Bucktown

Smif-N-Wessun

I walk around town with my pound strapped down to my side

No frontin', just in case I gotta smoke some

Around here headz don't act their age

Ya might be another dead boy on the front pageEnter the cipher withcha lighter

El's are ready prepare to run another all nighter

But keep watch for the cops 'cuz they rock glocks

Comin' on the block tryin' to rock knotsPigs be actin' like they bigga than us niggaz from da streets

'Cuz we stalk mad deep when they walk beats

I guess they hold a grudge 'cuz I won't budge

Playin' tough, starin' down da judge with my hands cuffedStanding there with my nappy hair and my dirty gear, aw yeah

Now, I'm up outta here

Pigs look me up and down with a frown

Is it 'cuz I'm brown or is it I'm from Bucktown?

Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz

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Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn ClapperzGot five MC's that wanna come test

We got ya nooses hangin' over da trees

Bring on your sounds kid, drown by my massive

Kill your body, boy, and take your lover for hostageKnock, knock, maybe not the four shots empty

On the violator that was sent out to get me

I'm tore up from the floor up and every thing's black

But still I'm on point ready to buck, ain't nothin' sweet Jack

Bucktown, I represent it on the love, love

Deeply rooted from my Tims to by dick above

Don't sweat the bulge comin' from my hip

Grip what ya did hit when I let my tool clickNowhere to run, ambush lurks in the dark

Heltah Skeltah smirks while you're gettin' torn apart

Here come the Rude Boys with the ganja plants

Smif-N-Wesson and I roll with the Boot CampBucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz

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Home of da originoo, home of da originoo

Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn ClapperzAnother murderer, just another prankster

Rude Boy dead 'cause he thought he was a gangsta

Tried ta live da life of a hood from the streets

Test da wrong dread, now I'm in eternal sleepMr. Ripper I lurk in da stuy

Twist da ganja 'cause I want ta get high

With my Breaddren, a boodah session, learn ya lesson

Or get blasted by Mr. Smif or Mr. WessunBucktown's everywhere I swear

It's clear to me, you feel the weed, now I really see

Night falls around the way, Originoo heads come out to play

Puff herb, break day, it's just a regular, everyday state of being I

Mind holds the weight, rhymes free the mind in time

I find reality follows me where I roam, 360 degrees back home inBucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz

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