

Fuck It Up

Black Moon

Call me, hits and say jack, cause I get no punani
Flippin' a script, leaving the sucker ducks behind me
I'm a threat to poetry, you know it's me
When you see brothers, running around, here now Duck Down
Here comes the Buckshot Shorty
Swingin' tracks, with more rhythm and blues then Berry Gordy
Doing damage, when I vanish an MC, and picture the dream
I'm a warrior, not Freddy Kruger Part Three
Slap that wack shit, you can face your arraignment
Life, I think you need some edutainment
Try to slave my mind frame, you catch a spazasm
Damn I feel good like a long awaited orgasm
I blow up like a nigga who doing life in jail
But failed, kick back and drink an L
Yeah, I'm the man that control with this
Run with a crew, and in my mind I'm a soloist
I don't walk, but verbally break x
That's why I got nuff respect, in this profession
But all punk sucker ducks, still don't know the answer
to the question

How we gonna fuck it up? (Yo, it's fucked up)
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Here I come, with the mic in my right
To get paid, plus raid the lime light
For any MC, that's so called, gets the props
I rock hip hop, non stop, to give nots
I'm the man, the original
Straight from Crown Heights, my life's subliminal
Make my mark then spark, intellect, you'll find
And give insight to the blind
I manifest the best when I step through
Five deadly styles, but I don't do kung fu
Give me the tool and I go buckwild
Bitches and niggaz on my dick because I'm versatile
So if you bite, I'll ignite the dynamite
Battle words, and battles gone, but I'm not that type
But I get hype, when I write to a format
Produced by Evil Dee, so now it's all that
Watch your back, cause I attack
And if you ain't down with Beatminerz, your
wig-wig-wack

Lyrical genius, mic Mr. Wonderful
I grab the mic and make it turn like a run-do
Known to poetic, to terrorize, listen
This is a call to other mc's, time to televise
A smooth black brother on the rap scene
Doing my best to manifest to the fiend
That I can finesse, and excel beyond any dope
Guaranteed to turn the party out
I light shit up like a professional mob hit
No competition, cause the rest is garbage
Yeah, I'm not the one to get played

So back up off my dick, before I spark my renegade
Lyrical melodies are chosen
I revise the travel, cause the rest had 'em dozin'
Off, I'm the boss, don't forget it
When I rip it and stick it, manifest to the wicked
And wow, I don't smile when I catch wreck
Fuck the body blows, I'm going straight for the neck

[Chorus 2x]