

E-40, Dump, Bust, Blast

Uh (Uh)

Come on, ai, ai Boskeezy?

Ai, my, my, turn it up (burps)

Hey Boskeezy? Hey that shit right there, ay
(talk to my wepolations), that shit.

That's ibeen? That shit smibeen that shit ibeen?

That shit smibeen, ooh (ooh)

4:15 showcasing to the max

Got my truckamajig free racing causing anxiety attacks

Pitch black normal tint BOOM BAP!

Fucked around and overheated my Zues amp

500, oh the hoes, fuck a ho

These are the thing that, uh, you need to know

Bust him open spin open the duct tape and the foil

Eat the rest and get a pot and let 'em boil

Bullet proof vest never confess keep a bucket full of acid

1-800-888 zippers-on-tastic

Clinetel, raise 'em high raise 'em low

Out on bail everybody hit the floor

Chorus:

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust (ooh!)

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,

Dump, Bust, (BEOTCH!) Blast

Slurp slip, deep throat shit I'm outta sight

I like to get my dick sucked in - broad daylight

Acting bad on the soil acting tough

Break your ass down like a 12-gauge and call yo' bluff

Ignore a fool, that's what they holler

Snatch his bootsy ass up by the collar

Law enforcement agents got me and my dudes up under investigation

We hot like jalapenos

Man, how come niggas can't put their money together like Philipinos?

I suppose, can you bring him back?

He was one of them enemies that tried to participate

in Swiss Cheezin' my clean ass Cadillac

My Cadillac, My Pontiac I mean

My under bucket hoopty parked on magazines

Chorus: 2x

Check it out (check it out)

Third verse, let's begin lets be gone

I done served more water than, uh, Evian

Posted up like a thumbtack on the boulevard serving dead

Yola, ice cream, Ben and Jerry (Jer)

I've been doing somethings, cigars and pinky rings

I'm a fixture up in this shit like E-40 and the Click

Paper all up under my box spring mattress choppers on top of the fridge

Automatics in the kitchen cabinets man I kill a motherfucker over mathematics

Haters gonna hate, but they don't count nigga hustle

The dope game runs on two thing (what's that?) money and muscle

Do some gotti, fourth of July your party

Laid his "supposed to be so called hardest nigga in your town"

ass down in front of everybody

Chorus: (with three overdubbed tracks of random talking)