

Black Milk & Danny Brown**"Powafal Impak!"**

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Intro: Buckshot

Hey yo, this is straight up for all them niggaz out there
Who fronted on some bullshit in the beginning, fuck
dat

(some reggae shouting)

Verse 1: Buckshot

Blaaaww! Here comes the Buckshot Shorty

I kill black real, so guard your grill like naughty

Niggaz call me Jeffrey Dahmer, why

I'm quick to bombercars

That fuck your armor, cause I cause mad trauma

No comma, straight through your mama like acid

I fucked her, then I did it, that's why you's a little
bastard

You talk mad shit with no back up, what's up, act up

You punk niggaz get smacked up, word life

You fuckin' with the wrong nigga

I fuck too many on the mic, they call me daddy long
trigger

Mister Buckshot, makin' the gun hot

>From niggaz that fiend to see my little ass rot

Peep my style, check my level

I'm so hot, I shot a fuckin' fair one with the devil

Booyakya!, watch your back, grab your fuckin' gat

Here come brothers who are ready to act

Chorus: [samples of Busta Rhymes]

[Powafal Impak] 4x

Boom!! [the cannon]

(Repeat)

Verse 2: Buckshot

Some pack a mac, I choose to pack a black 22

By my waistline, buckin' your whole crew

I step through, and represent Black Moon

First, before I kick a verse, I puff a bag of boo

Lyricaly I freak your funk you never heard

My shit is so fly, when I kick it, it's absurd

Damn, how I wrecked your life with one record

Made your crew break up and girl get naked

Respected, because I work hard for my cash

Shakin' more flavor then Mrs. Dash

Look out below, my flow will hit your brain

I got dough, but I still hop the train
I'm bustin' niggaz open, Attica style
Yo, straight to the jugular, brother you're mad foul
Gimme dat, because I rock with the best
Yo, peace to the hardcore niggaz, fuck the rest
Chorus
Verse 3: Buckshot
Free, to the five, to the four, to the funk
I pop junk and keep the bump in the trunk
Puff the skunk and get high, Oh lord
Get on my skateboard and do a motherfuckin' driveby
You little crab ass flea
Biting my style, you know the original rudeboy is me
Buckshot, no joke, smoke a nigga like buddha
Who the fuck you think you playin' wit
Yeah, I'm sayin' it
Cause I want beef, for you can hang here right
Yo, sometimes I wonder how the fuck you get a mic
But I don't sweat that, cause I 'm still paid
Niggaz get bucked down, bitches get sprayed
I do what I want, just so I can make loot
If it's an eagle, pack the gat son
You know how we do, true
Chorus
(Assorted shout outs 'til end

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