

Boom Bye Bye (feat. Top Dog of O.G.C.)

Buckshot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm about to be a millionaire, money on the street, like thugs
Hustlin' my lyrics like drugs, I find it bug
Muthafuckas always gotta lock the safe but they don't do jay
But anyway, it's another day, another dollar to earn, more weed to burn I learn, muthafuckas are jealous
Listenin' to what they tell us but don't matter what fellas
I figure this, niggas want Buck to get nigga-rich
Bigger miss, while I'm kickin' this You miss, I can put you on the list, in the studio to make hits
'Cuz all it takes is a whip, for you to flip
Jock what I got, clock what I got
But you don't got what I got, watch the block Listenin' to grill chill, make you feel like you wanna get in my shit
Sip my dick, do it straw what for, while you war wit war
War only make money for niggas who think, dummy
You got your window wide open like it's sunny outside
Sleep, nigga, boom bye bye Boom bye bye to a sound bwoy in
The shot ti fly now that sound bwoy lie dead
Two shots dead to dem chin, enemy or friend
Fake the funk, I put the junk to a muthafuckin' end Listen to, me and you
Won On Won like Tek-N-Steele, fuck ya whole crew
Forty millimeter shells in the heater well
Look like ya niggas gotta be the first to bail Just because ya niggas from jail, just came home
To flip, back up in the jail cell, to sit
And roam, now, I got a kite from my little nigga Cappone
Tellin' me the jail wars on I know, I was listenin' to po-po
Tell 'em niggas it was on a long time ago
Gather up the firearms to bomb, ring the alarm
'Cuz shit get slippery and sweaty palms So I gotta remain calm
Gather up my thoughts so I don't go wrong
Plan to move too smooth, you think you got me Weak tar in copy, fake villain, who the fuck you killin'?
I'm willin' to bet, you think you in it but your street is still a vet
Slapped and tried, boom bye bye Boom bye bye to a sound bwoy in
The shot ti fly now that sound bwoy lie dead
Two shots dead to dem chin, enemy or friend

Fake the funk, I put the junk to a muthafuckin' end
Although when I come, I come abstract
Most people get it whenever they play it back
Black or book you read or a hook you said
BD get stuck up in ya head, say it in the bed
BD, BD, BD, up in ya zone, BD, BD, BD, breakin' ya bones
But no matter what, I never break into ya home
'Cuz your house is not a home, if you don't got chrome
Now, you follow me and you don't ask how
Well, as a leader, I'ma make you play the background
Mercenary but I'm merciless and when I bust, I bust to hit
Will lie in the mist and you hear it twist, of somebody
cap
Steady bustin' in the front and got hit in the back
Thought it couldn't happen, just 'cuz you was strappin'
Bullets hit the wind and descend to detonate, target chest
plate
Blow up the earthquake, can't wait to demonstrate
The force of the one, two roll wit I
Sleep thought you slept, boom bye bye
Boom bye bye to a sound bwoy in
The shot ti fly now that sound bwoy lie dead
Two shots dead to dem chin, enemy or friend
Fake the funk, I put the junk to a muthafuckin' end
Boom bye bye to a sound bwoy in
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