

# Buck A Shot

Biga Ranx

We are numba one  
Down ina paris we are number one  
Pacific ocean we are the number one  
So all rude boy just hold your gun  
Buck a shot when you hear this one  
'Cause you know the riddim weighs a ton  
Buck a shot buck a shot everybody buck a shot  
Buck a shot buck a shot everybody buck a shot  
You know when we comin' we da cream of the crop  
We ram the dancehall like the king of the pop

Friday to sunday  
The kids wanna party on the ground play  
The kids wanna party with no gun play  
The sky is the limit for brigante  
Ready fi go take off ah the runway  
Gal mi slap your booty like a djembe  
Like a bank robbery we a fi get away  
Eh weh yu seh?  
Yes we dealin' with dem tings ina betta' way

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Comin' like a likl' baby callin' for her dada  
She busin' up the dance when she's dancing up the dagga  
Stick it in your gutta mi say juk you like dog'ya  
She s tearing down the wall screamin' out  
For her mother  
The tempatur's risin' it's gettin' very hotta  
Bare pretty lady mi nah deal with no slappa  
Any kind a colour skin ah dat nah really matta  
When we reach ina ya town dem ah hands dem ah clappa

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