

Head Bussa

N.o.r.e.

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I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

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Hey yo

Yo, N O R, you can catch me in my favorite car

Drop lex, black truck, Gordo the lazy R

I'm like a pitcher, I throw my hits crazy far

And if you is what you smoke then hey y'all

I'm never faired up I got some lead what

And keeps some chicks in my whips

And they always just fuck my head up

I'm like whatever God, ain't a nigga better guard?

I rock a Neptune's beat like it's a leather garm

Know about you, but I'm a bed crusher

See I don't know about you, but I'm a head bussa

You see it's God favorite, he built the project bricks

Chicks love us anyway, 'cause we just make hits

No re my, I'm good with just water and fish

Thugged out militainment see we focused

Stand strong in the pain, see me hold my pivot

Or you can catch me in L.A., with a Mexican midget

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Yo, yo

See I'm a Philly nigga, I can't fuck wit a Dutch chick

Automatic whips, can't fuck wit a clutch shit

Jose I'm so relaxed it seems

The first nigga sellin' cracks through a fax machine

Shit star tek I hold my gun in the raids

And I can make planes crash through a two way page

Niggas stack like, act like I ain't made mad classics

Like I'm a new artist, demerit these rat bastards

But that's aight 'cause I'm a still make more
And I could sell bad work, still say that it's raw
I make songs for the poor niggas
The most grimey and raw niggas, the ki ki kickin' your door niggas
Go arm wrestle next, see whose neck I break
I send my little man home have to check out late
She a bed crusher, see I'm a bad person
I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa
I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa
I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

Duh

Ain't a damn thing the same
Look, I'm a see if ya sayin' my name
Millionaires, that change the game
That got 9/11 clouds and bullets that grain
Don't calm down this is soldier game
Kill for money, the raw and the Caine
Let me, see you flag, the color of car nigga
Fix your fingers, show me what you are
See I'm a head bussa it ain't hard to tell
That I'm a keep makin' hits, it ain't hard to sell
And them def jam niggas put that paper behind us
We left that other label, and the hatin' behind us
Niggas want beef, it ain't hard to find us
We in the 'lac truck, them niggas in path finders and
The crime scene like N O R E N O R E
People wanna scream they like N O R E N O R E
Man, I'm outta' town my niggas travel, too
We in L.A. getting' sucked off in Malibu
A new car, ask the Jake, they call me "No shit"
'Cause everytime they question me, I don't know shit
And hold this, yea nigga just know this
I always drink henny, hardly know the 'cris
Straight monster wrist, I keep a I'll beat
And niggas hardly like you, your shit still weak

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