

## Shit Iz Real

## Black Moon

Check how I kick it, when I was wicked, around the way  
Hold my tech, when I walk the block by day  
Drugs and thieves, hit the eve of the night  
Boot Camp Clik's taking you on the real flight  
Six feet deep in the creep  
Come look me in the eye, brother, cause our mind must meet  
Word is bond, kid, it's on like this  
Move when I'm on my enemy hit list  
You know the kid with the rock, from up the block  
Hit him up with the glock, now his pops on my rooftop  
Ridiculous to think you're hittin' me, you're not  
Hittin me, you're gettin me, upset with the threat  
I be a general from the heart of Bucktown  
My stomping ground, is Brooklyn bound  
It ain't what you heard, it's about what you hit  
Oh, yeah, tell your girl, to get a grip  
Bluffin' all the brothers inside of the Boot Camp room  
Kid, it's real, yo, pass that boom

\*talking\*

Never parole' without a L  
Inhale the first hit for original heads in jail  
Then go for dolo, on a cool laundry  
Shoot the wack in the back, and I'm aight all day  
It's hot, burn this clip, ask the cop  
Tell the dreadlock ,that I rule the block  
Ease back, nuff man ah die like that  
Lick x-amount of shots, black, in your back  
Word to my hardrocks, on Franklin Ave  
Feel the bloodbath, of the aftermath  
The wrath of Duck Down, Bucktown is real  
Word to my man, Five Feet, hold your steel  
On a snake who faked the jack, yo, lift it back  
It ain't where you from, it's about where you're at  
So I wear my gat, whenever I'm in Bucktown  
Kid is real, all you hear is the sound

\*talking\*

I'm real, kid is real, kiss the raw deal  
Pick up the trick in the back, by the field  
On the word, kid is heard, in two third  
Bump herb to my man for a nickel bag of absurd  
On the real is locked down, what?  
Beast can't step one foot in Bucktown  
Mr. Ripper, hit your back up with holes  
F-A, who G? Mad lows knows  
All about the breaker of the cash  
Cop back my glock, cause I see the enemy at last  
I got a vibe in site, hmmm  
Maybe cause I had to get it on last night  
With a punk from up the block, who walked the rock  
Well a, but in another game, I'm a head sweller  
And when the cuffs are loading clips  
If the Gods flips, you'll get hit, with the tech in your hip  
Straight from Bucktown, U.S.A.

Recognize, then represent everyday  
On the steel, kid is real, word to feel  
Kid is real, I bare witness, I know the deal, yeah...