

# 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  
Camoflauged 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)