
Get your head crushed, sucker

Cause I'm a set it off with one shot  
One trigger, one nigga  
Enough heads drop  
Don't even try to  
Play me out cause static  
Buckshot Shorty  
He sounds like an automatic

Rip the set, my friend's mad tight  
Cause I rocks the mic  
And keeps the crowd hype  
Straight from bumrush  
I crush and cause chaos, yo  
And I'm a let you know

[Repeat CHORUS]

One, two, melody shows  
And before I flip a script  
You know I must keep you dozing  
Into the stage of the Buckshot Shorty  
Son pass the boom, keep the top on the 40

Never ever ever get played, kill that  
Bust a mad cap in your back  
Cause I'm all that  
Straight from Crooklyn  
Better known as Brooklyn  
Elude the hook and  
Your whole beat's taken

Must take charge  
Bomb guard, I'm the man  
Bust my plan, it feeds back on my fam  
Once I cruise, pay dues, I never lose  
When I break on fools  
Wake up, you don't snooze

Bust a move  
I get smooth like Roadie  
Kick it like the Four Horsemen  
Yeah, you know me

Booming like a speaker  
With my hundred dollar sneakers  
Baggy black jeans  
Knapsack and my beeper

Keep a fresh cut  
Never see me with a busted fro  
And I'm a let you know

[Repeat CHORUS 4x]

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