

Lil' Scrappy & Trillville "Head Bussa"

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Put your hands into fists
Put your hands into fists
Put your hands into fists

Right about now
We need y'all to rise for the international headbussaz
Lil Scrappy, Lil Scrappy, Lil Scrappy BME click
Who are you? I'm Lil Jon, okay

We some headbussaz, we some headbussaz
We'll knock a hata out, we some headbussaz
We some headbussaz, we some headbussaz
We'll knock a hata out, we some headbussaz

I'm made up my mind that I'ma strike and I'm ready to
fight
Checkin' out my steel killin' every punk nigga in sight,
we expite
I knew you bitches didn't wanna brawl, uh what you
say?
Bitch, I'll swang on all of y'all

I'm the beast from the East, wit da fangs on my teeth
I'll murder all y'all bitches in da middle of da street
And I don't give a fuck if you don't like me
Straight knock yo ass out into captivity

Down South, I'll ride, shoot and kill homicide
It be nothin' shawty till the day that I die
We strive, on tearin' heads up
And everywhere we go we gon' tear dat bitch up

We don't give a fuck about havin' no click
Dat ain't got my back and ain't takin' no shit
Excuse me Shawty, get the fuck out my face
Befo' we get mad and shoot up the whole place

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I speak my mind, 'cuz bitin' my tongue hurt
Murder yo ass and lyrics and put ya face on a shirt
I'm a mothafuckin' rida, 'cuz I thought y'all knew
And I ain't reppin' nothin' even it's twenty to two

I think it's plenty of you that really want da shawty dead
Watch what ya said lil shawty, I'm makin' bread
Fuck all y'all born hataz wit hatred blood to match
A long way but plus I roll wit G's and gats

And shawty matter of fact these trill G's and dubs
We ain't talkin' behind yo back and we ain't scared to
bust
I'm by myself, but bein' alone makes you strong
I stepped out the porch young, so shawty I been grown

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ATL off da chain down here
You come wit dat gat and no action, you gon'
disappear
You walk in da club, it's tight like brass knuckles
Straight info on hata like be chumpin' off turned
brothas

Beatin' in ya door with dat clip on da tech
Beatin' down ya block in that 89' Chevy
Tellin' stupid bros we throwin' bows that we ready
Screamin' "Swang Shawty" to da boys dat can't stand
me

Yeah, shawty, I'ma ATL slugga
Knockin' out heads on you pussy mothafuckaz
Shawty be sayin' "Scrap, you a cool boy"
But I know in my heart dat I'ma headbussa boy

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We'll knock a hata out, we some headbussaz

Whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa

Whoa, whoa, whoa

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