

# Showdown

## Black Moon

Flipmode, Boot Camp, alliance official  
Shit hit your chest like sess  
Each and every time  
(Whattup nigga?) Yeah whattup nigga?  
(Y'all niggaz chillin?) The Sun don't chill nigga  
Hate y'all little niggaz  
Listen to this right here motherfucker what?  
Knahmsayin, shit be kinda close  
Hittin you up with some real shit, feel this nigga

Buck spread love like the Pope, but I never spread false hope  
I bring the bomb squad close, rock you with a dose  
of TNT, niggaz ain't believe in me?  
I'm comin back for all them niggaz who be thievin me  
I'm incredible, also edible  
Rock it in the stage show, see me in the interview  
Wanna be worldwide, but you can't fuck with I  
You try, you die; don't deny the fact that you got your back  
blown by binoculars, the way I'm rockin ya  
and drop-toppin ya, dough low go for dolo in Cali  
All my Outlawz form a rally and we Bomb First nigga  
Pull the trigga, see what happen if you hesitate  
and cut yoour blood supply short  
The bloodsport, the motherfuckin onslaught

-> Busta Rhymes

Yo, now in the onslaught, y'all niggaz got caught  
Now we can run a full court all in a bloodsport  
And while we hold the fort, cut ya like live shorts  
Feel the pressure burn a nigga like a Newport!

Comin for you  
I used to sit back, and let a lot of shit  
get to my head, wanted to dead a lot of shit  
A lot of fake niggaz, frontin in the game with  
a little record deal but still drive the same whip  
Damn shame ain't it? The vision that they show you  
in they videos'll make you think them niggaz moved out the ghetto  
Oh? Don't get me wrong, I ain't tryin to stay  
But shit, at the same time I ain't tryin to run away  
A lot of family is left behind  
A lot of my niggaz is left to grind, some still do crime  
Some do time, but, no matter what  
None of my niggaz keep an empty shell inside the nine  
Cockback, fuckin up the Evil Dee track and make the mind react  
Smoke a phat one listen to Buck and get black  
As a matter of fact  
Even if you don't smoke you can feel the contact

Comin for you  
Jump through the window to your rescue I guess you  
heard the rest do, all that rap shit but in fact it  
sounded kinda good until I let you hear this phat shit  
You lack shit, nigga track this  
Record this, oh my lord this is the warnin sign for y'all  
B.D. wann ball; is you feelin me? Let me know somethin  
And if you see me lookin sober, let me smoke somethin

Pump it up like D, film me like Spike Lee  
Bodycount like Ice-T, do it nicely  
Nice to see, that nigga Buck..shot .. rappin  
Fuck it, I'ma make it happen  
All my niggaz stick to gunclappin, don't change  
From my street niggaz up to my nigga Starang  
Bang bang nigga, can you hang, nigga?  
It's your fault you got caught in the rain, nigga

[CHORUS]