

# Bussin' No Discussin'

Twista

Yo Twist!

Shit, niggaz out here been talkin real sideways man  
Shit... it's time to show niggaz what's really hood

Bussin never discussin  
People are runnin niggaz is gunnin  
Killers are runnin because it was stunnin  
Hearin the ambulance when it be comin in

Roll in the Chevy Malibu I know they dig that  
In the secret compartment is where I hid that  
Try to avoid wherever I see the pigs at  
Forty-fo' and black Calico when I push your shit back  
When I'm out of town I go wherever the hood at  
Because I know where I can get somethin that's good at  
The dopefiends is gon' show me where the kush at  
Ain't got no cigarette loaded where the backwood at  
Come walkin up and get a pistol in your face hoe  
If you want an autograph you better say so  
Otherwise everybody gon' have to stay low  
Cause I'm about to give this motherfucker a halo~!

Bodies droppin pistols poppin we bustin our tecs  
People scatterin around like it was a bomb threat  
Got plenty ammunition, show me where your ones at  
So much terrorism they askin me where Saddam at  
Like Bush I alarm 'em bomb 'em let fire open out  
Go forth catch him open choke him and try to smoke him out  
Shit is serious I'ma show you what this dough about  
That's what you motherfuckers get for havin an open mouth

I'm killin new arrivals every time I shoot a rifle  
Leave you suicidal cause everything I do is vital  
Displayin mo' evil than the preacher that threw the bible  
Win a Bentley don't think it's mine 'til I show you the title  
In the car breakin up trees, call me a lumberjack  
You say you a baller then nigga where the hundreds at?  
Get me in the club, it won't be none of that  
A 22 on my body like I'm a Dallas Cowboys running back

Catch one in yo' leg if you RUN UP  
Catch one in yo' body if you RUN UP  
Catch one in yo' head if you RUN UP  
You can end up dead if you RUN UP  
I'ma cop me a Benz when I COME UP  
I'ma cop me a Beemer when I COME UP  
I'ma shit on the phonies when I COME UP  
I'ma hit all the homies when I..

I lay you niggaz out like tomorrow's outfit  
You gettin me pissed, you niggaz ain't about shit  
Before you get me started I suggest you bounce bitch  
I got AR-15's to come up in yo' house with  
To tell yo' woman she look good in them killer jeans  
Think it's butter I wanna cut her like a guillotine  
Need to get at her but right now it's still a dream  
I'd like the thong, but right now for the microphone I'm still a fiend

I'm on the block servin up rock like Johnny Unitas  
With killer niggaz we didn't really care if you like us  
Vicious, so cold, that I be catchin laryngitis  
Still shit that's hotter than any temperature on fahrenheit is  
Gotta read celsius just to say you felt me bust  
Better be yo' healthiest thinkin you can belt me up  
All up in my face talkin 'bout you gon' tell me WHAT  
I ain't gon' be the one needin my homies to help me up

Now come in with that let me take a lil' hit of the blig  
This pussy nigga right here wanna get rid of my nigz  
He don't want it cause we got the chrome thing-a-ma-jigs  
And I make a nigga quit rappin and go get him a gig  
I'm buck when I'm on a mission you better watch how I do  
You got what I want so I'm creepin cause I got a rival  
I'm thirsty as FUCK~! and money is the water bottle  
Thinkin you hard to follow but I'm on you like Polamalu

With the shotty I'ma bring drama to you quarter leagues  
Make that mighty dollar if I gotta transport a ki  
Call me Ali Baba cause I'm runnin with 40 thieves  
30-somethin and I be hotter than all the shorties be  
32 shot automatic, yeah I call it magic  
Two clips, 34 shots, pall bearers and a casket  
A couple of glocks, to kill off any cause of static  
Didn't have the calico but you broke cause you thought I had it