

No Way

Black Moon

No way I'ma sit back
And listen to you gay niggaz chit chat
Hey mister big cat, I lay where ya click's at
No joke, if it's broke, Buck'll fix that

Bud like a six pack, chicks love to touch me
And muthafuckas think I'm rusty?
I tarnish the armor, trust me
I'm just that nice, wanna cut me?

Adjust that knife or it might get ugly
'Cause, I'm too close, to my gold equip
Wanna fight me, you might see swollen lips
'Cause I, get around like Pac, sit around blocks

Move with a crown on my top, they call me Dotta OP
Why? they know I represent Achi
Not a song, not a flick, but you can stand by me
'Cause I, hold you down like dead weight now

But wait, weight is weight, we about to skate now
So how many, nah better yet, whose ready
If you ready, just say, Buck don't bet

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You cowards think we goin' out? No way
You catch Steele off point, nigga, no day
Lick a four spray, fuck foreplay, I don't play
You ain't havin' it, you gangsta, you don't say

Word, be, you wanna go to war with me? Okay
No more Mr. Nice Guy, come with me
Gun hid away, in a hideaway when I ride your way
Hit you up, then coolin' casually, slide away

By the way, you'll hardly find me, out of haze
These days, a lot of these rappers rather imitate
What I demonstrate, boy, I'm original
Criminal, set trends, respect the General

I ain't mad cha, I take business personal
I might blast at cha
Hit at me, I get right back at cha
Straight snatch ya up from under ya desk and just pimp slack ya

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Son, I'm heated, heated, like Fahrenheit
Hot like Buckshot's flows and rhymes damage ya life
Now you lookin' for the ambulance lights

The police lights, I run these nights, get ya shit right

A scar keep you heated for life, no way
A mark on your face, you know that ain't right
Son, you ain't that tough, so
Stop actin' like you throw blows

I'm a gun play nigga, I stick a blast in
You a runway nigga, stick to fashion
If I go broke tomorrow, I'ma borrow again
Business is never part of your friends, but then again

It's a shame how niggaz act when they approach us
Buck and Boot Camp, is like fuckin' with roaches
You need a black flag for that
Better yet, you need a black body bag for that

They act like, it's all love
(No way)
When we come through, we ain't showin' you no love
They act like, it's all cool
(No way)
When we come through, watch my niggaz act fool

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