

**Joe Dolce****"Buzz"**

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah!

Welcome to the M.I.C Mixtape niggaz!

Volume two!

We back niggaz!

Oh yeah, by the way, y'all know what my motherfuckin'  
name is

Uh oh..

[Chorus]

I am (Bzzz)

Buzzin', my name and the streets be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother

three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)

Buzzin'

"He ain't really from the hood nigga

If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

[Verse 1]

Buzz him, I ride with them choppas all day

I dare you to pop a

Blocka, I'm off my rocka

Silent, you better all findin, Hoffa

I've lost my mind

Sick man brought my nine

Sixth man off my pine (I'm off!)

Industry heads off my grind

Centipede leg niggaz follow me (Follow me!)

Yeah nigga, off that liquor

Walk back by him, spit lead to the head, niggaz off my  
mind

Go ahead nigga, talk that crime shh

Talk that, spark that nine shh, walk that fine

Line, in between, talk and sparkin' that nine

Rhymin' to be caught in a chalk outline

Entire teams get bought, like ???

I am, battling the scatter that rather by triumph

Breakin' niggaz back, we giants

David gettin' slapped by Goliath

That means that I am, him

In the back chillin', that'll be quiet  
But that don't mean ???  
The gatling's, ???  
You have to be blind, to not see the black and green  
sign  
Peekin' at no matter who's eyein'  
Readin' he'd be leavin the baddest dude lyin'  
In a puddle of some sort of fabulous new science (new  
science)  
I done had it here in babblin'  
I am that dude quietly shootin' that chatter proof iron  
Nigga I am (Bzzz)

[Chorus]

Buzzin', my names and the streets be (Bzzz)  
Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)  
Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother  
three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)  
Buzzin'  
"He ain't really from the hood nigga  
If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

Buzz him

[Verse 2]

Everything y'all love I'm touchin'  
'Ready gone die, fuck em  
Bonafide hustler, dude in a tank  
Do a clown, undo now who a do a nigga can't  
We will do it til the music ends  
Do it when it's noon  
Do it til it's noon again  
Do it til it's new again  
Do it til he prove to you, who to you, can't  
Flow no more, no tool, no shank  
No rules, no don't do's in the blanks  
Oh no (Oh no!) won't go assumin' who you think, gon'  
blow  
Won't be leavin here sooner than you think  
The party ain't over til I'm losin' my drink  
Imma couple dollars up from hollerin' "Oo I can't!"  
Up and at em', til tomorrow while I choose my fate  
There be dudes that I pay while I move wit' my rank  
(yeah)  
Move wit' my weight (yeah)  
Do whoever ain't playin' (yeah)  
There lonely player, only shoes in the paint  
Imma go until there's no more room in the bank  
I'm just y'all niggaz, sittin' on tall figures  
Til the law, need invisible legit small business  
The minute, the hits is out I figured y'all get it

The fickle now admits, just as I spit it  
I'm as sick as "Good Lord, just hear him  
Get a good load of him. Hits is hittin like hitlaw done  
did 'em"  
The next villian, tap the nigga next to you  
Tell him, "I don't like him either. Let's kill him"  
Ya'll niggaz sound crazy (Bzzz)

[Chorus]

Buzzin', my names and the streets be (Bzzz)  
Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)  
Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother  
three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)  
Buzzin'  
"He ain't really from the hood nigga  
If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)  
Buzz him

Everything y'all love I'm touchin'  
'Ready gone die, fuck 'em (fuck em)

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