

# 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 exchangin' 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