

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...