

The Union

"Uncut II"

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featuring Buckshot and Kasino

We don't fuck wit no devils
Word up
Word up yo
Muthafuckers gettin' hurt up yo
Straight murder yo
Bushot da beady eyed MC
In da back of me is the black ruby
Listen to dis
Don't get caught up in da mist nigga
Watch this nigga

[Buckshot]
What da fuck yall niggas tryna say to me
Step this way, B
And get smacked blaintly
Lately
Mad niggas hate
But I don't give a fuck
Tatoos on my stomach
Plus on my nuts
You get two in ya gut
Straight through da backbone
Sen ya back home
While you be in da crack home
Wit da fake gat phone
Lookin' you all alone
Let me give you a tip
Keep a firm grip
On da heat
You on't want white sheets
Decorating da streets
Shit ain't sweet
Muthafucker suppose to eat
So pass da plate
Cause I'm gonna dump some food on yall niggas
At a fast rate
Fuck tryna wait
I heard them all talk da talk
But they never walk da walk

Niggas hesitate now
Yall niggas said I don't speak loud
But how
Buckshot voice move da crowd
Split you like a white owl
Plow right through yall
In a day
Niggas don't know what to say
I'm a pay lil' niggas
So they throw it my way
But by the end of the day
Bitches buy weight
Only give those hoes boosted clothes
Fuck pretty bitches
I learned not to love those
Buckshot da beady eyed
I ain't aposed
Nigga what
My jewels got yall niggas froze

Chorus
Throw it up
Nigga throw it up
Buck da beady eyed
Put two in ya gut
Nigga throw it up
Representing B-C-C
Da beady eyed MC
Nigga what

What, what, what, what
K-A-S
What, what, what
I-N-O
What, what, what
K-A-S

[Kasino]
You can't knock my hustle
We can ball
If it's contact sport
I touch yall
Think small when the contracts bought
I crush yall
Had to crawl before I walk
Now I'm learning to bust now
When da price of coke sky rise
Your team shut down
While da real players play
Yall niggas just play around
I figure know

Which one of these cowards
A spray around
Do you really bust your gun
Or like da way it sound
You decide know
Sweater I lay it down
When da beef comes
We squeeze metal
Yall niggas play da ground
I feel like I'm in da circus
Fuckin' wit clowns
Never take me serious
Till I start strippin' them down
Got his pants by his ankles
Bet he's listening know
No one ever fucks me
Less I'm lifting a gown
I need these funds
Trust me yall gonna need these guns
Life's a bitch
And I'm a fuck somethin'
See if she cums
Kasino
K-A-S-I-N-O
Quietly
You gonna say my name
Try it right

[Buckshot]
Throw da bomb at yall
Me I throw it back
I'm off da meatrack
When I'm writing exact
And I smack all you silly niggas
For really niggas
On my last nerve
Should of stop when I gave doop
My word
I heard
Niggas don't pay me no mind
I'm a shackle that your whole line
Crush your body frame
Get blasted out
Perfect python to blow your chest out
Nigga no doubt
Kinda brolic is in me
I'm just da walking manifestation
Of what you wanna be
Don't front on me
Start da onslught
Muthafucker what you thought

My niggas do it for sport
Blow up ya court
Fuck a fort
We fornafide
Stay high wit da purify
Blurry eyed
Beady eyed
Going through wit da mist of da wind
Niggas can't fuck wit dis
Whenever I begin
Blow yall niggas up
Be at da show
Fo-four yall niggas up

Chorus

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