

Inme

"Welcome to Bucktown USA"

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[Supreme]

Welcome to Bucktown USA

[Tek]

Yeah

Smokin on some of that sticky icky for my nigga

I said for my nigga who do that joint back there

That's Scratch from The Roots, you heard me?

Listen up, learn something

[VERSE 1: Supreme of The Representativz]

Hey yo, it's real out here

You better know the drill out here

Son, you better pack steel out here

The minute you show fear you get killed out here

I seen niggas slip and lose they will out here

Word, playin the curb where crack rock and lleyo is served

Watchin for beast so they don't observe

Another day another hustle, nigga, stay in your swerve

I stay focused and never let it weigh on my nerves

Back on the block where young thugs blast for they props

Trash the glock through a 100 yard dash on a cop

Got half the p's runnin while the other half watch

And when it's hot stash the work in your sock or get knocked

This is a dirty game, so play it to win

And watch them niggas, they some devious men

You either love me or hate me, ain't no need to pretend

Cause fake friends always wind up enemies in the end

[CHORUS: Buckshot]

Welcome to Bucktown USA

Where the weak get dissed every day

(Bucktown is the state of mind that I'm trapped in)

(Lawd, some bwoy gon' get dead tonight)

[VERSE 2: Steele]

Bucktown USA, where it all started

Respect to the products and the dearly departed

Bow Leg Dimples, Dotty and Janie
Rob and Smiley made me, the community raised me
Mom left pops, moved to the Eighties
Canarsie hookey parties was crazy
Glenwood P's, watch for the d's who down in the
trenches
Playin the benches, rappin to release tension
When Ru got sentenced I knew they meant business
When Bo got hit, shit, I knew we had to flip this
PNC, BCC, Genereal S-t-double e-l-e
We do this like we do this cause we all family
Known as some of the truest in this industry
Contract combat left casualties
Duck down when you're marked on target and I
squeeze

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Buckshot]

I walk up with my boots tight
Laced up by my leg, I'm beyond your reg hood type
And half of you dudes is like
Hollywood rap act that belong on a movie site
Come on aight, admit it
You really wanna come into my hood but you know it's
not good to come up in it
Cause everyday we on a mission
Don't slip, don't snooze, when you move through
disciplined
Listen, never think it's all gravy, it could be yours, baby
They'll even take from your lady; and boo
If I was you I wouldn't hang with no ducks
Blue-ball dogs never could bust, but this is us
And we're known for kickin up dust and play no games
Plus we up in here like Rogaine - hold, mane
And even though we divide we multiply
By the division of niggas who still in it to ride

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4: Tek]

Around here they call me Shoot-It-B, it fit for the dice
Hit em up two times or I throw trips trice
Dependin on the day I may give you a walk
Try to save you from a six and peein out on the chalk
Your nigga had to learn the hard way that family fight
Might bet against cuz to see my brother get right
I go hard till the end till the dropping is finished
Or clips empty, police in the vicinity
My bank ain't in the million but my army is there
My loot'll gun a man, shoot the style of braids out your

hair
B's and all, catch you in a club or more
(?) your man (?)
Give him a (?) stab and poke his kidneys
Flee in the red d boy, big truck series
Welcome to Bucktown USA
Where the weak get dissed every day

[CHORUS]

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