

Bus Dat Ass (Featuring Tha Liks)

King Tee

King Tee:

I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat assJ-Ro:

Naw, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass

(say what?!)E-Swift:

Naw nigga, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat

assHook:

I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm that man that'll bust dat assKing Tee talking:

Yo check this out. This is Tha Alkaholik crew. E-Swift didn't they say it
couldn't be done? They said King Tee couldn't bring out the Alkaholik crew

(but we doin' it). Yo, it's the fresh shit. The dope shit for 1993. Tha
Alkaholik crew. I'm gonna bust out like this, here we go, come on.

King Tee:

Now bust it, I'm a try to freak it with the drums

Alkaholik funk, bass for the trunk

And I'm kinda crazy, stupid and hey I can do the nasty and drink like a
sailor

I'm real smooth, free from germs

Even walk away when my homie smokin' sherm

Cause this is how I kick it, hoes got to lick it

It's Tha Alkaholiks and J-Ro is wicked

E-Swifts mad, cause he Got It Bad

King Tees phat and I sport a blue rag

For the little whips and the honey dips

It's gang truece so I put away the clips

Baby baby baby I might flip

Got to get it on, let my backbone slip

If I fall back then give me some gas

If you try to play me I'll bust dat ass

Hook (x4)J-Ro:

Put the mic down clown, you can't get down

Jump around stage like your name was Charlie Brown

When the kid is played out your rap record is finished

Deminish, you couldn't come strong if you ate a gang of spinish

Popeye, you could never drop by, you can never stop by

Cause you can never top I

I got to hold back now I'm out before your turf

Because I want it all like the nigger Greedy Smurf

It's time to scoop the wack up, E-Swift bring the track up (alright)

Punk you better pack up, cause the unit got my back up

You're a mic stand, got a steady woman
But I been in more sheets than the Klu Klux Klan
I'm the J to the Ro, and I want to make it clear
That you're rappin' like a queer so why don't you get on out of here
With the alley cat coat wearin' Hush Puppy shoes
? seen you with (punk you ain't shit!)
King Tee and the Liks blowin' up like gas
I bend your rhyme over, I bend your rhyme over
I bend your rhyme over, I bend your rhyme over
I bend your rhyme over, then I bust dat assHook (x4)Talking:
Tha Alkaholiks, Tha Alkaholiks, I'm drunk, I'm drunk, Tha Alkaholiks.
Straight for 93. Rippin' shit up. Tha Alkaholik, now you join E-SwiftHookE-Swift:
I fiend to get busy like a bee, check 1, 2, 3!
E-Swift and Tha Alkaholik crew with King Tee (baby)
Bangin' niggas out the box, drink my scotch on the rocks
And I'm makin' more hits than the motherfuckin' cops
I'm kickin' lines like Tyson kickin' ass
Niggas can't laugh, I put your neck in a cast (whoa)
Yes, I'm the man with the skills to talk shit
And I'm back by the crew that none of y'all can get with
So back to the lab to fix your demo
Or get played like Sega or Nintendo
Simple as that, give me a beat that's phat
And watch a nigga jump on a motherfucker like cheese on a rat
It's strickly, dirty underground ass funk
That's busting out the weak 15's in your trunk
So don't be scared, be prepared when it hits
The average motherfucker can't hand with the LiksHook (x4)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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