Bussin

Doe Boy

They niggas said, "Fuck me" His bitch like me and he broker than me (Doe Bee
zy, Doe Beezy)
Oh, really? (Yeah)
(What? Gang, what?)
Gang (Gang)
What, what, what
Let's go, let's go
(Ayy, Southside, ayy, Southside)

Pills turn a nigga to a junkie (Yeah)
Came out the mud, sip muddy (Muddy)
Geekin' ho peon be thinkin' I'm lackin', he play with this, get bloody (Let'
s go)
I geek out with this thirty (Thirty)
Hit the mall, blow a whole thirty (Let's go)
My youngin', he really a savage, he caught him a body and thought it was fun
ny (Hah)
Pussy ass boy said fuck me
Really just mad 'cause his bitch wanna fuck me (That's crazy, fool)
Young nigga flexin', I play with a check, ain't no bitch that can say (I dum
ped me, cuttin' a check)

God in the hood, I run it (I run it), name it, I done it (Yeah)
Lil' nigga ain't know nothin' (No, no)
His bitch only thing 'round him bussin' (Oh, really?)

Went to his Mama house, shot up her crib, said we went too far (Said we went
 too far, brr, brr)
Can't catch me in traffic, 160 the dash, can't hit this car (Skrrt, skrrt)
He think she faithful, she need a rich nigga, his bitch get bought (Mwha)
Same nigga I used to smack up, bitch, when you get this hard (That's crazy,
pussy)
Trauma teachin' lil' niggas they better not play with the bird (Uh-
uh, Freebandz)
I got this.50, get murdered, can't go out like Ja Rule on earth (Don't do th
at, Doe Beezy)
He tried to jump in the streets and his brains got left on the curb (Bitch a
ss nigga)
Geekin' off pills, I wanna shoot at everything that get on my nerves (Brr, b
rr)

(Think I'm playin')
Friday, ride through they hood on a bike, might kick they trash (Might kick
they trash)
But I'm Doe Beezy, I ain't lil' Chris and they ain't gon' whip my ass, you d
ig? (Fool)
Lambo' too fast, better get out the way when I'm backin' out (Woo, shit)
Go get a shooter, we shoot up the nigga he braggin' 'bout (Brr, brr)
I call his bitch and I'm smashin', she know a young nigga havin' (Young nigg
a havin', Freebandz)
He come 'round here, actin', castin', he gon' end up in a casket
I had my shooter pull up, hit his basket
Said he want drama, my niggas dramatic (Let's go)
RBM, murder fanatic (Gang)
These niggas bitches, belong in a pageant (Pussy)
I can't fuck with 'em, he rat, don't fuck with' 'em, we make you get him tat
ted (Let's go)

Your favorite rapper, he a pussy, I bet he gon' panic, I reach for his Patek (Nah, for real)
Heard he was ballin' so I sent a hitter, my young nigga came through and he batted (Brr, brr)
Rollie don't Tick-
tock, but reach for this bitch, watch this bitch gon' start dancin'

Yeah, man, that bitch ain't nothin'
I ain't even really want her touch, yeah (Oh, really?)
Put together all my rhymes, but I'm far from a buster
Make your bitch wait in line, niggas gotta catch up just like mustard
Every girl with me, probably done suck some
She said, "You got on too much money"
She know my bitch gave her hush money (Ayy)
I buy her Louis V like hush puppies (Ayy, yeah)
I don't got it, eat got drug stomach
Take a G-6, I feel like I got vomit
Gettin' money, I swear that I got hot (What?)
I remember when I used to sleep on a cot (Huh?)
Drug lord, yeah, my neck, it got rocks
I love whores but she love all the guap
Now she in my tracts while suckin' up cock
Baby diamonds on all my Gucci socks (Yeah)
Stay with beams on bottom my Glock
Pull out fifty-seven, I just opened the lock (Yeah)
Man, I knew I had it because I got a lot
So many cars, I need to go buy a lot
Bitch, I'm hot like a Cheeto, black like Don Cheadle
Oh, that's your baby? Put her in fetal
Eternal Atake, open her keyhole (Yeah)
Got a D-Eagle, clip on it see through (Oh)
I got the Draco, don't think you heard me (Yeah)
I make it fly, just like a birdie (Brr)
Niggas, they fake like a perc 30 (Yeah)
Put holes in his shirt, just like a jersey (Brr)
Niggas they think that we cool (Yeah)
Like Black-Eyed Peas, I will fuck on your bitches like she Fergie (Yeah)
Did it on purpose
Birkin, I purse it (Yeah)
In front of the opps, act like a virgin
Where this shit come? Took all this purging
The killers fuck with me, they gon' reimburse me
Marni on Marni, bitch, I can get nerdy
Pink diamonds on me, they look just like Kirby
She arch from the back, man, that bitch keep it sturdy
Drive around NYC like I'm not dirty

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Lil' ass nigga, pee-wee ass nigga (Yeah, still bussin', oh, really?)
Yeah, then we shot at that nigga cousin
Oh, really? (Yeah)

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