

## Frame

## Black Moon

(Tek)

Black Smif-N-Wessun (comin to shake ya frame)  
Remember the name (nothin change)  
We dismember you lames  
Duck Down when we take aim, remainin on point  
Is how we stay ahead of the game, like links and change  
(To maintain is the main thing) The name change, the game change  
(But we still the same) Just elevated to a higher plane

Commin to shake ya brain, commin to shake ya frame  
In this land of dreams, we plan to scheme  
To gain fame and cream, we plot and feme  
Popular teams, poppin out the proper machines  
Automatic gleem laser beam stop ya whole team, clear the whole scene  
Police lights and si-rens, high beam, walk thru hell and reign supreme  
This regime, stay militant, givin it to each  
and every inconsiderate fool, to act ignorant

My voice is back on the streets, home forbidden again  
We gettin brains in the range, born bonic again  
My whole team got spins, BGS made men  
And I run with them hooligans from Brooklyn  
Who stay with Trey-Ochos, my oiyes a loco  
Papa, you emcee guys can't see I  
Spit like the raw that they sell in the doors  
Ya squad couldn't get no money till my man fell off

Aiyo kill the chit chat  
Son bring the click-click-click-clack  
Where the brick at? Yo flip that  
Where you went back, you told me that you push a 420  
And you push a Taurus on the low though  
Slow your roll, you're dead and you just don't know  
Where ya niggas at, where ya bitches go?  
Aiyo, this nigga ain't worth my worst verse  
Whiplash like I hit him verse  
Buck him and burst, fuck who we comin with  
I'm comin with, Bucktown niggas on some money shit  
Still rock boots in the summer with  
A scully pulled to the side of my left eye  
Rollin with the Death Tribe

Chorus: All

We go all out, in the brawl out  
Two fo'-fo's to blow the wall out  
Make ya crawl out,  
Of the jeep, shit ain't sweet  
Fuck beef  
None of my niggas eat meat, we bust heat

(Buckshot)

Black Smif-N-Wessun (comin to shake ya brain)  
Buckshot, Tek, & Steele (comin to shake ya frame)  
[(Duck Down when we take aim, remainin on point  
That's how we stay ahead of the game, like links and chains)]

All of sudden ya killas cuz ya got a little size

Sold a little wiz and ya did a little time  
I still get scribes from my niggas inside  
A Zar, E Bo and my brother Jahard  
Out in Texas corrections I'm known as Smif-N-Wessun  
Cuz I rather have a gat, then caught with no protection  
Cuz I still school a dike, just like they was horrors  
And ride dirty with my mans in a tented up Taurus

Had niggas nervous when they saw us  
Move swift and mysterious  
Keep my shit on the low, cuz fo stay curious  
Actin funny style like Eddie Murphy in Delicious  
Test a razor sharp dart throw inside ya terrious  
It's evident, I never miss, on point like a specialist  
ST declaring this, BCC professionalist  
School you idiots that front more than a little bit  
You little kids couldn't fear this Steele class period

Yeah we went, all that leary shit that you hear me with  
Actin like you cool on that amiquick  
Nigga, I know, I could see the snake in ya eye  
On ya grill, you muthafuckas need to shit peel  
Yo Steele, Boom-bye-bye, hit 'em with the ricochet  
The gat speak, tell 'em what the trigger say  
Come close, so you can get the nuzzle to your ear lobe  
Blow you out a near earhole

(Steele)

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Buckshot, Tek & Steele (comin to shake ya frame)  
Duck Down niggas, shake ya frame  
Bucktown niggas, shake ya frame  
Boot Camp niggas, shake ya brain  
Brook-lan niggas, shake ya frame  
Uptown niggas, comin to shake ya brain  
Black Trump, comin to shake ya frame  
B Fumps and Dum Dum to shake ya frame  
My Ouras and Scios shake ya frame  
My B.J.S. niggas shake ya frame  
What, my Murder Av. niggas come to shake ya frame