

Bussin

Chief Keef

Aye, aye, aye I gotta grab my gun cause bitches bussin' outside
Stay your ass up in the house ain't nothing outside
Pulling up with heavy artillery bitch Muslims outside
Aye, duhduhduh get low bitch they bussin' outside
Bussin'
Come through bussin'
Bitch they bussin'
My niggas come through bussin', for nothing
They love bussin' they love bussin'
Pop two flats now I'm bussin'
It's me and Guwop pistol cussin'
Catch a opp we bussin'
He better be duckin'
He gone lose his life for nothin'
Cause my niggas love bussin'
And y'all bitches lil bussin'
They come through they bussin'
Then they get geeked up man
My house so big aye
So I can fit all my kids aye
Try them and I'm bussin'
I'mma find out where you live aye
My niggas will come through bussin'
Outta caravans and trucks man
Come through shoot shit up man
Baking shit like an oven
Heats on us they hot man
Thirty in this nin' then come through popping
Like Crisco I send shots man
Come through light shit up like a helicopter over your block man
Glo gang bitch we blitz this shit like John Madden
Dart gang come through flipping shit like Jesse Jackson
I am about my Ben Franklins and my fricking Jacksons
And I got my pistol I'mma flick it at you
And I'mma let it blow boy
Don't be trying to cross me, tic tac toe boy
Fifty thousand for a show boy
I remember for five thousand you get poled boy
Catch a nigga lacking we 'gone run up on em

We 'gone run up on em put them guns up on em
Smoking marijuana this some stinky Ganja
Bussin' real hard and I can't remember
What I got my steel for when I see you bussin'
You's a little boy I can freak your mother
I'm wide awake but y'all know when I'm asleep it's nothing
Glock with me just to keep me company
I can't trust a nigga for nothing
I'm always peeping something
No, I ain't bust for nothing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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