

## Karaca Cem

### "Buckwyllyn"

Visit "[Buckwyllyn](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[sample]

They're just out there doin it  
They're just out there doin it and they don't really give  
a damn what's  
happenin  
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet- Guru  
2X)

[Shyheim]

We was chillin on the ave buggin out lookin dap  
And these 4 cold boys rolled up in a cab  
They pulled out a tool said get against the wall  
Fuck that, rather brawl then go out at all  
My man pushed back, body pulled the trigger  
Nah G, not Amsin, that's my main nigga  
His body hit the floor, blood covered the ground  
How that sound? I didn't even give my last pound  
The red glare with these tears made me shed  
Now I'm fed  
My right hand man could be dead  
Hell no, I couldn't let him flee that ain't me  
Or have me and my crew lounge in peace  
So we dash, put the gladiator on that ass in the grass  
His life is now come to pass  
The fear made him shrimp, aw shit the gun slipped  
My man picked up the burner and emptied the clip  
In his back, no slack jack it's time to retreat back  
Wipe the gat and pack it in the napsack  
Yo be out, cause 5.0 is soon to come  
And get arrested and bagged for murder one

Chorus:

(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)  
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)  
I'm buckwild and I want wreck  
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)  
I'm buckwild and I want wreck  
(And lil shorty with the .38 could pop you and jet)

[Shyheim]

I know a kid named Dane, he had mad fame

In the drug game, throwin his life down the drain  
He slang mad rocks on the block til it got hot  
Then he hit the jackpot, now he owns a crackspot  
He always got blunted, smoked up the Philly  
Now he use White Owl minks with his illy  
Props, had lots and girls around his finger  
The neighborhood banger and the hot rock slinger  
The cops is on his back, left, right, right and left  
He had a plan that was def so he stepped  
He stuck up Bill, the one from up the hill that was chill  
Now Bill wants to kill Dane dead  
For his name and his fame so he did  
He lit up the kid with lead in his head  
Now Dane's dead

Chorus

[Shyheim]

There's a party goin on down the block  
Pack up, load the gats now my whole crew's strapped,  
what!  
Bring the drama, Shaolin against all ya  
My crew's in here deep ready to bomb ya  
I got the ill rhymes, nigga's lookin for a show  
But it's gettin kinda hectic on the mad down low  
Honies with the big butts whine to get stuck  
And they kill a bitch and it's time to get bucked  
Boom baow, niggas wanna drop cause it's real hot  
And some knucklehead wants to blow up the spot  
Pulls out a gat or burner he's the man  
Except he ain't down with the Clan check the plan  
Shorty's backed up cause we're true to the crew  
Doin what we gotta do with a 40 ounce of Wu  
Crashed to the head, 2 seconds from bein dead  
And it stopped, when these 2 kids busted shots  
The party's in a smash and the Wu got it locked up  
It's it, the man on the mic is a props

Chorus

Visit [Karaca Cem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.