

Buc Fifty

"Dead End Street"

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Artist: Buc Fifty

Album: The World Famous Beat Junkies Volume 2

Title: Dead End Street

Hook:

You're walkin' down a dead end street
I said you're walkin' down a dead end street
Fuckin' with me
You're walkin' down a dead end street
I said you're walkin' down a dead end street
"And you can't cross me"

Verse 1:

It's not necessary to lay a fowl tongue on me my friend
That only leads to dead ends tu comprende
comprehend?
I'm a human warhead
Please mercy you know bet
Bucacom with the knowledge of wealth that I'm a shed
Break bread death breeds money Bucfusius said
But I ain't gonna die alone I put somebody to bed
I ain't Sylvester but I'm still a loooooone young Judge
Dread
And to the streets I plead
Down with the hardest of heads
Call my Bucky the Kid or Bucradomus
King Buc for short or King Buc and Common
Campaign Bucanomics
Sucka free street movements are bionic
High power supersonic movin' faster than comets

Indian ? worth my weight in diamonds
Plus I'll make you die man

Hook

Verse 2:

Killer technology I leave trails of bullet shells
Like Hansel & Gretel did with the bread
But except instead
To get home I follow the path of the dead

Puttin' it back together like Smooth, E and Ray
Retarded kids are smarter kid I'm sick in the head
Christopher Reevein' was the way I was breed (he he)
Slidin' on fools like Jamaican bobsleds
Make rastas dread
Grab heat from tool shed
And these are the straps that I manifest
I 'm waitin' to catch wreck on all you fuckin'
_____ mission at the continent
With the usual suspects that you can't neglect
Get real with or play chess
I take showers in my pants more luck than Irish
Why you jam like Tecs I'm taxin' like the IRS
Signin' out Buc but again adieus God Bless

Hook

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