

## C-Rayz Walz

### "Buck 80"

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Got you

[Chorus One]

Yo where you at? Right here; what'd you spit? Light  
years  
I'm fresh - like a new pair of white Airs  
Stay crazy, blaze daily; say babies, raise ladies  
Buck 50, keep the change - here's a buck 80

[Chorus Two]

Yo where you at? Right here; what'd you spit? Light  
years  
I'm fresh...  
Stay crazy, blaze daily; say babies, raise ladies  
Buck 50, keep the change - here's a buck 80

Chicks dig how I spit it, ladies love the phlegm  
I don't ball with none of y'all, I'm still above the rims  
And the roundhouse kicks, had the streets, huggin  
these jims  
Drop jewels, even fools be lovin the gems (dig it)  
Let's get it on and poppin, and keep it activated  
I hope you mean advanced, speakin on any plans rap-  
related  
I body my verses, rip the beat, shape it  
Press rewind, play it, say it, get me reincarnated  
Like retards gettin pussy, I dumb in the cut  
You wake up in jail cells, with a thumb in your butt  
You ain't a thug, I run the club with rum in the cup  
Ready to rush your DJ, just to make your music jump  
(punk)  
That's why I go to clubs with like ten beams  
And the white mens I run with can't jump, cause they  
own the team  
And if you ain't Kim, it seems you don't know me  
I spit 16's in your face like twin Colbys

[Chorus One] - 2X

[C-Rayz Walz]

Chances get slim like {?}, that shapeshift

cause Snoop done wrecked +Gin & Juice+ like BET,  
and my Chi homey  
Who's fuckin with dis? Have you duckin the hits  
Leave you stuck in desert with a bucket of piss (bitch)  
Sit in the passenger seat, while I'm crashin your Jeep  
Hot potato was the only way you herbs was passin the  
heat (c'mon son)  
You a mangina, and a prom queen-ah  
who learn how to thug from fans and don divas  
This is that Hell Rell shit, that spell well kid  
I snuff buildings, if I wanna sell bricks  
Deal with thick {?}, no time for fine dimes  
My lines got +Big+ potential like I write for Shyne  
And I'm master of the cypher, Lord of the Rings  
And my third-eye blings, like +The Scorpion King+  
And that's exactly what sounds funny see  
Cause next time I rap, it'll be on the soundtrack for  
Mummy 3

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[C-Rayz Walz]

The game's painstaking, I remain ancient  
Claims to have your dame dancin naked on 'posin train  
stations  
Cats'll push a button, mush ya wifey button  
Never mind your business, divine intervention's when  
you butt in  
I don't spit no more, I circle while at games  
Quick to give you barbed wire thongs for your granny  
panties  
You bitch made, couldn't stab a track with a  
switchblade  
After you dictate, tell me how my dick taste  
Put 7 in your chest, if you owe them checks  
And I ain't talkin 'bout the Clippers, leave your jersey a  
mess  
I'm a veteran, respect me, my basic spit  
make these young players better, like Jason Kidd  
And if I'm gettin paper, it's cause I'm rippin flavor  
I'm nice around the mic like the Wizard players  
Spit a verse that deserve a replay  
Get on some humble shit like YO, GIVE IT UP FOR THE DJ

[Chorus One] - 2X

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