

## Bussin! (WB Pt.2)

REASON

Thank you, once again  
Stop playin' with me  
I ain't my brother  
Pay me my motherfuckin' money  
Whoa, look

Far as love go, nigga, ain't got no suspects  
Buss down wrist, buss a bitch and I buss checks  
I'm bussin', bussin'  
Ayy, ayy, ayy (bitch, I'm bussin')  
Copped the AP, that shit came with a freak bitch (han)  
Ritz, top floor, only time I'm on some sweet shit (han)  
Land so many shots, wonder if they playin' defense (han)

Look, take the rap game, make it secret  
That just mean I keep it  
'Head of my time so far it ain't nothin' recent  
Love my city, loyal to the sea, man, I'm jumpin' off the deep end  
I'm bussin', bussin'  
Yeah, ayy, bitch, I'm bussin'  
I can't play the back, that's what my pride do (pride do)  
She gon' pull up tryna give me IQ (know she is)  
Came from the dirt, feel like a fossil  
Success up in the air and in my nostrils (whoa)  
Crib look like a brothel (whoa)  
Gang shit, I pulled up with apostles  
Host for when hospitality turn into hostile  
A nigga first put that on the gospel, more paper than a novel  
(I'm bussin', bussin', bussin')

Ayy, ayy, far as love go, nigga, ain't got no suspects (Vaughn)  
Buss down wrist, buss a bitch and I buss checks (ayy)  
Good weed, break a bitch down, leave her upset (ayy, look)  
I'm bussin'

Hey, I'm bussin' down the VVs, I'm walkin' W  
Fuck the teacher 'cause I learned more from the substitute  
My dream was to fuck my favorite actress, now it's comin' true  
Wild Wild West so I'm know to keep a gun or two (a gun or two)  
They don't know about this nigga, I'm like Jon B (or John Wick)  
Murder with this ink and my bitch look like Ashanti (Ja Rule)  
If she find another nigga, still won't ever find peace (never find peace)  
I push dog food, but in that kitchen like an auntie  
Address shit like homecomin', when them hoes comin'?  
I be in the streets like road runnin', let me hold somethin'  
Talkin' crazy, take his soul from him  
Give him a gold for me  
Feds comin', I don't know nothin', I don't know nothin', bitch  
Stupid nigga, it's cool, I got all kind of class (buss it)  
Y'all run on sentences, where your commas at?  
I go on y'all Instagram when I'm tryna laugh  
Used to be a bum, now I walk up in a condo back, I'm bussin'

Ayy, ayy, ayy, far as love goes, it ain't nobody I can trust yet  
I don't wanna hear no bullshit about who up next  
I buss down a brick, buss a bitch and I buss checks  
I'm bussin'