

# Buckin' Em Down

LL Cool J

Yeah, man the flavour, flavour  
YEEEEAAHHH...!!!  
Ah yeah, who we doing?

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Ninety-three comin' off with the flicks and the rough shit  
Packin' nigga's kicks with black pits  
Saber tooth, the truth, ha-coot! spit the juice  
and let the hot-ass-lead-loose Let it fly, betty-bye if you're ready to die  
Kickin' your ass and you can ask Keith Sweat why  
I make your Benz seem obsolete G  
Rippin' your ass discretely, if you meet me  
Puttin' bullets holes in tents, no fingerprints  
You'll catch a slug in your ass while you jump the fence  
Another young black man just caught a case  
Not from ?texa-mase?, from gettin' funky like a staircase

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Yeah, what a scene, pullin' a Tech  
with an extra magazine out the baggy-ass jeans  
Wettin' up the block with mad Tech shots  
Drop the glock, puttin' crackheads in headlocks  
Like a cheetah with my dig-beaters  
Ten millimeter, buck, buckn' you down from my two-seater  
Rippin' shit for the brothers who ain't here  
Killin' bears and kickin' snitches right off the pier  
Glock full of guts, steady buckin' butts  
Lettin' moonlight in your head-pull-puds  
Def Jam in your ass for the jams  
You've got posse, but are you nice with your hands?

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Biggin' them up and the rippin' them up and the  
shakin' them up and the pickin' them up and the  
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shakin' them up and the pick...

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Draggin' you flower-ass rappers outta clubs  
Thinkin' it pay too much, wet 'em like a dove  
But in the slang, in the speech, in the style  
Connect, can never be ripped by a surburban child  
Gun smoke, bananza on the block yeah  
When all the shit was dead, coulda did a bid  
Conferring emcee scramble, dismantle  
Never gamble and try to handle a vandal  
You'll catch a forty upside ya head with ya fake dreads  
Tryin' to front like you're packin' lead  
Dumb-dumbs are fine in a spiro  
And now you got more beef than a jiro  
Peep the ballistic, kick, slick, quick  
flip a script-a-slips, but that ain't new shit  
Burnin' ya crib doooowwwnnnn...!!!  
I'm frontin' personal, he's hearin' how a nine sounds  
Busy-quizick, the ?disare? is in  
Fizz up his li-life, the visits was borin'

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