

Speakerboxxx "Bust"

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Ghosts and goblins run amok
In the caverns of Rhine
Slinging petty corruption
The seventh sign

Yeah
Give to you and I do what it takes
To give it to you
Wars, wars

Step into the realms of space where nobody goes
Only the baddest motherfuckas are the ones that are
chose
Some of the coolest individuals on the planet we said
Best believe that we can buck or give a damn if we
cared

No collision supervision but my family is here
Now my mama taught my niggaz that was under the
stairs
One of those who chauffeured life and then was
unprepared
But my hunger is the thought that no wonder it can't be
smothered

Or buttered up, buttercup, melt your sauce
You a Chucky Cheese bouncer chumpin' off the boss
What I'm trying to tell you now is that you're softer that
soft
And I'm sick as a cough, did I mention it's raw?

Your predicament's flaw
Flaw means fucked up and serving out the oven not
fried
Slow roast, no coast, tuck your tail and hide
You scared?

Yeah
Give to you and I do what it takes
To give it to you
Wars, wars

I officially do it with duns on tour
We lock down traps, push caps galore
My wiz cook work 'til it scale like fish
My old earth even known to handle biz

I serve whipped, out of whips, whip out cash
Usually keep a G packed under the dash
Try to test my gangsta, I bring harm
I'm as slick as Freeway Rick and Nicholas Barnes

My uptown Nikes hold caps and cheddar
My waistline hold a 4-pound Biretta
I'll shoe lace your face just to learn you better
My ox so sharp, it cut through leather

My rap name Killer, my street name Skunk
I mastered the music that was born in the Bronx
I switch my slang, spit from my mouth
I'm still all coast, my coast the South

Yeah
Give to you and I do what it takes
To give it to you
Wars, wars

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