

Kingston Wall

"Bussen Heads & Gettin' Paid"

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[Baby]

I'ma tell you once nigga I don't talk twice
If you get down bad wit me nigga you gone loose yo
life
(?) and I'ma be a Uptown nigga fo life
When I pull my pistol fuck you nigga yo mom ain't rise
you right
Game tight, me and Lil Wheezy keep this rap shit tight
Gone be a boss balla all my fuckin life
8 figga, million nigga and my game be tight
Can't loose my hundreds cause this rap to hot

[Lil' Wayne]

Wassup, Boss B.
You ever got beef with a busta, you can call me
You know I keep a "blucka-blucka"
Hit 'em all week
Give me the keys to the bubble
I'm on y'all street
And watch it go up in flames boy
Blow up tha game boy
Throw up my chain boy
Scream Cash Money and this is Lil Wayne boy
If you want talk you die quick in tha dark
We said we was gone ball till we fall it ain't my fault

[Baby]

Say Lil Wayne a nigga wanna offer me some real head
Say lil daddy I got to have this fuckin real head
Bad enough these white folks want to change tha game
From lil to big to make it easier for the feds
I don't sniff cause they know a nigga straight paid
I keep my money round that Nolia that's where tha fuck
I play

[Lil' Wayne]

If you know me from bussen you know I love trouble
And if you know me from stuntin you know I love Bubble
And if you really know me you know I ride at night
I been thuggin since dry rice
Wodie I ain't right

I got my chopper in my trunk and my vest wit me
I'm bout to go scoop up Lil Derrick out that STP

[Smoked Outt Records Members]

All I know is hustle fuck bein loaded and broke
I like to ball in Seberban and drive a Lex Bubble
Fuck gettin 20 dollars, I rather shine
Ball till I fall, ride fly to I die
Half a thing going for five
Dog it's on, cut brick up sell in 18 zones
Better get yo hustle on do what you gotta
Play with my feddie I'm commin at you with that
chopper
All day, all night ridin or walkin
See when I spot you 50 shots you'll be my target
Kill everything around shouldn't been around my target
Bullets don't have no names niggas
If you lame you better back up out tha game nigga

Tha diamonds "bling bling" they blind ya
Tryna stick me for my paper "click click" they found ya
buried
In tha million dollars, respect my whole click
Smoked Outt, we be tha shit
From 98 to 99 to 2006
I run wit Big Tymers
Paper Chasers and Rap Rhymers
Big Tymers, 100 Thousand Dollars Car Driver
Rim Shiners, Fuck gettin my noise dirty
Ya catch me survin
Watchin TV's in tha Seberban
It's real great, drinkin cristal by tha case
Etin steaks, scorin keys, and sells is great
I'm lovin that, Foot Locker and sports clubs I done
brought
For tha hoes that you sayin you love I done hit that
And tha G's you sayin you makin I done been there and
done that

We Smoked Outt Black

What you boys know bout that Beamer I got
99 sports car bullet proof drop top
Smasin dashin up yo block
You follow me look in the front
12 slugs on shine so you know I'm gone stunt
My whole click bout drama, nothin but real G's
From down south to over seas
All about makin G's
Nigga my click would out shine you any day
Start ballin outta control ever since I learned to flip that
yay

Took tha advice from Lil (?) he said it's all about a
dollar
Hooked up wit Da'Shawn now them hoes be wantin to
holla

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