

## Styles P

### "Buck 'Em Down Freestyle"

Visit "[Buck 'Em Down Freestyle](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse One: Styles]

You should take the cross off your neck and pray to  
Jesus

I'm breakin' every rapper up like eighty pieces

I done sat in the cell and stared at the wall

And I'm swearin' to God I air all y'all

I live by the sword or the pistols

Summertime I'm outside with niggaz with pitbulls

I don't smoke the haze if it ain't got the crystals

Look in my eyes you can tell I would lift you

I'm in the DB nine when I'm comin' to get you

I'm with my Arab man and he holdin' the missiles

I'm sayin' fuck all y'all

If you don't understand let me make it real clear I'm  
sayin' what to all y'all

No more videos or them silly hos ridin' on y'all dick  
when I cut all y'all

The game too pussy I think it need change

I wanna see the barrel flame 'til they brains get mushy

East Coast Ghost

Ain't no other rapper in the game that you know that  
plays the streets so close

Still bring pain

Fire more shots than y'all motherfuckers do in that Max  
Payne game

Anybody front I'm knockin' 'em out D blockin' 'em out

That mean I'ma snatch his chain

[Verse Two: Talib Kweli]

Ain't nobody fuckin' with Kweli

And the rock with a real name like a Styles P

Represent the L.O.X

Big up to all the massive rude boy on deck

Niggaz yellin' out what the blood clot, lick enough shots

Finna bust a flow like buckshot

What's up Franklin Avenue?

These Brooklyn niggaz runnin' wild through the jungle  
like caribou

Rap immaculate

I spit fire that will get tobacco lit faster than the rider on  
the chariot

Old school and cooler than the river watered  
downstream  
Hit the block hotter than them grits poured in Al Green  
The cops flashin' the lights, passin' them bikes  
Ask for ya rights and they beat you like "The Passion  
Of Christ"  
They got a sicker fetish for violence than Mel Gibson  
We inject it in our system through direct television  
The way I'm spittin' Heaven through the Hell we living  
It's like fate is a fakery style you can tell it's written  
It's like a jail when you're sittin' in a cell or prison  
With destiny comin' in the form of some mail or a visit  
Yea opportunity's knockin'  
Like the beat, cuz I got Pete Rock and Beatminerz in my  
hemoglobin  
Premier Show and Diamond D  
Listen here we about to flip it on the track like nine to  
three

Visit [Styles P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.