

# Truck Volume

Busta Rhymes

Yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Turn my music up (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (UHH)  
Turn my music up (UHH)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Live nigga bully foot brassed up on rap shit now.  
Check it out now

Yeah, yeah, yeah re-lax that shit you talk  
Before I sick my bitch on you that'll bounce with your dick on a fork  
I'll bring a bigger storm to calm your clouds  
I own a couple things; I even own a farm with cows  
I own the moment when my niggas run deep through crowds  
Like how a pregnant woman breast milk leek through her blouse  
A lot of niggas like to wish on a star  
don't give a fuck who you are  
I know some niggas that'll piss on your car  
Now see, every time we step in a place  
I give y'all niggas shit that put a foul look on your face  
And rob ice like I was never more able  
Don't drink coffee 'cos my diamond be cutting the glass on the table  
Hey, I be the lost found tribe of "Jabas"  
Bust niggas then I plant another bomb in your ass  
And then I put my students all in a class  
To clear my ruler ship  
And make y'all niggas fucked up doin' the math

One time now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (UHH)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck volume (C'MON)  
Truck volume (C'MON)

I know ya-wanna-get up-on it  
Let me-show ya- how we do  
Every-time we-drop that-shit you  
Know we-put it-down for you (HEY, HEY)

How many times you gon' crush down somethin'  
You need to change your name up, to Bus-A-Bus down somethin'  
You fuckin' with the highest my nigga  
Tryin' to fuck with the giants, might as well call me Goliath my nigga  
C'mon, drop hot shit on the spot; sop it up with a mop  
Before the hungry come and shop on your block  
I know some niggas that'd love to blood suck you all  
A thing of the past, because them niggas stuck you all  
One shot bustin' the same bullet, struck you all  
And when they bounce you hear voices screamin' "FUCK YOU ALL"

Gathered up about a thousand young ?box? who brawl  
As decoys, in case they needed to duck you all  
That's why you better move tight with your click  
Niggas be thirsty and quick  
Just to be off into the night with your shit  
C'MON, we keep it street to give a damn who you are  
Make niggas wile, and bitches spread, and put they hands on the car  
Now let me frisk 'em, and shake they asses down to the floor  
One dude wonderin', "What them niggas is poundin' me for?  
What them niggas grillin'? What them niggas houndin' me for?"  
Before the poundin', "What them niggas was surroundin' me for?"  
Well let me tell you what the fuck we was surroundin' you for  
We came to get you once but now I come to get you for more  
And while they get and got, niggas drinkin' ten-dollar-henne a shot  
Getting' drunk and wilin' out in the spot

What the fuck now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Truck shit now (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (C'MON)  
Turn my music up (UHH)  
Hot shit now (C'MON)  
Street shit now (C'MON)  
Truck volume (C'MON)

I know ya-wanna-get up-on it  
Let me-show ya- how we do  
Every-time we-drop that-shit you  
Know we-put it-down for you (HEY, HEY)  
(2x)