

L.O.X., Bust Your Gun

(feat. Styles and Sheek)

Shit is crazy.. can't believe it
Ha, haha, oooh, shit

We don't give a fuck about you frostin' ya hand (fuck),
cause knockin' off these bricks then often yo' man
That's the kinda boss that I am (why not),
and I'ma play shotgun, smoke the pores make a van
Hollarin' at you so deep and so sick wit' the guns
When I walk by the wake I want the cough in the stand (stand up)
So hold up for one minute (what)
You won't catch me in the tub, in the whip,
or the club without a gun in it,
and don't come through the strip,
lookin' hard in the car, with ya motherfuckin' daughter and ya son in it
Lately I been missin' my fred, the roof pop (too hot),
but feel me cause he hittin' the stairs, the truth pop
Niggaz think this album cuts (haha!)
I'm like fuck it, I'm the nigga comin through the door wit two revolvers up (two 'em),
and I'm takin' all drama,
and I spent twenty thou' motherfucker so I just got more problems

[Chorus]

You got'sta bust yo' gun,
cause if you don't then niggaz know you won't they gon' touch yo' ones
Got'sta bend yo' knife,
cause if you don't then niggaz know you won't they gon' change yo' life

Aiyyo, who gotta my name huh?
Who think it's a fuckin' game (c'mon)
Like yo' money can't be found under the cane (y'know)
Like yo' body can't be found under the trains
Like this punk we'll shatter apart your brain (bla!)
I'ma thug wit' no scars, and no braids,
but I could aim, and shoot through the heart or your shades
I'm too row, plus too quick on the gat (uh-huh)
Hate water, but I leave you wit' a wills play-back
I don't give a fuck if all y'all go to the cops,
and I don't give a fuck if none of y'all gimmie my props
I got shit in my name and my credit is worse
What's to stop me from shootin' you first? FUCK YOU! (haha)
I'm like tattoos, you forget that I'm there (uh-huh)
To the gun fire perm your hair
Miss you, and go strait through your moms rockin' chair,
through her back and it ain't stopin' there!

[Chorus x2]

Bounce my niggaz.. c'mon
Sheek and S.P., rock, rock on (c'mon)
Bust shots 'til your glock can't pop no more (hahaha)
Let it down 'til your top can't drop no more (uh-huh)
Hit you up 'til your spirit where the Eagles fly (c'mon)
Talk to me, if you really come back then you'll die (c'mon)
Make me believe, no shirt but still got some shit up my sleeve
No asthma, makin' it hard to breathe
Let's go, aiyyo Styles take this motherfuckin' mic from me, c'mon

Aight.. aiyyo, P'll tell it like story, just like a narrator
Ya don't mean it, we snappin' it like the Aligators
Open ya eyes so you can see what the drama mean
I hit ya man in the cheek wit' a barber blade,
and I'm in the first float at the [?] Parade

Forty on the weights wit' a fifty on the garcarade
Always got the route, never had the heart to beg
You ain't seein' shit 'til a slug rip a part'a head

[Chorus x4]