Gunz Will Bust

Tech N9ne

I know you know this is Kansas City where nigga life don't mean shit So step to and immediately get yo dome split I pack heat for days run street wit K's and hollows on a concrete crusade You made the pill now swallow You never thought tomorrow, you see me beam up all Strapped down wit a pump, searchin' for the niggas on a hunt Jerkin' on the trigga when I dump, it's not a game dude my Killaz Will mangle anything in my range fool, when hatin' get framed moved We play the same rules bussin' all 32 shot Lookin' to murder you, glock they never heard of you shocked That I'm comin' servin' you Snug Brim get flashin' Innocent till I'm provin' guilty, Snug Brim get to blast in And fuck the homicide charge I got expazito A mob figure plus a lawyer and do work for kiloz' You know the steelo real niggas never talk just listen This deuce shit comin' wit heat up out the kitchen Rough niggas in the street will bust for the bread and meat Deuce 57th Street and 7 deuce be packin' heat Punks get the fuck away from we For we buckin' these mutha fuckin' G.U.N.Z. Dem no won fuck with us, for what I believe I will die Dem no won fuck with us, if any hataz wanna try Hands gon' throw gunz with bust Real niggas run the streets with they gats up Everything you got and owns getting' snatched up If you're my enemy, my energy, your rhymes are elementary Get lost in penitentiaries when I begin this century So mention me and I'mma heat the track up If it's a 100 of you demons I suggest you go get back up Load the mac up don't slack up I'mma act up on Any mutha fucka that think he got his clown suit on get Stepped on destroy your mind you're wasting your time 'Cause when I spit a fucking rhyme I got a million in line To listen to me, a bitch to do me nick naming me hollow tip With a stand off clip that'll kill your click and will kill your brain If you can't maintain better slow your roll boy money, hungry Ain't no ho boy that's for sure boy and you know boy I'll whip your ass like four boys, you're a decoy I'm the real thang I'm a genius you're a pea brain get pissed on and whipped on

So who you talkin' shit on I'mma spit on, any negative spirit that step
To me try to take my soul from under me but I got a lifetime warranty
Skatterman cat persistantly dirty from KC

Where in the drought we pay 50 for birdies package short

I call Snug and just give him the word he take you face Before he tell on me they'll get him for purgery

Hustla's shoot shit, rob shit, loot shit, hard core convicts Mob shit, if you snitch, killin'em on tech's new shit, new shit

Dude we crossin' the color line, nuff money nuff weed

Make a tuff nigga colorblind

We rap for curb servers that hop in and out of cars Rep four cats wit 3rd murderers that pop in and out of bars

D12, Strange Music, Rogue Dogs, Regime, Duce Click

Doe Boyz, Yong Gunz same team, same beams Niggas that a split you're cherries

Vigilanty's mutha fuckas with permits to carry

Bitch you scary, fuck you and that bitch you married

Cross anyone I named that shit will get you buried

Rough niggas in the street will bust for the bread and meat

Deuce 57th Street and 7 deuce be packin' heat Punks get the fuck away from we

For we buckin' these mutha fuckin' G.U.N.Z.

Dem no won fuck with us, for what I believe I will die

Dem no won fuck with us, if any hataz wanna try

Hands gon' throw gunz with bust

Real niggas run the streets with they gats up

Everything you got and owns getting' snatched up

It's all out war 4 the punks funk finna jump

Chumps get a lump when I dump tonks for the bianks

Gump wanna thump over pumps and a bump

Rumps get it krunk when I skunk runts

I'mma munk what you bunk niggas want

Fuck what you thunk you get sunk in and trunk

Fuck that we done heard and took enough crap

Trust we bust back when muskrats bust caps

I'm tryin' to touch scratch and bring my hell to parties and

For the last time mutha fuck Vell Bakardi

You cannot rap with me scrap with me

Nigga to the back of me catastrophe

Hits you're shits raggedy it had to be this tragedy shit

Suck it up don't be mad at me bitch I'm glad to be rich

You gets none with that fagoty pitch

I'mma ex-poppin' shroom droppin' rock and roll star You's a no coppin' ho stalkin' drunk and a old fart it's a shame Think you quick but you heard we flow quicker plus the bitches Don't wanna fuck a black herpe nose nigga
This is it yaw, dump this pussy off I a pit dog
Doe stackin' and hip hop it must not be his nitch yaw
So take the chicken exit, technina's whassup
Next time grown folks talkin' you shut the fuck up

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