

Buss Serves (feat. Big Scoob & Young Devi D)

Tech N9ne

Started with the blow and went to flows
Listen to me tell my gutter story and it goes
When I was 19
I went to go live with my auntie and noticed she had nice things
The furniture and
All of her clothes quite clean
To never be working a 9 to 5, she ran a ice cream, team
She put me on
And my with it Simon?
Stay remarkably grown
That's why my pockets be long
Ducked some feds, dumped packs then got custom threads
From serving boofas in KC we say let's buss some heads, nigga
In French village, I went till they got the rent building
Got so heavy I no longer benched skrilla was a cinched deal I had to Vince neil it
Yelling in microphone and write them songs they like it's on
I let go they life worth of pipe is blown to flowing ignite my home I used to
Buss serves
Now I, buss words
Either way slanging or sanging whatever life Im'a just splurge
We had the spot though until it really got hot so
Escape I did like El Chapo
But nuevas still get fedded vato I pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
I pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
Young nigga chasing it back
I pull up bussin' serves
Young nigga pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves (commas)
(Either way I'mma be stacking it)
(On my, mama)
(Making my milli from rapping it or)
Bussin' serves (commas)
(Either way Im'a be stacking it)
(On my, mama)
(Making my milli from rapping it or)
Bussin' serves On my mama nigga
Pull up, I'm bussin' serves
But you won't find me nickle and diming, man I'm off the curb

Proly find me somewhere rhyming man this flow's absurd
Or maybe find me on my grinding where the pot is stirred
Either way I'm 'bout my pay I'm tryna stack up my dollars
Ripping the chowder, stomping the powder, dumping it louder, soldier for louder
Necked it to a vato
Jefe, head honcho
El Chapo with the hot flows
Still logged in with the block though
Hit a thang and make the knot grow
Push a nigga push it all bro
Pussy pills to that Pablo
In dark or night nigga I glow
Old nigga with the bag bro
Silly nigga with the mag though
Be careful what he bust his ass for
I'm airing out one of you assholes
Real shit, but the paper quit when the violence hit, nigga beep it bool
Shit bricks and quick licks turned meal ticks, nigga beep it bool
Out here hungry chasing food
All in, refuse to lose
Bussin' serves or bussin' words, ask about me, I'm that dude I pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
I pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
Young nigga chasing it back
I pull up bussin' serves
Young nigga pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves (commas)
(Either way I'mma be stacking it)
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Bussin' serves I got my mind on my money, money on my mind
It's just something about them hundreds, when you thumbing through them signs
I quit fucking with them niggas, cause they ain't wan' shine
And that's all I'm tryna do, it's why I grit, it's why I grind
I pull up bussin' serves nigga all at the trailer parks
I talk money fluent, they ain't teach it in language arts
Damn that nigga street smart, reflex razor sharp
Fall in love with me baby, I'm just gon' break your heart
Smash through the sheet, like the fucking Transporter
I got film of your bitch, on my camcorder

Had to show it to my homies, this right here my life mane
Hit a lick with 30, lost 20 at the dice game
Fuck it man it's nothing, I swear to god it's nothing
I tried to down that sucker but I paralyzed his cousin
Oops fuck it, oops fuck it
That come with the pop-off
You my son's son li'l nigga, call me pawpawI pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
I pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves
Young nigga chasing it back
I pull up bussin' serves
Young nigga pull up, pull up
Bussin' serves (commas)
(Either way I'mma be stacking it)
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Bussin' serves

Songwriters

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