

DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz

"We Gon' Buck"

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Verse 1: (Noreaga)

I blow shots at these faggots, these niggas is herbs
my vertical switch, converted with nerve
catch my anywhere, gun down, hand on my dick
these hoes love me, these niggas just salute the God
I boosted cars, now I just cop and spend loot at bars
I got little paper, these cats still hatin'
but now I send shots racin', shots like Gary Payton
I'm Jose, I'm half God and half Satan
I fuck with Lake, dump bodies in the lake
ain't no tellin' what othet measurements we take
I brought my niggas out the hood yo, not just me
and now Maze live in Jers' and Mussolini
and I'm a nigga that flip shit and just hawk spit
these niggas had beef but now they wanna squash it
I'm a thug and hustler, not a pimp or a mack
it's N.O.R.E., you know, the Limp Bizkit of rap.

Chorus (Noreaga)

Yo Lake, what the fuck man?
cock the calicko, make these niggas duck man
they outta luck man
and we ain't wit' talkin', we gon' buck man
(repeat)

Verse 2: (Lake)

It's like the game is over, soldiers don't listen
bitches ain't loyal and generals is snitchin'
my breed is becoming extinct, we all dyin'
layin' in the mattress or on the run hidin'
lives niggas is comin' home gettin' jobs
it hurts my heart to see a real niggas starve
carved a niggas face so bad in a rumble
they had me in the bing in the fall wearin' a muzzle
bubble for my niggas in prison wearin' mittens
when you get the privelege of freedom start livin'
I spit it with integrity, still keep it thorough'n
move heroin every town and borough I'm in

a candy store with Christian Diore
on Iceburg Valore with suede beiges on
I morn on the born of my dog thats in the essence
express and live on, I incorporate the jail letters
my life is epic, accept it, I'm what you wanna be
before I let 'em cuff me white sheets 'll cover me
why? 'cause I'm a serious nigga with a serious mind
so if I get locked up I'll be serious time.

Chorus

Hey yo 'pone, what the fuck man
grab the Calicko, make these niggas duck man
they outta luck man
and we ain't wit' talkin', we gon' buck man
(repeat)

Verse 3: (Capone)

Peep the gangsta physiche, slim, fire with a fetish
move with a deathwish, bullets turn brolic niggas
anorexic
life's hectic, push weight and records
still spazzin', take your necklace, I stay connected
spit any niggas block on lean
tinted glass, three inches cracked down, Mac in
between
cut school, got paid slingin' crack to the dean
seen a heemy head blow turn back to a fiend
Capone, Luciano, and Mega, Noreaga
here to drop anonymous tips, bitches flip for the right
paper
it's pain, time, and glory, the essence of the
thoroughest nigga, I rest
my faith in the corner
watch me get up on ya

(Phone rings)

(Mega) yo
(Lake) yo Mega it's Lake
(Mega) whassup?
(Lake) yo, 'pone 'bout to holla at you
(Mega) about what?
(Lake) I can't get into it over the phonehe 'bout to come
at you right
now
(Mega) aight

Chorus (Capone)

Hey yo Mega what the fuck man
grab the calicko, make these niggas duck man
they outta luck man
and we ain't wit' talkin', we gon' buck man
(repeat)

Verse 4: (Mega)

My life is blood money and big guns
I'm the nigga your connect get hit from
hello, and I rep the ghetto, how real is that?
nigga you too cocky
I'm like Tupac, who could stop me?
I got a message from Papi
who the body in the trunk? I wanna know like Joe
my flow ill like 'pone's Tahoe
fuck the fake shit
son, look at us, we all did state bids
I'm in it to win but I lost my patience
niggas def, dumb, and blind when I floss my bracelet
in Queensbridge, in the scene with Benzes and
Beamers
niggas who hate cops and love squeezin'
whats the meanin'? all hail the thug allegiance
tryin' to get right 'cause I don't want my unborn seeds
slingin'
the Mantana shit, banana clips
bringin' to niggas if my Man is hit.

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