

# Do Or Die "Bustin Back"

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**(feat. Lil Chilla (Sny paz))**

Motherfuckers bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin  
back [2X]

*[Verse 1]*

Mutha fuckaz at, war, an they line up at the door  
Nigga what you robbin me for, bailin with the killaz  
Took a shot at the door, nigga you ain't know  
Ain't no Art of that War, fuck war  
We can take it to the streets, muthafuck Bone an it's on  
when we meet  
Never ride alone cuz I roll one deep  
Black four-five on me like a sheep, I creep  
In the mist of the fog through the dark at your home in  
your city  
It's a pity when you fuck with the Chi  
Nigga if I die, then you got, dot to the dot to the dot  
An why, cuz you fuckin with the bitch killa  
Like a lethal pilla, an smoke the 9 like a phat philla  
Cuz I'm a straight at war, nigga fuck a Bone killa  
Every bitch come ride wit a grown nigga, never zone  
nigga  
Step into my zone, nigga feel tha vibe of a chrome  
Infared beam an it see that your gone  
Not many men that'll kill in they zone, we strong  
Motherfucker wanna run up then it's on, lets go  
An you been up to some, no play  
I'ma catch you on yo off day  
Hit yo ass in the head wit a bat time to war play  
Nigga hoes, an yo wife too, fuck yo bitch an your rap  
An yo style an yo life too  
Ain't no tellin what we might do  
Rap-A-Lot muthafucka, an I'm down with the right crew  
An now I call for the right 2  
Split yo muthafuckin head down the center like like  
atomic  
BOOM! did yo dawg an you like who  
Switch bitch 'fore you ask what which would you die  
soon

*[Chorus 2X]*

We some murderers K-I-L-L, kill or be killed  
(mutha fuckaz bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin  
back)

*[Verse 2]*

Nigga whats all that bluffin 'fo  
Steady mackin tough, but we know y'all some hoes  
Steppin wrong to the SNY or Do or Die,  
The whole C-H-I gonna roll  
So what up bitch, you done fucked up now, pal  
Disrespect the wrong town, clown  
Step wit a fully, clip wit a bully, stop I gotta kill  
Just gotta pull it, clone what  
An leave yo whole click get struck  
Fuck around left Bone stuck, Bone fucked  
All your boys hollerin Bone duck, what was that  
Children cryin fo tellin cuz we be goin to work  
This CHI town cap peela  
Hit 'em up for knockin the world for a minute  
Yo punk dont play so you better get a little  
Nigga want war pack the ATF blast out  
Yo whole gun started killin bitch faster, I hit the stash  
out  
Get the cash out, I get the gas out, then we mashed out  
Nigga, dash out, mash out, hit the next bitch  
An shout right now from the Lexus  
Fuck Bone cuz it's on in my city, so stick it, stick it  
Stick it, stick it, bitch now what?

*[Verse 3]*

I'm sick of all this bullshit  
Watch a muthafucka full flip, when I pull it  
Can't wait til I see you, to bad I wouldn't wanna be you  
An ain't no doubt creep too, blast yo ass wit a three-two  
My four-five gonna meet you, Bone  
Thug ass harmonies, you can't fuck wit the CHI town  
armory  
Hit 'em all when they come wit these  
Caulk those an puff the weed, so keep yo eyes on the  
master 3  
Come out an let us see, how much laughter jokes can  
be  
When you come here from that East 1999  
For fuckin wit the wrong cat, seein me in yo hoes lap  
An what you lookin for, you gonna find  
Losin holes in my gold gat  
In full ass do you muthafuckaz do you hoes laugh

I know your high on green, you messed  
Pass out all stressed up, I'm at the end of the world so  
catch up  
Cuz we blast y'all keep in wit the masters  
An I'm in it to win it, will I serve a bitch  
I'm my brothers keeper til I, die an deserve this bitch

*[chorus 4X]*

*[Verse 4]*

Better be remotivated wit a mack 10  
Masked assassin blastin, killin mutha fuckaz passion  
Bullets crash we load them thangs  
So muthafuckaz seen hoes who strain  
I can hear they voices prayin, none of y'all bitches  
adapt to pain  
Well if you can't pick up pain, pick up pain  
Say my name, A to the muthafuckin K  
On that note nigga I close yo casket bastard  
That flower shit thats high an drastic  
Supposed to be, y'all bitches ain't cold to me, it was  
told to me  
That y'all react to drama when it comes to guns an shit  
Ain't gotta do the po's, yo click ain't too hard  
Our click to serve a bitch  
Only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
Only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
Only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
Take yo wig, flip you bitch, cross our roads  
We'll break your souls, like triple darkness they say we  
cold  
My 9 millimeter, oh shit, 1 clip, 2 clip  
An leave yo whole crew sick my dick  
An you hollin hot ones, my niggaz be hollerin hot ones  
Dig my shit then I shot one, does that mean I got one  
That all you bitches better dodge for life  
You want pocket, heres yo strap (strap) fo life (life)

*[chorus 4X]*

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