

Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz
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Bucktown, home of Da Originoo Gunn Clapperz Another 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 sleep Mr. 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. Wessun Bucktown'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 in Bucktown, home of Da
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