

Bussn Heads

AzChike

Bitch you ain't shit
But a bad decision
You be the first one to talk
And the last to listen
Put a nigga in his place
Then it's back to bidness
Spent 30 on this grill
Nigga ask the dentist
New bitch thick as fuck
She a lot to handle
She don't fuck on first night
Oh that's propaganda
Almost walk right by me
Bitch stop I'm handsome
Y'all did all that sneak
Dissing now light them candles
Look I don't wanna talk
Bitch I'm touching bands
Throat goat guess what
I'm getting sucked again
Call Brodie
Oh he busy out here bussing heads
Told em go spin that nigga block
Until something dead

Benji in my pocket been had em before rap
I know you see me on my shit, I'm Mr. Always Bounce Back
What's up with all that lying in yo song all that cap
I'll really make a nigga run like that nigga running track
I'm tired of these niggas always wanna see me down
I'm already fighting cases they don't wanna see me round
You're saying this and that we'll surprise I'm at your house
Stupid ass nigga I thought you knew what I was about
Aye tell me that you love me while I'm here
I see right through all you niggas and you fake don't want you near
They love me when I'm up but when I'm down they disappear
Bitch you ain't special ain't about to take you to the pier

If it's one thing I don't do
It's fake smoke
This is not pocket change
This a bankroll
Oh his jaw made of glass
Got his face broke
You see how good I look bitch
How could you say no
Told that hoe don't touch me
Go and touch a hunnit
Fly her to the D.R.
And buy a stomach
Nigga I don't wanna hear yo shit
Rather sign my cousin
I'm tryna make 50 bands
Times a 100