

Buckin' Em Down

LL Cool J

Yeah, man the flavour, flavour
YEEEEAAHHH...!!!
Ah yeah, who we doing?

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Ninety-three comin' off with the flicks and the rough shit
Packin' nigga's kicks with black pits
Saber tooth, the truth, ha-coot! spit the juice
and let the hot-ass-lead-loose Let it fly, betty-bye if you're ready to die
Kickin' your ass and you can ask Keith Sweat why
I make your Benz seem obsolete G
Rippin' your ass discretely, if you meet me
Puttin' bullets holes in tents, no fingerprints
You'll catch a slug in your ass while you jump the fence
Another young black man just caught a case
Not from ?texa-mase?, from gettin' funky like a staircase

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Yeah, what a scene, pullin' a Tech
with an extra magazine out the baggy-ass jeans
Wettin' up the block with mad Tech shots
Drop the glock, puttin' crackheads in headlocks
Like a cheetah with my dig-beaters
Ten millimeter, buck, buckn' you down from my two-seater
Rippin' shit for the brothers who ain't here
Killin' bears and kickin' snitches right off the pier
Glock full of guts, steady buckin' butts
Lettin' moonlight in your head-pull-puds
Def Jam in your ass for the jams
You've got posse, but are you nice with your hands?

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Biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the
shakin' them up and the pickin' them up and the
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Draggin' you flower-ass rappers outta clubs
Thinkin' it pay too much, wet 'em like a dove
But in the slang, in the speech, in the style
Connect, can never be ripped by a surburban child
Gun smoke, bananza on the block yeah
When all the shit was dead, coulda did a bid
Conferring emcee scramble, dismantle
Never gamble and try to handle a vandal
You'll catch a forty upside ya head with ya fake dreads
Tryin' to front like you're packin' lead
Dumb-dumbs are fine in a spiro
And now you got more beef than a jiro
Peep the ballistic, kick, slick, quick
flip a script-a-slips, but that ain't new shit
Burnin' ya crib doooowwwnnnn...!!!
I'm frontin' personal, he's hearin' how a nine sounds
Busy-quizick, the ?disare? is in
Fizz up his li-life, the visits was borin'

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