

Mastamind

"Bus 1 4 Me"

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[Ice Cube sample]

Wait, wait wait a minute, drop a old school beat

[Mastamind]

Boo what you wanna know I got that cops on that info

Let me in hoe blaze the indo, raise the window

No don't wanna let the smoke escape

I gotta get high and say goodbye to this world I hate,

Fuck it I roll like this the N-A-T-A-S,

Lost in the bliss of the ghetto mist,

Blinded to the fact they try to hold me back,

I can't see shit but this wicket shit bringing me dollars
and stacks

You don't want that the pop off, don't want me to get
my shot off

Cause I walk to the beat of a different drum and you
got lost

Grab my hand little grasshopper,

Let me show you the measure of a man so no one can
stop you

Study the fundamentals of the flow

Then you'll know why I flow like so and where the devil
logo

Ohh you don't know

Loco nigga left for dead,

Back to life without my mind I'm hearing voices in my
head

Telling me the wicked rhymes gone send you to hell G,

But fuck them do what must be done and bust one for
me

Boo, here I am, fuck the introduction

Mastamind's come to bust one, not fit for mass
consumption,

Only the strong survive through this song

The ever living never die, life after death goes on and
on,

Till I'm gone stay the fuck out my face,

I got a case of paranoia I might destroy you I need my
space

Don't swing for me, don't cling to me,

Let me do my thing and be up and out the murder

scenery,
Another day another way to make my pay
Reel Life Product just made another sucker take his life
away,
I'm back to life from the grave hoe,
The M-I-N-D and them fools in R-L-P never gave no
Mercy, remorse, no love, none of the above,
You looking for tears of pity,
Love don't live here in my city,
I'll tell you what you can do or where you can go
But not till you run to the storm of this horror show
Then you can run to mommy dearest cause you fear
this,
And you was that same fool see
Who said bust one for me

[sample]
(so I went to the crib and got the 12 guage)

[Mastamind]
It's like 3-2-1 here comes the drum,
The wicked drum, that's the fucking drum you've been
duckin from,
Some wonder what evil is what is not,
Hey yo imagine thought and now I'm not, some have
alot
The hellraiser's in your house kid and he doused it
Left you to drown underground cause you ain't bout
shit
So all my niggas I'll send a message in a bottle
Cause I'm going so deep for your shallow ass to follow,
I got a gang of devilish niggas waiting to jump
I gotta pump, want to get pumped, let me shake your
rump punk,
Dance wih the devil one time but the first dance is
mine,
You the next victim of an unsolved crime,
With no clues I just break fools in twos
Let me give these microphones some justice so i can
bust it
Hit me,
My homies in my city know me to be a menace to the
microphone,
Fuckin it up all night long
Hell yeah I kicks it like I don't care
Prepare yourself for a scare
When you say
Bust one for me

