

Head Buster

Soulja Slim

[Soulja Slim/Big Ed]

Chorus

We suggest that you niggas don't fuck with us
The more niggas you bring the more heads we bust

[Soulja Slim]

It's do or die on the streets that I roam, that I roam
That's why I never leave my gun at home, gun at home (2x)

[Soulja Slim]

Shit, niggas not goin put the chest these days
Niggas catch it down bad and bust your motherfuckin head
Put it like that, should have had your gat but nigga you chose to slip
And the nigga chose to let all thirty two out this extra clip
Enter your dome, let loose gonna meet your momma home
I'll let you slide one time cause she was full of that fucking rome
But you on guard, I don't stun in front of these pussy poppers
I'm from uptown so you know I got to get you partner
I've been doin this and you just jump in the porsche and new jacks
And I got quick reacts and I bust em back and hit somethin
Fuck the stuntin, me and myself
might twirk a somethin and hurt somethin
Straight dome shot, leave you bald
might go on my face and fuck em all
Then walk off with an innocent look on my face
Soon as I get to the corner, pick up the pace
running like I'm running a race
Cause I aint bout no more murder charge catch me
Down here them people fools ya, lose you in a second
Get convicted in your life, now you trying to appeal
Should have gave them a dome shot, should have played them real
I suggest you don't fuck with us
Suggest don't fuck with us
I suggest

[Chorus x2]

[Big Ed]

We some hard ass niggas, Big Ed and Soulja Slim
Niggas bust at us, watch us end low and bust at them
Get out the way, kids getting hit and shit
Already split forty rounds and not even a half a clip
Bitches know me as the assassin, tip toe and squeezing and blasting
Camoflauge fatigue feared off in a black ski maskin
A No Limit soldier, nigga we ain't scared to bring it
Nigga I'm tryin to leave the streets behind
and put in no wax and singing
And nigga keep my gat trown up like ????
Trigger finger itching like crabs
Got me strapped tighter then hoes legs wrapped around me when I stab
Nigga think got more deadly so I got more gats
Totin to edge two compacts, Big Ed be puttin it down like that!

[Chorus x2]

[Mr. Serv-On]

It's the S to the E to the R to the V
to the O to the N to the T to the R to

the U to the N to the I to the G to the K to the A
Can't carry ya, drama marry ya
Step across this fuckin line my tank stroll motherfucker
I straight deal ya
Be like blasting, stepping like a fuckin hog
Soulja Slim ya know me, Big Ed get at me dog
I'm still asking the lord to bless me
these niggas persist to test me
After the night, only the gangsta hell gonna accept me
I'm ready to lay my claim niggas know the game
Ain't shit changed, five hundred dollars
I'm soed up and I'm still creeping
Round the corner with my mask on
got my gloves on, ready to get my fucking blast on
So when you see me, nigga bow down to this fucking tank
You niggas wanna be like us but you niggas fucking can't
So I'm tired of you motherfuckers
asking why I twist my hat and wear my colors
It's all tank love, fuck the others
It's real nigga (real)