

Bustin Back (feat. Lil Chilla of the Snypaz)

Do or Die

Motherfuckers bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin back (2x) Verse 1 Mutha fuckaz at, war, an they line up
at the door

Nigga what you robbin me for, bailin with the killaz

Took a shot at the door, nigga you ain't know

Ain't no art of that war, fuck war

We can take it to the streets, muthafuck bone an it's on when we meet

Never ride alone 'cause I roll one deep

Black four-five on me like a sheep, I creep

In the mist of the fog through the dark at your home in your city

It's a pity when you fuck with the chi

Nigga if I die, then you got, dot to the dot to the dot

An why, 'cause you fuckin with the bitch killa

Like a lethal pilla, an smoke the 9 like a phat philla

'cause I'm a straight at war, nigga fuck a bone killa

Every bitch come ride wit a grown nigga, never zone nigga

Step into my zone, nigga feel tha vibe of a chrome

Infrared beam an it see that your gone

Not many men that'll kill in they zone, we strong

Motherfucker wanna run up then it's on, lets go

An you been up to some, no play

I'ma catch you on yo off day

Hit yo ass in the head wit a bat time to war play

Nigga hoes, an yo wife too, fuck yo bitch an your rap

An yo style an yo life too

Ain't no tellin what we might do

Rap-a-lot muthafucka, an I'm down with the right crew

An now I call for the right 2

Split yo muthafuckin head down the center like like atomic

Boom! did yo dawg an you like who

Switch bitch 'fore you ask what which would you die soon (chorus 2x) We some windaz, k-i-l-l, kill be killed

(mutha fuckaz bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin back) Verse 2 Nigga what's all that bluffin 'fo

Steady mackin tough, but we know y'all some hoes

Steppin wrong to the sny or do or die,

The whole c-h-i gonna roll

So what up bitch, you done fucked up now, pal

Disrespect the wrong town, clown

Step wit a fully, clip wit a bully, stop I gotta kill

Just gotta pull it, clone what

An leave yo whole click get struck

Fuck around left bone stuck, bone fucked
All your boys hollerin bone duck, what was that
Children cryin fo tellin 'cause we be goin to work
This chi town cap peela
Hit 'em up for knockin the world for a minute
Yo punk don't play so you better get a little
Nigga want war pack the atf blast out
Yo whole gun started killin bitch faster, I hit the stash out
Get the cash out, I get the gas out, then we mashed out
Nigga, dash out, mash out, hit the next bitch
An shout right now from the lexus
Fuck bone 'cause it's on in my city, so stick it, stick it
Stick it, stick it, bitch now what?Verse 3I'm sick of all this bullshit
Watch a muthafucka full flip, when I pull it
Can't wait til I see you, to bad I wouldn't wanna be you
An ain't no doubt creep too, blast yo ass wit a three-two
My four-five gonna meet you, bone
Thug ass harmonies, you can't fuck wit the chi town armory
Hit 'em all when they come wit these
Caulk those an puff the weed, so keep yo eyes on the master 3
Come out an let us see, how much laughter jokes can be
When you come here from that east 1999
For fuckin wit the wrong cat, seein me in yo hoes lap
An what you lookin for, you gonna find
Losin holes in my gold gat
In full ass do you muthafuckaz do you hoes laugh
I know your high on green, you messed
Pass out all stressed up, I'm at the end of the world so catch up
'cause we blast y'all keep in wit the masters
An I'm in it to win it, will I serve a bitch
I'm my brothers keeper til i, die an deserve this bitch(chorus 4x)Verse 4Better be remotivated wit a mack 10
Masked assassin blastin, killin mutha fuckaz passion
Bullets crash we load them thangs
So muthafuckaz seen hoes who strain
I can hear they voices prayin, none of y'all bitches adapt to pain
Well if you can't pick up pain, pick up pain
Say my name, a to the muthafuckin k
On that note nigga I close yo casket bastard
That flower shit thats high an drastic
Supposed to be, y'all bitches ain't cold to me, it was told to me
That y'all react to drama when it comes to guns an shit
Ain't gotta do the po's, yo click ain't too hard
Our click to serve a bitch
Only chi town niggaz do run it like this
Only chi town niggaz do run it like this

Only chi town niggaz do run it like this
Take yo wig, flip you bitch, cross our roads
We'll break your souls, like triple darkness they say we cold
My 9 millimeter, oh shit, 1 clip, 2 clip
An leave yo whole crew sick my dick
An you hollin hot ones, my niggaz be hollerin hot ones
Dig my shit then I shot one, does that mean I got one
That all you bitches better dodge for life
You want pocket, heres yo strap(strap) fo life(life)(chorus 4x)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>