

## Busy

## Problem

Hunnid million in my sight, I gotta touch that  
Go against the throne, you gettin' bust at (Bust at)  
Hustlin', yeah, I'm busy as a bee  
And I ain't fuckin' no bitch if she ain't busier than me  
On my ma and my daddy, too  
My kids, my auntie, and my granny, too

'Member polyin' with Boolie in my granny's eighty-two  
School 'bout to start, mama, I ain't got no loot  
What the fuck we finna do?  
Fuck it, hit the mall, snatch somethin', rack somethin'  
I'm smokin' dolo if you niggas ain't tryna match somethin'  
Yeah, mama always knew I was on the cash route  
Forteen, holdin' dice games in my back house  
Darn nea stayed two doors from the crack house  
Dealers maxed out 'til they pockets racked out (Boom!)  
Hmm, Chachi need to see what that 'bout  
Damn, enemy just hit the block with the Macs out  
Boom-boom-boom, shots rang out, duck for cover  
R.I.P. Joaquin, they shot him dead in front his mother  
Salute my nigga Nick, I ain't shit without my brother  
I'm my mama's only son, because of him she got another  
What

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Nigga had a second kid 'fore he turned twenty-two  
I'm 'bout to have my third, what the fuck I'm finna do?  
Chachi gotta bust a move  
Hit the streets, I ain't eatin' like I'm 'sposed to  
With this hustle and this talent, I shoulda been busted over  
Couldn't stop until it over, man, I feel it gettin' closer (Uh)  
Feel it gettin' closer, yeah, I feel it gettin' closer  
Mama told me stop stressin' 'fore a nigga get a ulcer  
Nothin' comin', pockets touchin', baby mom gon' make me choke her  
Man, I'm lookin' like a bitch, like these niggas wearin' chokers  
Supposed to be in Gucci loafers up in strokers, throwin' loafers, what  
I ain't but I finna be  
That methamphetamine got me with a whole 'nother energy  
I want it all, literally  
I just drop drugs in my Hennessy  
Ain't carin' 'bout the penalty

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Nigga seen his first million 'fore he turned thirty-two  
Lost that, bounced back like a real nigga do

On my mama though, what

Yeah, to be continued, uhh

We gon keep that like that, I'm cool with that

What, ayy

What, uh oh

Cypress

Ayy, okay

I dropped outta school, eleventh grade, I said fuck it (Fuck it)

Livin' life backwards (Damn), Benjamin Button

All of a sudden niggas be stuck countin' big money (Ayy)

Catch they ass in public and tell they ass to run it

It's the big dawg, famous, why I don't need no friends (What)

Ridin' by my lonely with my forty in my Benz (Ayy)

Try me if you want to, promise that's gon' be the end of your life

Wanna gamble with it? Nigga, roll the dice

My mama pray for me, I mix Henny with my Molly

Where I'm from (Ayy), North Side (Ayy), catch a body, now you poppin' (Ayy)

I ain't stoppin', I ain't droppin', bitches flockin', nigga's jockin'

I told Problem if he got a problem, Rucci got a chopper (B-r-r-r-ap!)

Keep it solid like my mo'fuckin' father (Big time)

Pull out this big bitch and sing like a opera (North)

Losin' ain't a option (What)

I told my niggas I got us

I do this shit with no effort, I'm poppin'