

Bust At You

Fat Joe

Excuse me, while I sing to you
I'm bein' real and that's the thing to do
I'm just livin' and lovin'
Smokin' and fuckin' Out here on the grind
(Alchemist this beat is stupid dope fresh)
If I can't get no love then I can touch you
(Shit is fly, throw back ya heard me) I'd rather touch you
(We ridin' on these niggas, come on)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
(Yeah, Terror Squad) I'd rather touch you
(It's goin' down my niggas)
(Stunna, Face, Joe Crack the Don)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you You motherfuckers must be crazy
I been doin' this shit since the eighties
Run up in yo crib, snatch ya baby, baby-baby
It's the kid still holdin' the crown Now that they give it I'm holdin' a pound
And I'm lookin' for some bustas who be actin' like them niggas do dirt
Come to find out they ain't put in no work
And now my feelin's is hurt 'Cause they decided that they wanted to murk
But I'ma chase 'em to the end of the earth
'Cause I'm a motherfuckin' rider
You can see the pain in my face Got no problem exchangin' the hate
They got me fightin' a case
And if I blow will I face a fifteen
And I'll probably do it all in the pen But yo I'm livin' with it
Death before dishonor for my niggas that ride
A thousand deaths if ya sellin' ya pride
Death before dishonor for my niggas that ride A thousand deaths if ya sellin' ya pride
You motherfuckers need to know that I'd rather touch you
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
I'd rather touch you
'Stead I'd rather bust at you Hey Joe, we gon' ball like dogs but keep it gangsta nigga
I'm a guerrilla on the streets but it's time for the fun time
Out of line, I bust with my tech nine
Choose ya loose, I give ya the blues Ol' pussy ass nigga with his pussy ass crews
It's the murder man mack, I stash in the 'Lac
I bought my bricks from these dro back stacks
It's the Birdman baby, come and holla at me later Duck ass niggas, we deal with 'em later
First you, go to the mall and you ball like a dog

And we drop the car, then holla at ya boy
Tell them pussy ass niggas, break bread with the boyJoe, they breakin' bread with the boy
Tell Big Pun nigga, Stunna ride for the boy
Win or lose I ride for my boy
It's the B-M gangsta, the D-Boy Click
We mash on bustas and we flip these bricks niggaI'd rather touch you
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
I'd rather touch you
'Stead I'd rather bust at youNiggas tell me money talk
But bullshit is walkin' out on four feet
That's why I'm ridin' on ya whole street
I'll be a nigga till it's said and doneI'm from a section where ya fight till ya die 'cause ya never run
I keep my forty cal cocked 'cause these niggas on my block bang
Right up the street from where the cops hang
And in my head I hear Pac sangAnd then them rushin' memories make me cry till I can't stop man
Tell my mama I'm a killer if I happen to die
That's how I lived, ain't no sense in me lyin'
My whole life's filled with dangerNever been a stranger to homicide
My neighborhood's full of gangstas and drive-bys
And niggas fightin' for position
The demon has risen from out of prisonNow I'm losin' my religion
That's how I'm feeling when I'm fuckin' with you
'Cause I don't fuck with you, now I'm bustin' at you
So fuck you dudeI'd rather touch you
(Terror Squad, Facemob)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
(Cash Money Millionaires, come on)I'd rather touch you
(My tech, my mack)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
(Lick my uzi straight like that)I'd rather touch you
(My tech, my mack)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you
(Lick my uzi straight like that)Dedicated to my homeboy Pac
Love daddy, Facemob in the house
Fat Joe and it don't stop
Come on

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