

# Bust Ya Gunz (feat. Drag On)

## Swizz Beatz

Whoo, yeah, Swizz

It's showtime? yeah

Y'all know who it is

I'ma get it poppin like I'm used to Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns

Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?

Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns

Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?

Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go Me in the scene, I'm makin that cream

Them haters always say, what the hell does that mean?

I'm comin through your block, got somethin mean

The Ferrari pink, it blings Yep, I got suede in my dash

I got your chick ready to kiss my ass

I go to the club, man, it's no cash

That black card make them chicks move fast Can you hear me now? Can you see me now?

I throw on my jeans tucked and it's out now

T.I. made them suckers bring it out now

The Ruff Ryders start it, now just shout it Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns

Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?

Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns

Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?

Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go Man, its engine, engine, number 9

You talkin crazy, you lose your mind

And if that chucker wanna throw that stack

Well, pick it up, hey, pick it up, you don't know me But Kanye know my name, Timbo, know my name

Pharrell, know my name, Scotty, know my name

Came in the game at 16 and changed the game up

Came in the game at 16 and changed the game up Kicks, snares, change the beat game

Cali like Big said and Big did

I hope nobody got offended what I said

You wanna act crazy, I aim for your head Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns

Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?

Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go I got a special guest for y'all  
He go by the name of Drag Dash, get 'em man Guess who's back in your buildin ya big pimpin  
Your big disc got Drag Dash on, now come on, look two childrens  
It's Drag Dash, bitch, Mr. Backdraft, bitch  
Bust a slug like I blub, blap-blap, bitch Bitches know niggaz love the way my flow switch  
Scratch my trigger finger, make a nigga itch  
I ain't gotta tell you how I spit propane  
I'm at the gun range cause I ain't got no aim Get at you rappers, spit the stank in your lane  
My shit been clappin since Don did The Soul Train  
I'm back like when bakin soda do cocaine  
Drag to the Dash, I'm in the hood like lo mein Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go The Drag album comin soon too  
We got Needlz on the beat, man  
Them drums is too cold cut-able man, yeah  
Bakka-bakka, shots flowin here  
Swizz, get 'em, whattup?  
Lox album, Eve album  
One Man Band Man, bitch

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