

Bustacclip

Lil' Flip

Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(Let's take it back to the streets, n****)Bustacclip, bustacclip
(East coast)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(West coast)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(Midwest)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(To the dirty, dirty)Bustacclip, bustacclip
(It's Flip Gates)
Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
(The number one fly boy)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(I'm strapped, n****)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(Let's get it poppin')I got a brand new M****, I hope this b**** don't jam
I had to bulletproof the Lam, I learned that from Cam
You want a thang, got 'em yams go straight to MoneyGram
I'm from the hood so you know I'm down wit' any money scamBlack glocks, white glocks spit like sheet rock
You know a drank on me, this concert gon' stop
A lot of cops at the scene tryin' to shut s**** down
You was a nobody but now you famous nowI be out in chi-town wit' some real OG's
Matter of fact one of them had dinner wit' me
You gotta play by the rules when you on these streets
You lil' n**** tryin' to mimic what you seein' on beef, you betterBustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(What my gangster said)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(What my gangster said, let's do it)Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip, yeah
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider)
Bustacclip, bustacclip
(You don't wanna beef wit' me)I know some Long Beach Crips, I know some Englewood Bloods
And you can ask Billy Phelps fans, I got Cali love

I got a strap waitin' for me everytime I land
And just to send you a message, I'll tap your man Now he under white sheets like the Klu Klux Klan
You lil' boys shouldn't beef wit' a grown a*** man
I got stripes in the hood, I put in work fo' real
And mentioning me will get you put in dirt fo' real Don't mind that gramma, yeah, b***, you carry weight
'Cause I'm on this Alize and I carry weight
I came back to the streets, I had to let y'all know
And by the way my new deal worth 8.4 so I'm a Bustaclip, bustaclip, yeah
Bustaclip, bustaclip, yeah
Bustaclip, bustaclip
(What my gangster said)
Bustaclip, bustaclip
(What my gangster said, let's go) Bustaclip, bustaclip, yeah
Bustaclip, bustaclip, yeah
Bustaclip, bustaclip
(I'm strapped n***, I'm strapped n***)
Bustaclip, bustaclip, yeah
(I'm strapped n***, what about you?) This for my Nap-town n***, all my G-town killas
The ones wit' the b*** and them 18 wheelers
Cross the state lines wit' it on them waist line cocked
Cross lope and you know it's goin' down 40 cal, 50 cal, what you workin' wit', n***?
I'm in a Maserati, what you swervin' in, n***?
And when I'm out in Cleveland, I'm f*** wit' X
It's been 'bout 5 years, he still holdin' my tech I be in the gun range like everyday
You better pray no drama ever come my way
I'm in the studio now wit' a gun on my hip
And I'm tired of talkin' 'bout the beef wit' me and you betta Bustaclip, bustaclip
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