

LL Cool J "Buckin' Em Down"

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[Intro: LL Cool J]

Yeah, man the flavour, flavour

YEEAAAHHH...!!!

Ah yeah, who we doing?

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

Buck, buckin' em down. buck, buckin' em down

Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

[LL Cool J]

Ninety-three comin' off with the flicks and the rough
shit

Packin' nigga's kicks with black pits

Saber tooth, the truth, ha-coot! spit the juice

and let the hot-ass-lead-loose *[gun shots]*

Let it fly, betty-bye if you're ready to die

Kickin' your ass and you can ask Keith Sweat why

I make your Benz seem obsolete G

Rippin' your ass discretely, if you meet me

Puttin' bullets holes in tents, no fingerprints

You'll catch a slug in your ass while you jump the fence

Another young black man just caught a case

Not from ?texas-mase?, from gettin' funky like a
staircase

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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[LL Cool J]

Yeah, what a scene, pullin' a Tech

with an extra magazine out the baggy-ass jeans

Wettin' up the block with mad Tech shots

Drop the glock, puttin' crackheads in headlocks

Like a cheetah with my dig-beaters
Ten millimeter, buck, buckn' you down from my two-
seater
Rippin' shit for the brothers who ain't here
Killin' bears and kickin' snitches right off the pier
Glock full of guts, steady buckin' butts
Lettin' moonlight in your head-pull-puds
Def Jam in your ass for the jams
You've got posse, but are you nice with your hands?

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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Buck, buckin' em down. buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down
Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

[LL Cool J]

Biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
shakin' them up and the pickin' them up and the
biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
shakin' them up and the pickin' them up and the
biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
shakin' them up and the pickin' them up
biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
shakin' them up and the pick...

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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Buck, buckin' em down, buck, buckin' em down

[LL Cool J]

Draggin' you flower-ass rappers outta clubs
Thinkin' it pay too much, wet 'em like a dove
But in the slang, in the speech, in the style
Connect, can never be ripped by a surburban child
Gun smoke, bananza on the block yeah
When all the shit was dead, coulda did a bid
Conferring emcee scramble, dismantle
Never gamble and try to handle a vandal
You'll catch a forty upside ya head with ya fake dreads
Tryin' to front like you're packin' lead
Dumb-dumbs are fine in a spiro
And now you got more beef than a jiro
Peep the ballistic, kick, slick, quick
flip a script-a-slips, but that ain't new shit
Burnin' ya crib doooowwwnnnn...!!!
I'm frontin' personal, he's hearin' how a nine sounds
Busy-quizick, the ?disare? is in
Fizz up his li-life, the visits was borin'

[Chorus: LL Cool J]

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