

Buck-Buck

Das EFX

(3X)

Well give a buck-buck (here)
and a buck-buck (there)
From the front to the (rear)
Throw your hands (in the air)

Ding! Back in the ring yo it's the tag team jams (yeah yeah yeah)
So all rise for the honors balk, your lies mark your drum
Now I'm stronger and I'm faster, thicker than your pasta
I got more styles than most emcees can master
I'm (what?) D-wilin, (what?) three stylin' (what what?) regardless
Beatin' me is like the Bills beatin' Dallas
Keep them shorts fro the midgets, there! I be the shit, it
And plus I light that ass up like the numerical digits
In my (beeper), 'cause we're throwin' niggas in the (sleeper)
I'm dazin' you like (etha), more hoodies than the (Grim Reaper)
Be on you everywhere, my style it ain't the everyday
It's better, we're sayin shit that other niggas never say (kid)
Cookin' the flows (what?) to make your toes want to tip (tip)
I used to be a wheel watcher til I got my whip (whip)
You see I walk with a (bop bop), I talk with the (slop slop)
Man, you like six bull balls in a slot (slot slot)
It's the abortion, son I'm launchin', quick to floor shit
Click-click now I'm on some Quick Draw McGraw shit
For shit, now Dice bring it back on the seal
Alright we get the busters, smoke blunts out the mill (yeah)

[Chorus: x3]

So get the buck-buck (here)
and the buck-buck (there)
From the front to the (rear)
Throw your hands in the (air air)
With a buck-buck (here here)
and a buck-buck (buck here)
From the front to the (rear)
Throw your hands (in the air)
With a buck-buck (here)
and a buck-buck (there there)
From the front to the (yeah rear)
Throw your hands (in the air)
With a buck-buck (here here)
and a buck-buck (there there give em)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah (From the rear, throw your hands in the air, yeah)

Well yo, the one is for my nuts (uh), the two is for my penis (penis)
You see I can rock this microphone (yeah) from here to fuckin' Venus
Boy, I mean this, you've never seen this because you're corny (corny)
I'm sleepin' on ya raps, I'm drinkin' (yeah) nass because you're foamy
Wit that weak shit, I freak shit like I'm suppose ta (yeah)
Try to test my skills, word is bond (motherfucker), I'm gonna roast ya
(Yeah)
I do this, they be like "Who dis?" (who dis?), I break the answer (answer)
Crazy fuckin' Drayzie on the mic (yeah), I spread like (cancer)
So peep it (yeah) 'cause I'ma keep it straighter than an arrow
Niggas on my jive (why?) because I rock like a Camaro
Back to rip the tribes so pack your vest, so check the flow (flow)

Some niggas want to copy but they're soppy like Joe (yo) Joe (yo)
How I rip the shows on the mic (nightly)
Tell y'all niggas now there ain't a motherfucker like me!
(Ya hype be), I'm slightly in the mood so watch me wreck shit (yeah)
Check shit, I be on some new improved (neck shit)
I flex shit, that's the way I flip it on a angle
You knows who I are, wear my star like the spangled
Banner, bust the grammar but I bring forth my knockers
If it ain't hip-hop (aiyyo)
Well then it gotta be some rockin' (bow bow bow)
I'm risin in your and corn flakes, you're gonna lose me (lose me)
And if ya didn't know, one more here (This is why my nigga choose me)

[Chorus: x3]

So give a buck-buck
and a buck-buck there
From the front to the (rear)
Throw your hands (in the air)

With a buck-buck (here)
and a buck-buck (there)
From the front to the (rear)
Throw your hands in the air