

Head Bussa

Lil Scrappy

Let's rise, for the international head bussa
Wassup Lil' Scrappy, Lil' Scrappy, Lil' Scrappy
B M E click, who are you? I'm Lil Jon, okay We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa
We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa I'm made up my mind that I'ma strike and I'm ready to fight
Checkin' out my steel killin' every punk nigga in' sight
We expite, I knew you bitches didn't wanna brawl, uh what you say?
Bitch I'll swang on all of y'all I'm the beast from the east, wit da fangs on my teeth
I'll murder all of y'all bitches in' da middle of da street
And I don't give a fuck if you don't like me
Straight knock yo ass out in' to captivity Down south, I'll ride, shoot and kill homicide
It be nothin' shawty till the day that I die
We strive, on tearin' heads up
And everywhere we go we gon tear dat bitch up We don't give a fuck about havin' no click
The A got my back and ain't takin' no shit
Excuse me shawty, get the fuck out my face
Befo' we get mad and shoot up the whole place We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa
We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa I speak my mind, 'cuz bitin' my tongue hurt
Murder yo ass and lyrics and put ya face on a shirt
I'm a mothafuckin' rida, 'cuz I thought y'all knew
And I reppin' nothin' even it's twenty of you I think it's plenty of you that really want da shawty dead
Watch what ya said lil' shawty, I'm makin' bread
Fuck all y'all born hataz wit hatred blood to match
A long way but plus I roll wit G's and Gat'z And shawty matter of fact these trill G's and dub's
We ain't talkin' behind yo back and we ain't scared to bust
I'm by myself, but bein' alone makes you strong
I stepped out the porch young, so shawty I been grown We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa
We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa ATL off da chain' down here
Ya come wit dat gat and no action, you goin' disappear
You walk in da club, it's tight like brass knuckles
Straight info on hata like be chumpin' off turned brotha Beatin' in ya door with dat clip on da tech
Beatin' down ya block in' that 89' Chevy
Tellin' stupid bros we throwin' bows that we ready
Screamin' "Swang shawty" to da boys dat can't stand me Yeah shawty, I'ma ATL slugga

Knockin' out heads on you pussy mothafuckaz
Shawty be sayin', "Scrap you cool boy"
But I known in' my heart dat I'ma headbussa boy We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa
We some head bussa, we some head bussa
We'll knock a hata out, we some head bussa We some head bussa, we some head bussa
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