

Buck On Em

Clinton Sparks

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Buck on them niggaz who hate, who wanna be in my shoes
Live my life but can't carry my weight

[Verse 1: Freeway]

Uhh! From Philly to B-More Free
Deliver roast off the whip like a grown man and
Grab they weight take it back and forth
Similar to Chris Storm, my life goin up and down
Caught up in traffic again, long as there's change involved
You can count most of us they stand for the word [?]
We rat-a-tat-tat-
tat to your thongs, put your homies on a stretcher
And we leave your homies naked to make sure you get the message
Dog - it's fucked up, I get some bricks from the 'Ricans
Couple pounds from the Jamaicans, got some Haitians that I'm ea
tin off
Long as, I'm on, time with the paper
They on time, with the package, I'm on time, with the 'matics
If you tryin to take the paper, we tryin to get this paper
We ain't scared to make the papers we will let you niggaz have
it
Dog - uhh, we got connects, like The Wire
To connect you to the wire your new diet'll be applesauce

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Mully Man]

Yo it's me again, same kid from {Bentlo[?]} and Riggs
Used to stay catchin drama under Lafayette Bridge
Food stamps help us keep a lil' food in the fridge
Ribs touchin like [?] so you know what I did
Bought 'em more to the heart, wanted more from the start
Tryin to fix broken promise 'til it tore me apart
Just a lil' kid in a Harm City episode
The Wire's just the half, you will never know
What's really good in the hood with the grammar
John Henry verses, the machine with the hammer
Too many niggaz that I love in the slammers
Sleep by the block-o I, D by them cameras
So from this day, dough we done it this way
From, oh so long we now become strong
With this verse I took the curse, of the city on my back
In the, name of the Lord I put my life on that
Let's go

[Chorus]