

Buckshot & 9th Wonder

"Chemistry 101"

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[Verse 1]

Mix a pound of underground, a cup of Buck
A fifth of some 9th Wonder for the DJ to cut
As he spin it when it comes to the formula
Son I'm warning ya
They saw me 'cause I (?) hot shit
My 9 spit
Glory, what
All that fame shit ain't shit
Same shit as the last niggas who spit past hits, bastard
Who ain't have a father figure
So you was raised like a bitch on some "don't bother a
nigga"
Me, I'm the Neo for my people on this Matrix shit
Music got my people like "nah, I can't take this shit"
Never the mess, call me the stress reliever
I'm glad to be a nigga in my position, you tryin' to see
us
'Cause now, you like "wow,
Can I be down with Duckdown & Bucktown, I'm kinda
stuck now, help me out"
Nope, it's too late for you, make sure you
Keep makin' them records 'till the day you spoil
Me, I'm straight, I'm here on the map
My little brother is strapped
My big dogs got my back
And listen up, (?)
On the ultimate, this is Buck-shot
When I come with the shit
I'm underground

[Ad-libs]

This is for you, this is for you, you, and you and you
right there
Listen up now
See we back on the map
Buckshot, Little Brother is strapped
New York, to North Ca', all across the map
Recognize that the boss is back
Fuck that, whoa, yeah, uh
Boot Camp, BCC, Justus League, another one!

You know how we do it
Yeah, this album right here is for all you MC's and you
producers out there
Learn your lesson

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