

Buzzin'

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah!

Welcome to the M.I.C Mixtape niggaz!

Volume two!

We back niggaz!

Oh yeah, by the way, y'all know what my motherfuckin' name is

Uh oh..

I am (Bzzz)

Buzzin', my name and the streets be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother

three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)

Buzzin'

"He ain't really from the hood nigga

If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

Buzz him, I ride with them choppas all day

I dare you to pop a

Blocka, I'm off my rocka

Silent, you better all findin, Hoffa

I've lost my mind

Sick man brought my nine

Sixth man off my pine (I'm off!)

Industry heads off my grind

Centipede leg niggaz follow me (Follow me!)

Yeah nigga, off that liquor

Walk back by him, spit lead to the head, niggaz off my mind

Go ahead nigga, talk that crime shh

Talk that, spark that nine shh, walk that fine

Line, in between, talk and sparkin' that nine

Rhyming to be caught in a chalk outline

Entire teams get bought, like ???

I am, battling the scatter that rather by triumph

Breakin' niggaz back, we giants

David gettin' slapped by Goliath

That means that I am, him

In the back chillin', that'll be quiet

But that don't mean ???

The gatling's, ???

You have to be blind, to not see the black and green sign

Peekin' at no matter who's eyein'

Readin' he'd be leavin the baddest dude lyin'

In a puddle of some sort of fabulous new science (new science)

I done had it here in babblin'

I am that dude quietly shootin' that chatter proof iron

Nigga I am (Bzzz)

Buzzin', my names and the streets be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother

three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)

Buzzin'

"He ain't really from the hood nigga

If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

Buzz him

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