

Head Bussa

N.O.R.E.

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Head bussa I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa Hey yo

Yo, N O R, you can catch me in my favorite car

Drop lex, black truck, Gordo the lazy R

I'm like a pitcher, I throw my hits crazy far

And if you is what you smoke then hey y'all

I'm never faired up I got some lead what

And keeps some chicks in my whips

And they always just fuck my head up

I'm like whatever God, ain't a nigga better guard? I rock a Neptune's beat like it's a leather garm

Know about you, but I'm a bed crusher

See I don't know about you, but I'm a head bussa

You see it's God favorite, he built the project bricks

Chicks love us anyway, 'cause we just make hits

No re my, I'm good with just water and fish

Thugged out militainment see we focused

Stand strong in the pain, see me hold my pivot

Or you can catch me in L.A., with a Mexican midget I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa Yo, yo

See I'm a Philly nigga, I can't fuck wit a Dutch chick

Automatic whips, can't fuck wit a clutch shit

Jose I'm so relaxed it seems

The first nigga sellin' cracks through a fax machine

Shit star tek I hold my gun in the raids

And I can make planes crash through a two way page

Niggas stack like, act like I ain't made mad classics Like I'm a new artist, demerit these rat bastards

But that's aight 'cause I'm a still make more

And I could sell bad work, still say that it's raw

I make songs for the poor niggas

The most grimey and raw niggas, the ki ki kickin' your door niggas

Go arm wrestle next, see whose neck I break

I send my little man home have to check out late

She a bed crusher, see I'm a bad person I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa
 I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa
 I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa Duh
 Ain't a damn thing the same
 Look, I'm a see if ya sayin' my name
 Millionaires, that change the game
 That got 9/11 clouds and bullets that grain
 Don't calm down this is soldier game
 Kill for money, the raw and the Caine
 Let me, see you flag, the color of car nigga
 Fix your fingers, show me what you are See I'm a head bussa it ain't hard to tell
 That I'm a keep makin' hits, it ain't hard to sell
 And them def jam niggas put that paper behind us
 We left that other label, and the hatin' behind us
 Niggas want beef, it ain't hard to find us
 We in the 'lac truck, them niggas in path finders and
 The crime scene like N O R E N O R E
 People wanna scream they like N O R E N O R E Man, I'm outta' town my niggas travel, too
 We in L.A. getting' sucked off in Malibu
 A new car, ask the Jake, they call me "No shit"
 'Cause everytime they question me, I don't know shit
 And hold this, yea nigga just know this
 I always drink henny, hardly know the 'cris
 Straight monster wrist, I keep a I'll beat
 And niggas hardly like you, your shit still weak Duh
 Ain't a damn thing the same
 Look, I'm a see if ya sayin' my name
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