

Buss Yo' Head

Young Buck

A'ight, rap niggaa (yeah!)
You got twenty-four hours to live, nigga (ha ha)
Your time's up right motherfuckin' now, nigga
Dah, dah, dah, dah

Y'all niggas ain't no killers, y'all niggas some hos
And y'all act like gorillas, but you already know
If the gangstas feel us, then fifty should've let me go
All the rappers that was beefin' - they ain't talkin' no mo'
I'll bust they motherfuckin' head, ho (Who wanna die?)
I'll bust yo' motherfuckin' head, ho (I'm ready to ride)
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Can't wait to see ya, homey; gotta keep that nina on me
Haters wanna leave me lonely, but y'all ain't killin' me
Fuck you; ya ain't feelin' me; what you eat don't make me shit
I'm cleanin' my artillery and wipin' off these hollow-tips
Shawty like to swallow dick, and she set up good licks
I treat her like a pit and holla: "Get 'em, girl, get his brick!"
You know if you snitch, what we do to tattletales
Cut off yo' bottom lip, send it to you in the mail
I'm coverin' up my trails; I smell gunpowder
And the hood hot as hell 'cause of forty-eight hours
All my niggas tryin' to rob a rapper and get a bird
Take his platinum and his fur; get in the back of that hearse
Motherfucker

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Listen to the devil when he open up his mouth
(Be quiet, you can hear them bodies callin')
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Yes, I brought a A.K. to my concerts
So I don't need security; I put in my own work
I'm walkin' with my jewelry; I know I ain't from 'round here
But y'all gon' have to kill me before I lay it down, yeah
I was on the news for knockin' him out his shoes
But the dude got a son that go to my daughter's school
So I'm cool 'cause I can grab what he love most
And that's the reason why you see me laughin'; then go
Pay the bond money, let me get back to the streets
The one man army, a Indian with no chief
I got a bomb on me, so everybody move slow
Biggie Smalls said it, "If I go, you got to go."

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(Beef) is when I see you niggas on the streets
The barrel of the Beretta knock out motherfuckers teeth, nigga
(Beef) Just when you think it's good to go to sleep
I crawl from under the bed, and put a hole in your head, homey
(Beef) is probably what you rappers gonna die fo'
It's somethin' that we live by, somethin' that we ride fo'
It's (beef) so when you see that '72 Caprice
With a chopper out the window like, buck a motherfucker
This is (beef); just know that there will never be peace
This 40-Glock'll make you niggas never sell a CD
And since it's (beef), well, this might be my last verse
'Cause I'm a set it off; I'm about to blast first

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Hey! Yeah
Niggas know who it is, nigga
It's ya homeboy Young Buck, motherfuckers!
And I just beat another motherfuckin' gun case, ha ha!
You know what it is, nigga
Top of Bullets-burg, the world keeps turnin'
Dead bodies come up every day, nigga
Get out the way!
'Cause I'm comin'