

Truck Volume

Busta Rhymes

Yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Turn my music up
Turn my music up
Truck shit now
Truck shit now
Truck shit now
Truck shit now
Turn my music up
Turn my music up
Truck shit now
Live nigga bully foot
Brass knuckle rap shit now
Check it out now
Yeah yeah Relax that shit you talk
Before I sic my bitch on you
Let her bounce wit your dick on a fork
I bring a bigger storm to calm your clouds
I own a couple things I even own a farm wit cows
I own a moment when my niggas run deep thru crowds
Like how a pregnant woman breat milk leak thru her blouse
A lot of niggas love to wish on a star
Give a fuck who you are
I know some niggas that'll piss on ya car
Now see every time we step in the place
I give y'all niggas shit that put a fowl look on ya face
Rock ice like I was never more able
Don't drink coffee cause my diamonds be cutting the glass on the table
Hey I be the lost found tribe of shabazz
Bless niggas then I plant another bomb on ya ass
Then I put my students all in a class
To clear my rulership
And leave y'all niggas fucked up doin the math
One time now
Truck shit now
Truck shit now
Turn my music up
Turn my music up
Truck shit now

Truck volume
Truck volume I know you wanna get up on it
Let me show ya how we do
Every time we drop that shit
You know we put it down for you Hey hey
How many times you gonna crush down something
You need to change ya name up to buss a buss down something
Ya fucking with the highest my nigga
Trying to fuck wit the giant might as well call me Goliath my nigga
Come on
Drop hot shit on the spot
Sop it up wit a mop
Before the hungry come and shop on ya block
I know some niggas that'll love to blood suck you all
A thing of the past because them niggas stuck you all
One shot bust on the same bullet struck you all
And when they bounce you hear voices screaming fuck you all
Gathered up about a thousand young bucks who brawl
Its decoys in case he needed to duck you all
That's why you better move tight wit ya click
Niggas be thirsty and quick just to be out before the night wit ya shit
We keep it street and give a damn who you are
Make niggas wild and bitches spread and put they hands on the car
And let me frisk em
And shake they asses down to the floor
While dude wondering what them niggas is pounding me for
What them niggas grilling
What them niggas hounding me for
And for the pound and what them what them niggas was surrounding me for
Well let me tell you what the fuck we was surrounding you for
We came to get you once
Well now I come to get you for more
While your getting got
Niggas drinking ten dolla hennessy shots
Getting drunk and wildign out in the spot

Songwriters

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