

Aim Squeeze Bust

MOUNT WESTMORE

(Aim, squeeze, bust)
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We was groovin'
But that was 'fore they brought him home
(Aim, squeeze, bust)
The set was bangin'
And all his homies really was
(Aim, squeeze, bust)
You won, remember this mission
(Aim, squeeze, bust)

Smoke and grinnin', wheels spinnin' (ride)
Plenty women and 20 crippin' (come one, bust)
Ridin' deep like a coalition (yeah)
On a mission, y'all sure gon' miss 'em (bust)
'Cause when I find them, I'm gon' shine the chrome
Aim, squeeze and bust, y'all can't hide 'em for long (bust)
Hit the weed and pass it to the back
Shoot 'em with a mac, sittin' in his lap (aim, squeeze)
Ski mask and brownies, lay down you clownies
Push the lines and limits, nigga ain't no boundaries
Gloves off lead to blood loss
Shots ringin' from my hammer with the numbers scrubbed off (bust)
Rushed 'em off in the ambulance
Doctor's told his bitch he ain't never had a chance
Bullets hit him from his [?] down to that nigga [?]
They found a couple gram, in the blood trail where that nigga ran

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'Cause now some dead in streets
The homeboys packin' straps (yeah) (straps, straps, straps)
(Aim, squeeze, bust)

You know a problem ain't a problem when you time up and rob 'em
Homies pulled up, whisper that "We got 'em"
Yeah mutherfucker, we started from the bottom
We ain't going back, that's we shot 'em
Everybody say that they harder than the bullet
So why does it attract me every time I pull it?
I don't back and forth, I don't fight and fuss
All I do is cuss and I aim, squeeze, bust
If you think I'm just a rapper
Yeah I'm a rapper, but I'm smart as Hewlett-Packard
Take the life of a dope dealer and a jacker
Put it in a song, sell it back to the cracker (bust)
Now you ain't supposed to get hypnotized by this shit (no)
'Cause you gon' live through all the shit that I spit (yeah)
But if you wanna trip, still wanna be a crip
When they catch you slip, they...

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Hey, motherfucker!
What the fuck you doin'?
I said, what you doin'?
I thought...
You thought what?
What the fuck you lookin' at me for?
The man asked you a question
What the hell are you doin' here?
Nothin', I'm just here
Look, I don't wanna get in the middle of no big gang hassle
Gang? You think we're some big punk-ass gang?
I'm a businessman
These are my associates
Whatever you say man...

Suckin' it (bust), but I ain't lovin' it
Fuckers ain't to be trusted
You can get popped in your nugget when ya at the top like a subject
Ain't too much out my budget, and ain't too much out my range
When you havin' your chance, you gotta practice your aim
That's why I hypnotis the game
Shootin' range on some private land where I can bust in bear bottles and milk cartons and soda cans
While I love, smile and hug you, but won't you offer the seed
When you see snakes in your dreams, prefer to (aim, squeeze, bust)
Uh, 'cause you never know
These pussies act just like a hoe instead of goin' toe to toe
These pussies'll say that they rock through the back door
"How many goons do they bring?"
Most of the time it's 4, get off it (bust)
Don't wait till later
Open 'em up with holes in 'em like a cheese grater
These double two thirds will leave your body dismembered
I practice shooting with my left in case my right get (aim, squeeze, bust)

(Aim, squeeze, bust)
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Aim, squeeze, ridin' through the city late at night
I've been movin' like this, my whole life
If I stay away too long, It don't feel right
That's why I pull up, nothin' but love bruh
Everywhere we go (bust), somebody got one
We can talk it out, but can't nobody stop nothin'
This too much talkin' gon' get you hurt real fast
Now they start bustin' at you ass
(Aim, squeeze, bust)
You ain't a punk, you don't wanna run from 'em
But everybody in this room got a gun on 'em
Gotta try and stay save, it's a violent place
We ain't make it that way, we keepin' up the pace

'Cause when a nigga from the hood hit a certain age
Ain't no time off, every day's a workday
So if they fuckin' with you, and enough is enough
You gotta aim, squeeze and then bust...

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