

North Star, Bust Ya Guns

Artist: Northstar f/ G.I.'s, Holocaust

Album: West Coast Killa Beez

Song: Bust Ya Guns

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: Holocaust)

Long Beach ruffians, lump and smack you in hip hop

(We in the darkest corner in this world)

Lump and smack you in hip hop (Northstars, Warcloud)

Lump and smack you in hip hop (tropical bay)

Long Beach warn ya, lump and smack you in hip hop (loose lady

Jive indian darts in your alley)

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

Bust ya guns, all my West Coast niggas, we coming through

Represent your neighborhood, your set, click, or crew

Sip a brew, hit a few muthafuckas, dead in the jaw

Just for looking at a West Coast soldier, who wanna brawl?

(Holocaust)

Zombies couped up in a cottage, big Jimmyfish

Thirteen evil bandits rob the widows

I hit Victoria, over the head with pillows

He had a toy pistol and cotton, for a beard

The place will buckle, my pistol wrapped in today's paper

Hitchcock caper, you come to the wall of barrels

Apple hit the arrows through black rappers that's narrow

Lean a horse eyelash, snowflakes, the war hawk

Swamp cyborg, I cut 'em down with the twelve gauge

Front page tackle, all day, at the power plant

Red spider chick copped the three-eighty, who knew?

The beautiful young lady danced without her shoe

I rubbed my knee three times, caught it like Mr. Bedrock

How I slit a throat in the chapel, during crusades

Sixty bugs and get naked fast, I always dashed

With the cash, alakazam, ale -- go past

Dirty shots vic', caliber torns, heavy corruption bar

Famous red clips, battles, sword let the place, they construction yard

(Chorus 2X)

(Christbearer)

Yeah, bust ya gun, nigga, represent your click

Bang like a blood, nigga, walk like a cripp

They want beef, nigga, let 'em all drip

It's a mack in yo back, with a fully loaded clip

I sip a brew, this'll do, I crack the young nigga in the head

With the mickey twenty two

Then bust a nigga in his jaw, who wanna jump wall?

My sawed off shotgun, above the law

Hit the block, let the beat bump loud

It's that bangin' Northstar featuring my nigga Warcloud

Yeah, West Coast shit, Long Beach, Compton, Watts

L.A. to Inglewood, bitch

Who wanna brawl? Fuck around, and catch 'em all

Flip the gat, to the spinal, for your final curtain call

Make the London Bridge fall, make the big nigga real real small

(Meko the Pharaoh)

We poly on this, gather on different types of beats

Northstar music is hard as concrete

We regulate the airwaves from New York to Long Beach

With different types of sounds, and that's just underground

With words of wisdom for the world to hear

Never disappear until the smoke is clear
West Coast ride, Northstar drive
All ya'll funny niggas better lay down or die
We generate the energy that pierce ya ears
Wipe away your tears and kill all ya fears
Meko's here to revive your whole fear
And take ya'll niggas out the atmosphere

(Chorus 2X)

(G.I.'s)

Aiyo, you know where I'm from
And if you don't know, check the slums
I'm from where niggas carry guns, and stay on one
Who wanna brawl, I'm the sickest of them all
I'm the realest you ever saw, in my trace, I decide seesaw
I rip my balls when I floss, this is for all my dogs and my loc's
Twisted on hundred spokes, who getting that throat
Making a G an hour, pushing that Eddie Bauer
Making a killing, I'm willing
To get on the block and serve, pushing them birds
A West Coast Killa Bee, bitch, you heard?

(Chorus 2X)