

# N.O.R.E., Head Bussa

(feat. Noreaga)

[Intro]

Head bussa . . .  
Head bussa . . .  
Head bussa . . .  
Head bussa . . .

[Chorus x4]

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa (head bussa)

[Verse: Noreaga]

Hey yo . . .

Yo, N-O-R, you can catch me in my favorite car (car)  
Drop Lex, black truck, Gordo the "Lazy R"  
I'm like a pitcher, I throw my hits crazy far  
And if you is what you smoke then - hey y'all  
I'm never faired up (faired up) I got some lead what (lead what)  
And keeps some chicks in my whips and they always just fuck my head up  
I'm like whatever God, ain't a nigga better guard?  
I rock a Neptunes beat like it's a leather garm  
Know about you, but I'm a bed crusher  
See I don't know about you, but I'm a head bussa  
You see it's God Favorite, he built the project bricks  
Chicks love us anyway, cause we just make hits  
No Re-my, I'm good with just water and fish  
Thugged out Militainment see we focused - bitch  
Stand strong in the pain, see me hold my pivot  
Or you can catch me in LA, with a Mexican midget

[Chorus x4]

[Verse: Noreaga]

Yo, yo . . .

See I'm a Philly nigga, I can't fuck wit a duck chick  
Automatic whips, can't fuck wit a slut chick  
Jo-se (Jose) I'm so relaxed it seems  
The first nigga sellin' cracks through a fax machine  
Shit Star Tek (Star Tek) I hold my gun in the raids  
And I can make planes crash through a two-way page  
Niggas stack like, act like I ain't made mad classics  
Like I'm a new artist, demerit these rat bastards  
But that's aight cause I'm a still make more  
And I could sell bad work, still say that it's raw  
I make songs for the poor niggas  
The most "Grimey" and raw niggas, the ki-ki-kickin' your door niggas  
Go arm wrestle next, see whose neck I break  
I send my little man home (dude go home man) have to check out late  
She a bed crusher, see I'm a bad person

[Chorus x7]

[Bridge]

Duh . . .

Ain't a damn - thing the same  
Look, I'm a see if ya sayin' my name (N-O-R)  
Millionaires, that change the game  
That got 9/11 clouds (clouds) and bullets that grain  
Don't calm down (down) this is soldier game (fa' sho nigga)  
Kill for money, the raw and the caine  
Let me, see you flag, the color of car nigga  
Fix your fingers, show me what you are

[Verse: Noreaga]

See I'm a head bussa (bussa) it ain't hard to tell  
That I'm a keep makin' hits, it ain't hard to sell  
And them Def Jam niggas put that paper behind us  
We left that other label, and the hatin' behind us  
Niggas want beef, it ain't hard to find us  
We in the 'Lac Truck, them niggas in Path-Finders and-uh  
The crime scene like N.O.R.E.! , N.O.R.E.!!  
People wanna scream they like N.O.R.E.! , N.O.R.E.!!  
Man, I'm outta' town my niggas travel, too  
We in LA getting' sucked off in Malibu  
A new-car, ask the Jake, they call me "know shit"  
Cause everytime they question me, I don't know shit  
And hold this, yea nigga just know this  
I always drink Henny, hardly know the 'Cris  
Straight monster-wrist, I keep a ill beat  
And niggas hardly like you, your shit still weak

[Bridge]

[Chorus x8]