

# Dump, Bust, Blast

## E-40

Uh (Uh)  
Come on, ai, ai Boskeezy?  
Ai, my, my, turn it up (burps)  
Hey Boskeezy? Hey that shit right there, ay  
(talk to my wepolations), that shit.  
That's ibeen? That shit smibeen that shit ibeen?  
That shit smibeen, ooh (ooh)  
4:15 showcasing to the max  
Got my truckamajig free racing causing anxiety attacks  
Pitch black normal tint BOOM BAP!  
Fucked around and overheated my Zues amp  
500, oh the hoes, fuck a ho  
These are the thing that, uh, you need to know  
Bust him open spin open the duct tape and the foil  
Eat the rest and get a pot and let 'em boil  
Bullet proof vest never confess keep a bucket full of acid  
1-800-888 zippers-on-tastic  
Clinetel, raise 'em high raise 'em low  
Out on bail everybody hit the floor  
Chorus:  
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,  
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust (ooh!)  
Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,  
Dump, Bust, (BEOTCH!) Blast  
Slurp slip, deep throat shit I'm outta sight  
I like to get my dick sucked in - broad daylight  
Acting bad on the soil acting tough  
Break your ass down like a 12-gauge and call yo' bluff  
  
Ignore a fool, that's what they holler  
Snatch his bootsy ass up by the collar  
Law enforcement agents got me and my dudes up under investigation  
We hot like jalapenos  
Man, how come niggas can't put their money together like Philipinos?  
I suppose, can you bring him back?  
He was one of them enemies that tried to participate  
in Swiss Cheezin' my clean ass Cadillac  
My Cadillac, My Pontiac I mean  
My under bucket hoopty parked on magazines

Chorus: 2x  
Check it out (check it out)  
Third verse, let's begin lets be gone  
I done served more water than, uh, Evian  
Posted up like a thumbtack on the boulevard serving dead  
Yola, ice cream, Ben and Jerry (Jer)  
I've been doing somethings, cigars and pinky rings  
I'm a fixture up in this shit like E-40 and the Click  
Paper all up under my box spring mattress choppers on top of the fridge  
Automatics in the kitchen cabinets man I kill a motherfucker over mathematics  
Haters gonna hate, but they don't count nigga hustle  
The dope game runs on two thing (what's that?) money and muscle  
Do some gotti, fourth of July your party  
Laid his "supposed to be so called hardest nigga in your town"  
ass down in front of everybody  
Chorus: (with three overdubbed tracks of random talking)

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