

Bus Commercial

Giggs

Niggas hate me I'm like 'fuck it, hate'
Bring it to the battlefield I'll touch his mate
My big '45 feels fucking great
True the nigga might snitch, come buck his face
'Cause I bus commercial
Think I won't get the Mac up and personal
Like I won't get the Young Bucks to burst you
I'll put niggas on knuckles and rocks dispersal
That means they're going to put the teeth up the Tec
Beat up the heater, squeeze off then jet
And this the shit that my mean muggy meant
Bottom line clean up the mess
Beat up my chest
Motherfuckers know me I beat at the best
Fuck your Code D I beat at the rest
I'm a squeeze 'til there's no teeth in the Tec

Talking that it's a bus commercial ting
Bid bad Hollowman'll bust some bursts at him
Then duck, reverse the ding
Want to pitch me but I done reversed the ting

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Where was I?
I reversed the ding
Breezed out of there, splurged in
But before I got there, dispersed the ting
Had to mask up the whip, I swerved it in
I'm outside the house on a burglar ting
Ringing off the bell, babe let the burglar in
She came down wearing a purple thing
I thought 'look babe I prefer the pink'
But back to the murder ting
I'm paranoid wondering if I murdered him
I thought back to when the Tec and the burger sing
And I flang it on the prick and heard the spring
I hurt the pin
Beat it up so much I hurt the thing
We done it one time we never rehearsed a thing
I want to keep it inside of the circle thing

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