

# Gunz Will Bust

Tech N9ne

I know you know this is Kansas City  
Where niggas life don't mean shit  
So step to and immediately get yo dome split  
I pack heat for days run street wit K's and hollow's  
On a concrete crusade you made the pill now swallow  
You never thought tomorrow  
You see me beam up all strapped down wit a pump  
Searchin' for the niggas on a hunt  
Jerkin' on the trigga when I dump  
It's not a game dude my killaz will mangle  
Anything in my range fool  
When hatin' get framed moved  
We play the same rules  
Bussin' all 32 shot  
Lookin' to murder you  
Glock they never heard of you  
Shocked that I'm comin' servin' you  
Snug brim get flashin' innocent til I'm provin' guilty  
Snug brim get to blast in  
And fuck the homicide charge I got expazito  
A mob figure plus a lawyer and do work for kiloz'  
You know the steelo real niggas never talk just listen  
This deuce shit comin' wit heat up out the kitchen

Rough niggas in the street will bust 4 the bread  
And meat deuce 57th Street and 7 deuce be packin' heat punks  
Get the fuck away from we, for we buckin' these mutha fuckin' G.U.N.Z.

Dem no won fuck with us  
4 what I believe I will die  
Dem no won fuck with us  
If any hataz want to try  
Hands gon throw gunz with bust

Real niggas run the streets with they gats up  
Everything you got and owns getting' snatched up

If you're my enemy my energy  
Your rhymes are elementary get lost in penitentiaries  
When I begin this century so mention me  
And Imma heat the track up if it's loo of you demons  
I suggest you go get back up

Load the mac up don't slack up Imma act up on  
Any mutha fucka that think he got his clown suit on get  
Stepped on destroy your mind you're wasting your time  
Cause when I spit a fucking rhyme I got a million in line

To listen to me, a bitch to do me nick naming me hollow tip with a stand off  
clip  
That'll kill your click and will kill your brain if you can't maintain  
Better slow your roll boy money hungry ain't no ho boy  
That's for sure boy and ya know boy I'll whip your ass like four boys

You're a decoy I'm the real thang I'm a genius you're a pea brain  
Get pissed on and whipped on so who you talkin' shit on Imma spit on  
Any negative spirit that step to me try to take my soul

From under me but I got a lifetime warranty

Skatterman cat

Persistantly dirty

From KC

Where in the drought we pay 50 for birdies package short

I call Snug and just give him the word he take ya face

Before he tell on me they'll get him 4 purgery

Hustla's shoot shit

Rob shit

Loot shit

Hard core convicts

Mob shit

If you snitch, killin'em on Tech's new shit (new shit)

Dude we crossin' the color line

Nuff money

Nuff weed

Make a tuff nigga colorblind

We rap 4 curb servers

That hop in and out of cars

Rep 4 cats wit 3rd murderers

That pop in and out of bars

D12, Strange Music, Rogue Dogs

Regime, Duce Click, Doe Boyz, Yong Gunz

Same team

Same beams

Niggas that a split ya cherries

Vigilanty's mutha fuckas with permits to carry

Bitch you scary

Fuck you and that bitch you married

Cross anyone I named

That shit will get you buried

It's all out war 4 the punks funk finna jump

Chumps get a lump when I dump tonks 4 the bianks

Gump want to thump over pumps and a bump

Rumps get it krunk when I skunk runts

Imma munk what you bunk niggas want fuck

What you thunk you get sunk in and trunk

Fuck that we done heard and took enough crap

Trust we bust back when muskrats bust caps

I'm tryin' to touch scratch and bring my hell to parties and

For the last time mutha fuck Vell Bakardi

You cannot rap with me scrap with me

Nigga to the back of me catastrophe

Hits yo shits raggedy it had to be this tragedy shit

Suck it up don't be mad at me bitch I'm glad to be rich

You gets none with that fagoty pitch

Imma ex poppin' shroom droppin' rock and roll star

You's a no coppin' ho stalkin' drunk and a old fart it's a shame

Think you quick but you heard we flow quicker plus the bitches

Don't want to fuck a black herpe nose nigga

This is it yaw, dump this pussy off I a pit dog

Doe stackin' and hip hop it must not be his nitch yaw

So take the chicken exit, Technina's whassup

Next time grown folks talkin' you shut the fuck up