

Bravehearts, Buss My Gun

(feat. Nashawn)

(NaShawn (chorus))

Buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love

(Verse 1)

Yo' do you wanna live or do you wanna die
I'll throw you off the bridge wit a bullet in ya eye
Like a (ribbon) in tha sky, you'll be floatin in tha air
Got to see ur mother cry at the wake of tha year
I'll give her a hug and tell her be strong then
Smack her in tha face wit a forty-four long
I know I be wrong, dats how I get it on
I hope yall acknowledge the hook on this song
I got macs and tecs, snug, revovlers, oozies
I got 'em, gauge no problem, calicos, AKs, 357's
nine milly's trey aint send you to heaven
I gave my lady a 380, a 22, a two five, bitch went crazy
popin forever, one for all
BraveHearted we stand nigga fuck all yall

(NaShawn (chorus))

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(Verse 2)

Yo' stop playin I'm layin for my dawgs
I would die for, cabbage patch this niggas
Souls in the sky more, shots rang, glocks bang,
Hot thangs, leave 'em wit his watch and rang
Stop and aim, I'm ? top soil get my rocks off
For my family, you a corpse, what you thought
For my seeds I even let the wrong man bleed
Sit there wit tha right one and give 'em three
See me, don't think cause I'm on tv
Dat a nigga won't massacre ya family
I love guns, and bustin 'em off for loved ones
Get it done, big or small one even for funds
I love cash, for loot, I kill yo' ass
Brains through tha roof of tha coupe
I watch the blood splash
And I hate most dudes dat aint my blood
and I buss my guns for the one I love

(NaShawn (chorus))

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(Verse 3)

I buss guns for the ones I love
I leave a nigga leakin for somethin
Them guns straight quicker and quicker
He seek its comin, my nigga jung
jumpin on niggas, da shells is dumpin
No fingerprints, shoot again these muthafuckas don't make sense
sayin dat me and my niggas can't win, why
See tha guns pointed at ya face

Plus ya clique surrounded cause they fake
They die, see my attitude, bust a
muthafucka for food, now I'm mad at you
Hit you then I toss tha tool
Never sober, shoot niggas and run 'em ova
Gee Wiz, Bh, I'ma test a QB soldier
I run away wit yo' head in my arms
like (brett farve) them muthafuckas take to tha streets
Them BraveHearts, shootin on these
muthafuckin faggots
Go 'head nigga pull ya gun I'ma grab it then

(NaShawn (chorus))
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