

Head Bussa

N.O.R.E.

Head bussa . . .
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Head bussa . . .

(4x)

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa (head bussa)

Hey yo . . .
Yo, N-O-R, you can catch me in my favorite car (car)
Drop Lex, black truck, Gordo the "Lazy R"
I'm like a pitcher, I throw my hits crazy far
And if you is what you smoke then - hey y'all
I'm never faired up (faired up) I got some lead what (lead what)
And keeps some chicks in my whips and they always just fuck my head up
I'm like whatever God, ain't a nigga better guard?
I rock a Neptunes beat like it's a leather garm
Know about you, but I'm a bed crusher
See I don't know about you, but I'm a head bussa
You see it's God Favorite, he built the project bricks
Chicks love us anyway, cause we just make hits
No Re-my, I'm good with just water and fish
Thugged out Militainment see we focused - bitch
Stand strong in the pain, see me hold my pivot
Or you can catch me in LA, with a Mexican midget

Yo, yo . . .
See I'm a Philly nigga, I can't fuck wit a duck chick
Automatic whips, can't fuck wit a slut chick
Jo-se (Jose) I'm so relaxed it seems
The first nigga sellin' cracks through a fax machine
Shit Star Tek (Star Tek) I hold my gun in the raids
And I can make planes crash through a two-way page
Niggas stack like, act like I ain't made mad classics
Like I'm a new artist, demerit these rat bastards
But that's aight cause I'm a still make more
And I could sell bad work, still say that it's raw
I make songs for the poor niggas
The most "Grimey" and raw niggas, the ki-ki-kickin' your door niggas
Go arm wrestle next, see whose neck I break
I send my little man home (dude go home man) have to check out late
She a bed crusher, see I'm a bad person

Duh . . .
Ain't a damn - thing the same
Look, I'm a see if ya sayin' my name (N-O-R)
Millionaires, that change the game
That got 9/11 clouds (clouds) and bullets that grain
Don't calm down (down) this is soldier game (fa' sho nigga)
Kill for money, the raw and the caine
Let me, see you flag, the color of car nigga
Fix your fingers, show me what you are

See I'm a head bussa (bussa) it ain't hard to tell
That I'm a keep makin' hits, it ain't hard to sell
And them Def Jam niggas put that paper behind us
We left that other label, and the hatin' behind us

Niggas want beef, it ain't hard to find us
We in the 'Lac Truck, them niggas in Path-Finders and-uh
The crime scene like N.O.R.E.! , N.O.R.E.!!
People wanna scream they like N.O.R.E.! , N.O.R.E.!!
Man, I'm outta' town my niggas travel, too
We in LA getting' sucked off in Malibu
A new-car, ask the Jake, they call me "know shit"
Cause everytime they question me, I don't know shit
And hold this, yea nigga just know this
I always drink Henny, hardly know the 'Cris
Straight monster-wrist, I keep a ill beat
And niggas hardly like you, your shit still weak

[Chorus 8x]