

## **E-40**

# **"Dump, Bust, Blast"**

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Uh (Uh)

Come on, ai, ai Boskeezy?

Ai, my, my, turn it up (burps)

Hey Boskeezy? Hey that shit right there, ay

(talk to my wepolations), that shit.

That's ibeen? That shit smibeen that shit ibeen?

That shit smibeen, ooh (ooh)

4:15 showcasing to the max

Got my truckamajig free racing causing anxiety attacks

Pitch black normal tint BOOM BAP!

Fucked around and overheated my Zues amp

500, oh the hoes, fuck a ho

These are the thing that, uh, you need to know

Bust him open spin open the duct tape and the foil

Eat the rest and get a pot and let 'em boil

Bullet proof vest never confess keep a bucket full of acid

1-800-888 zippers-on-tastic

Clinetel, raise 'em high raise 'em low

Out on bail everybody hit the floor

Chorus:

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust (ooh!)

Dump, Bust, Blast, Dump, Bust,

Dump, Bust, (BEOTCH!) Blast

Slurp slip, deep throat shit I'm outta sight

I like to get my dick sucked in - broad daylight

Acting bad on the soil acting tough

Break your ass down like a 12-gauge and call yo' bluff

Ignore a fool, that's what they holler

Snatch his bootsy ass up by the collar

Law enforcement agents got me and my dudes up  
under investigation

We hot like jalapenos

Man, how come niggas can't put their money together  
like Philipinos?

I suppose, can you bring him back?

He was one of them enemies that tried to participate  
in Swiss Cheezin' my clean ass Cadillac

My Cadillac, My Pontiac I mean  
My under bucket hoopty parked on magazines

Chorus: 2x

Check it out (check it out)  
Third verse, let's begin lets be gone  
I done served more water than, uh, Evian  
Posted up like a thumbtack on the boulevard serving  
dead  
Yola, ice cream, Ben and Jerry (Jer)  
I've been doing somethings, cigars and pinky rings  
I'm a fixture up in this shit like E-40 and the Click  
Paper all up under my box spring mattress choppers on  
top of the fridge  
Automatics in the kitchen cabinets man I kill a  
motherfucker over mathematics  
Haters gonna hate, but they don't count nigga hustle  
The dope game runs on two thing (what's that?) money  
and muscle  
Do some gotti, fourth of July your party  
Laid his "supposed to be so called hardest nigga in  
your town"  
ass down in front of everybody

Chorus: (with three overdubbed tracks of random  
talking)

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