

## Lox

# "Bust Your Gun (Feat. Styles & Sheek)"

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\* send corrections to the typist

Shit is crazy.. can't believe it  
Ha, haha, oooh, shit

We don't give a fuck about you frostin' ya hand (fuck),  
Cause knockin' off these bricks then often yo' man  
That's the kinda boss that I am (why not),  
And I'ma play shotgun, smoke the pores make a van  
Hollarin' at you so deep and so sick wit' the guns  
When I walk by the wake I want the cough in the stand  
(stand up)  
So hold up for one minute (what)  
You won't catch me in the tub, in the whip,  
Or the club without a gun in it,  
And don't come through the strip,  
Lookin' hard in the car, with ya motherfuckin' daughter  
and ya son in it  
Lately I been missin' my fred, the roof pop (too hot),  
But feel me cause he hittin' the stairs, the truth pop  
Niggaz think this album cuts (haha!)  
I'm like fuck it, I'm the nigga comin through the door  
wit two revolvers up (two 'em),  
And I'm takin' all drama,  
And I spent twenty thou' motherfucker so I just got  
more problems

[Chorus]

You got'sta bust yo' gun,  
Cause if you don't then niggaz know you won't they  
gon' touch yo' ones  
Got'sta bend yo' knife,  
Cause if you don't then niggaz know you won't they  
gon' change yo' life

Aiyyo, who gotta my name huh?  
Who think it's a fuckin' game (c'mon)  
Like yo' money can't be found under the cane (y'know)  
Like yo' body can't be found under the trains  
Like this punk we'll shatter apart your brain (bla!)  
I'ma thug wit' no scars, and no braids,  
But I could aim, and shoot through the heart or your

shades  
I'm too row, plus too quick on the gat (uh-huh)  
Hate water, but I leave you wit' a wills play-back  
I don't give a fuck if all y'all go to the cops,  
And I don't give a fuck if none of y'all gimme my props  
I got shit in my name and my credit is worse  
What's to stop me from shootin' you first? FUCK YOU!  
(haha)  
I'm like tattoos, you forget that I'm there (uh-huh)  
To the gun fire perm your hair  
Miss you, and go strait through your moms rockin'  
chair,  
Through her back and it ain't stopin' there!

[Chorus] - 2X

Bounce my niggaz.. c'mon  
Sheek and S.P., rock, rock on (c'mon)  
Bust shots 'til your glock can't pop no more (hahaha)  
Let it down 'til your top can't drop no more (uh-huh)  
Hit you up 'til your spirit where the Eagles fly (c'mon)  
Talk to me, if you really come back then you'll die  
(c'mon)  
Make me believe, no shirt but still got some shit up my  
sleeve  
No asthma, makin' it hard to breathe  
Let's go, aiyyo Styles take this motherfuckin' mic from  
me, c'mon

Aight.. aiyyo, P'll tell it like story, just like a narrator  
Ya don't mean it, we snappin' it like the Aligators  
Open ya eyes so you can see what the drama mean  
I hit ya man in the cheek wit' a barber blade,  
And I'm in the first float at the (?) Parade  
Forty on the weights wit' a fifty on the garcarade  
Always got the route, never had the heart to beg  
You ain't seein' shit 'til a slug rip a part'a head

[Chorus] - 4X

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