

Truth Hurts F/ R. Kelly

"Tough Guy"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Aiyyo it's the immaculate conception Busta Bus himself
And nuttin other than the godfather, spectacular X to
the Zizzle
That's what the fuck it is, 'nuff said

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

I wanna see you motherfuckers put your hands up
Stretch bitch like you doin aerobics motherfucker
Yeah!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Thought you was a tough guy? {*BOOM!*}
When I put one right in ya head, now tell me what you
think you is now
(A top dollar biller, a Rottweiler, a killer)
(Slap the shit out a nigga tryin to copy my style)

[Busta Rhymes]

Check it
I got cars (many) switches (many) hoes and (many)
bitches
(Many) huh, bodies that's buried in holes of many
ditches
(Many, many) homes, plenty chrome up on my whip
(Plenty) stop for you make me run up on your block and
cock the semi
Ready, any, nigga front I hold it steady
I (cock) back (pop) the ratchet and spill your spaghetti
HUH! Properties or blocks, we control 'em
(Many, many) glocks know how I kill all your soldiers
Freddy
My machete (huh) will cut niggaz like I ain't really like
'em
(Ha!) Then carve a nigga meat deep like I'm killin a
bison
HUH! Tyson, animal instinct the way I will beat you
Got (many) shots and (plenty) spots for them bullets to
eat you
(Ha!) See through (huh) them holes them bullets'll
leave in between you

(Ha!) It seems you, got left to die slow all up inside the venue

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Yup! Yo

Orangutangin slangin, I'm hangin over the edge
I rock two 40 glocks, I call 'em Barney and Fred
I stay hungry like I'm only fed water and bread
The king of the castle get at you, screamin off witcha head
Brutal bustin, it's the X to the Z, we chart climbin
You see my name next to that diamond, it's all timin
Hit you in the stomach, with somethin your face and feet'll
be touchin to have your bones start crackin and bustin
To my women who be workin them jeans with fat asses
Rich Itala heels, Roberto Cavali glasses
Come to my hideout, let me pimp your ride out
Hit your backside, tear your spine out and slide out
(HUHHH!) Yeah, cause my grind don't quit
I'm a walkin franchise with them extra clips
I keep the bread roll thick, do lines so sick
that you can cut 'em with a razor blade, sniff the shit,
c'mon

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, check it

I tell you (no lie) bitch nigga you (gon' die - kill or be killed!)
Or get bodied just because you (walked by - nigga be still!)
'Fore the trigger go off and a (shot fly) and the shit'll be ill
If the shot turn your stomach to a (pot pie) nigga we spill
A little liquor for the homey muh'fucka (WE STILL)
'll make a nigga leak blood, 'til he need a (REFILL)
You try to be a tough guy, and complicate what I build
Somebody don't beat the shit out this muh'fucka (WE WILL!)

[Xzibit]

Asthmatic, dramatic, fold you like a Kraftmatic
Heavy metal press hittin your chest like a train wreck
Command respect, throw it one time for your set on deck
Niggaz you never forget

I set up precedents, homey you never snitch, hide the
evidence
Dummies dig ditches, they dyin for dead presidents
The big screen make 'em seem large like an elephant
But in real life they so soft and so delicate

[Chorus]

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