

# 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]