

# Buss My Gun

Vybz Kartel

Buss my guns for the one I love  
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Yo', 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 on  
I 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'all  
I buss my guns for the one I love  
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Yo' 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 three  
You 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 love

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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 fake  
They 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 I  
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