

Bust At You

Fat Joe

Excuse me while I sing to you
I'm being real and that's the thing to do
I'm just living and loving
Smoking and fucking (Yeah huh)
Out here on the grind, yeah (Alchemist this beat is stupid dope fresh)
If I can't get no love then I can touch you
(Shit is fly, throw back ya heard me)

I'd rather touch you, yeah
(We ridin' on these niggas come on)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you (Yeah, Terror Squad)
I'd rather touch you, yeah (It's goin' down my niggas)
(Stunna, Face, Joe Crack the Don)
'Stead I'd rather bust at you

You motherfuckers must be crazy
I been doin' this shit since the eighties
Run up in yo crib, snatch ya baby baby-baby
It's the kid still holdin' the crown
Now that they give it I'm holdin' a pound
And I'm lookin' for some bustas who be actin' like them niggas do dirt
Come to find out they ain't put in no work
An now my feelings is hurt
Cause they decided that they wanted to murk
But I'ma chase 'em to the end of the Earth
Cause I'm a motherfuckin' rider
You can see the pain in my face
Got no problem exchangein' the hate
They got me fightin' a case
And if I blow will I face a fifteen
And I'll probably do it all in the pen
But yo I'm livin' with it
Death before dishonor for my niggas that ride
A thousand deaths if ya sellin' ya pride ha ha ha
Death before dishonor for my niggas that ride
A thousand deaths if ya sellin' ya pride
You motherfuckers need to know that

Hey Joe
We gon' ball like dogs but keep it gangsta nigga
I'm a guerilla on the streets but it's time for the fun time
Out of line, I bust with my tech nine
Choose ya loose, I give ya the blues
Ol' pussy ass nigga with his pussy ass crews
It's the murder man mack, I stash in the Lac
I bought my bricks from these dro back stacks
It's the Birdman baby come and holla at me later
Duck ass niggas, we deal with 'em later
First you, go to the mall and you ball like a dog
And we drop the car, then holla at ya boy
Tell them pussy ass niggas, break bread with the boy
Joe, they breakin' bread with the boy
Tell Big Pun nigga, Stunna ride for the boy
Win or lose I ride for my boy
It's the be -M gangsta, the D-Boy Click
We mash on bustas and we flip these bricks nigga

Niggas tell me money talk
But bullshit is walkin' out on four feet
That's why I'm ridin' on ya whole street
I'll be a nigga till it's said and done
I'm from a section where ya fight till ya die cause ya never run
I keep my forty cal cocked cause these niggas on my block bang
Right up the street from where the cops hang
And in my head I hear Pac sang
And then them rushin' memories make me cry till I can't stop man
Tell my mama I'm a killer if I happen to die
That's how I lived, ain't no sense in me lyin'
My whole life's filled with danger
Never been a stranger to homicide
My neighborhood's full of gangstas and drive-bys
And niggas fightin' for position
The demon has risen from out of prison
Now I'm losin' my religion
That's how I'm feeling when I'm fuckin' with you
Cause I don't fuck with you, now I'm bustin' at you
So fuck you dude

Dedicated to my homeboy Pac
Love daddy
Facemob in the house
Fat Joe and it don't stop
Come on