

Accusers Enemy

"Buck Buck"

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[Scratching]

Circumstance is beyond our control

[Poet]

Livin' on the down low and I represent the Shaolion
deep

Where crazy bother's known for buckin' a nigga, so
don't sleep

????? Watch the bodies pile

Ooh child you can't fuck with my bloody murderstyle

I got you on a scope and it's sharper than a knife

Feel the 9-mill rip it through your flesh, taken life

Just another bitchass caught up in my warpath

Cut you right in half, feel the wrath of a bloodbath

Mass destruction, try test my function

With the padamin I kicks the flavor in ???? conjunction

what's more to prove nigga? Hold op

My hoodyman crew know I got shit so up!

One for all and all for one

Some for me and my crew, but nigga you gets none

So check out my steez, I get over like a bear

Hoppin' door and rush hour lookin' out for the coppa

Watch what you do and kid it's over when my glock
pops

And my crew rocks, pack 'em in like a lunchbox

???s mad shitty like a dipper

You're just another victim of the rooftop sniper

[Chorus]

4x Buck buck buck

The eyelid to let out!

Three-fifty-seven! Boom!

I put his head out

[Poet]

I wanna know, can you feel it?

The Tech-9 rip, because this be the season for catchin'
a map clip

I'm showin' you who's nigga, when I smoke a hell off
niggaz

Better recognize fool, when my finger's on the trigger

Go for the flow ho, just so you know
Punk niggaz like you can't fuck with my flow
The buckshot, one buckshot two
By the time we let off three, there'll be no one you
Because the buldge in my pants ain't just a big dick
Every 4th of July, you're bussin' shots with my click
And that crew consists of nigga Wrecker
But no, I'm the only bouncer, so love I, my brother
Big chop is on, I caught the storm
When I see a crazy cloud of meth comin' down like a hawk
And that can only mean Big Sam is in the hallway
With a fat blunt, gettin' fucked up all day
Slow decept you, flex you, now we bust
Fuck if we must, because the glocks we trust
Open up your eyes, now you see your triggerstyle
Glocks pop up, nigga what now? ChickaPOW!

[Chorus]

4x Buck Buck Buck
The eyelid to let out
Three fifty seven! Boom!
I put his head out

[Poet]

Listen to my 9-millimeter go bang
Shells drop from the glock, now I know you can't hang
With the roughneck, hooligan, oh no not you again
Killin' mad force, no remorse when I do 'em in
Chose to oppose, now you sleep with the fishes
Tech-9 dreams clock nineteen wishes
My ??? gets crazy fat like a ham
Niggaz try to play me out and I'll be damned if I don't ?
blam?
Step back, perpertratin' with the job
When it's time to survive, cock back with the full five
On the streets reaper, you met the grim reaper
Layin' six feet down, 'cause it gets no deeper

[Chorus]

4x Buck Buck Buck
The eyelid to let out
Three fifty seven! Boom!
I put his head out

[The beat goes on with some scratches and then fades out]

