Buss My Gun

Bravehearts

Buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I loveYo', do you wanna live or do you wanna die?
I'll throw you off the bridge wit a bullet in ya eye
Like a river in tha sky, you'll be floatin' in tha air
Got to see your mother cry at the wake of tha year
I'll give her a hug and tell her to be strong
Then smack her in tha face wit a 44 long
I know I be wrong, dats how I get it onI hope y'all acknowledge the hook on this song
I got macs and tecs, snug, revolvers, oozies
I got 'em, gauge no problem, calicoes, AKs, 357s
Nine milly's trey ain't send you to heaven
I gave my lady a 380, a 22, a 25, bitch went crazy
Popin' forever, one for all
Bravehearted we stand nigga fuck all y'allI buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I loveYo' stop playin' I'm layin' for my dawgs
I would die for, cabbage patch, these niggas
Souls in the sky more, shots rang, glock bang
Hot thangs, leave 'em wit his watch and rang
Stop and aim, I'm hot, top soil, get my rocks off
For my family, you a corpse, what you thought
For my seeds, I even let the wrong man bleed
Sit there for tha right one and give 'em threeYou see me, don't think 'cause I'm on TV
Dat a nigga won't massacre ya family
I love guns and bustin' 'em off for loved ones
Get it done, big or small one, even for funds
I love cash for loot I kill yo' ass
Brains through tha roof of tha coupe
I watch the blood splash
And I hate most dudes dat ain't my blood
And I buss my guns for the one I loveBuss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I loveI buss guns for the ones I love
I leave a nigga leakin' for somethin'
Them guns straight quicker and quicker

He seek it's comin', my nigga jung
Jumpin' on niggas, da shells is dumpin'
No fingerprints, shoot again these muthafuckas don't make sense
Sayin' dat me and my niggas can't win, why?
See tha guns pointed at ya face
Plus ya clique surrounded 'cause they fakeThey die, see my attitude, bust a
Muthafucka for food, now I'm mad at you
Hit you then I toss tha tool
Never sober, shoot niggas and run 'em ova
Gee Wiz, Bh, I'm a test, a QB soldier
I run away wit yo' head in my arms
Like Brett Favre, them muthafuckas take to tha streets
Them Bravehearts, shootin' on these muthafuckin' fagots
Go 'head and pull ya gun nigga, I'm a grab it then IBuss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love
I buss my guns for the one I love

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