

## **E-40**

# **"Dusted 'n' Disgusted"**

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I'm really not all that sure  
'Bout when things is finna mature  
So let me find me a nigga with a grip  
And hit his ass quick with one of them whores  
(What's the definition of a lick?)  
Taking a niggaz shit  
(Hey, put that on sumthin')  
I put that on the click, the click

Back to fuckin' work one of the homies jus' got dusted  
Time to do some dirt, uh!, I never trusted  
Them bustas shot him in the shirt, dead on arrival  
Now the town is funky, it's called survival  
What y'all wanna do? They got us scuffled  
(Bullet high, get in your eye)  
If this was a fifth well I be drunk  
I'm heated, them niggaz cheated, played me false  
We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been squashed

I know this one bitch that'll double dribble and set 'em  
up y'all  
She likes the monies in the middle, play tether ball  
Thick ass bitch, high yellow city-slicker  
Scarecrow crevice southern bitches, aka posies  
pussyfictious

Nigga been holdin' guts, but shit on his self and a  
funky bill  
Pullin' out bills, frontin' on material shit  
That's when I get to killin' shit  
(Killin' shit)  
And settin' I'm up and havin' I'm catchin' a couple of  
slugs  
Sl-uh sl-uh slugs, trynta fuck with savage thug

Pistol pop in they ass, see niggaz be gettin' this twisted  
It's that bitch that killed ya  
Took all your money peeled ya  
Seven niggaz bust in the room with AK's  
While a nigga be puttin' on his jimmy  
All of a sudden they shoot up your Vuitton  
Before you can hit the broccoli

See money-a-made that nigga, that nigga didn't make  
that money  
Left them niggaz jacked up, and the bitch she macked  
him  
He's a busta, punk ass nigga, y'all know the streets  
That's why that nigga naked layin' dead in between  
some bloody sheets  
It's just a part of the game he didn't feel  
Bitches will kill, fuck a nigga, out his last d-uh dollar bill  
You don't know that hoe main that bitch can't be trusted  
Dusted and di-motherfuckin'-sgusted

It's some cold hearted shit  
(Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus' got  
dusted)  
Whacha'll wanna do, whacha'll wanna do  
Cold hearted bitches  
(Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus' got  
dusted)  
Whacha'll wanna do, I never trusted them bustas

Some cold hearted shit  
(Back to fuckin' work, one of the homies jus' got  
dusted)  
I never trusted them bustas  
And it's them cold hearted niggas  
(Back to fuckin' work, one of the homies jus' got  
dusted)  
Dusted 'n' disgusted

Let's let of some 203's on the other side of t-uh-town  
Draw the attention on the other s-uh-side of town  
(Other side of town)  
And wait for the po-po shift to change, ghetto shootin'  
range  
Revenge on the r-uh-rebound, war games  
Drougts, ouch, lost clientele but I will prevail  
By sellin' the broccoli dank instead of the crack cocaine  
Try not to steal narcotics  
When these punk MC's and bitches be the reason why  
The smoke be comin' up out the chow, with my nigga  
Pac

Dear God, can you forgive me? My future's lookin' sick  
I'm in my rag hittin' switches I'm suspicious of this bitch  
I keep on, callin', but ain't nobody pickin' up  
I think she's stallin', this evil bitch is tryin' to set me up  
Came all alone if it's on then it's on  
Bust my motherfuckin' chrome, on these jealous  
niggaz dome

It's a war zone but I'm a man so with gun in hand  
(War zone)  
I'm on my way to see this hoe you know the fuckin' plan

Can't understand, but the things ain't the same  
You could die over these bitches if you slippin' in the  
game  
Niggaz gang bang, but bitches gang bang too  
Give up that good thang, and put that pistol to your  
brain  
If you was smart figure, don't have no love in your  
heart nigga  
Any complications pull the trigger, dusted and  
disgusted  
Bitches can't be trusted, you know the rules  
They underhanded, she planned it, you fuckin' fool

These hoes out here tryin' to hold a nigga's heart  
So a nigga get his motherfuckin'  
Balls to the wall  
Hey be proud of it when you turn these bitches upside  
down  
What's gonna happen  
Uhh, three and a half dollars or probably fo' if a bitch  
ridin'  
Yeah main, them hoes talented  
They be fuckin' with mo' MC's than jack the rapper  
Aight fuck it, what you say Mall?  
Ay, fuck them sheisty ass botches, nigga

The California lifestyle that I live  
Where the bitches is crooked and niggaz jus' don't give  
A flyin' fuck, so I stay stuck, smokin' on the tay-low  
Bay area playa, tryin' ta have shit major  
And a bitch won't save ya  
So I ain't playin' captain save a hoe  
I mob up in ya like a pro and then I'm gone  
I'm like Sylvester Stallone, everyday is like a  
Cliffhanger  
Action packed, I let the mini-mac smack that ass

Them hoes jacked that ass  
Nigga woulda got smokin' on that hash  
Can't have my cash, better go and take your nigga  
stash  
'Cuz he's a busta, niggaz with clusters  
Slippin' in shit, betta jack that nigga 'fore I jack his ass  
bitch  
Never was no love for the mark-ass, the lo pink  
(The lo pink)  
You love them Bootys bitches, can't let them pussy

bitches

Gank that ass, betta hide your cash and check or pass  
Pump your brakes nigga, slow your roll don't go too  
fast  
'Cause bulletproof ain't doin' no good no mo' no mo' no  
mo' no mo'  
Now, niggaz comin' up dead with they brains blew out  
on the fuckin' floor  
Damn, hella force to the face Teflons to the vest now r-  
uh-rest  
Pull a plug on a flat line no p-uh-ulse, one nigga less  
One nigga less, from coast to coast, to the East to the  
West  
Crushin' the flesh, dem bitches played a game of  
death  
Look over your shoulder watch your back don't even  
trust it  
I'm tryin' to told ya end up dusted

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