

Tech N9Ne "Gunz Will Bust"

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[Verse 1]

I know you know this is Kansas City
Where nigga life don't mean shit
So step to and immediately get yo dome split
I pack heat for days run street wit K's and hollow's
On a concrete crusade you made the pill now swallow
You never thought tomorrow
You see me beam up all strapped down wit a pump
Searchin' for the niggas on a hunt
Jerkin' on the trigga when I dump
It's not a game dude my killaz will mangle
Anything in my range fool
When hatin' get framed moved
We play the same rules
Bussin' all 32 shot
Lookin' to murder you
Glock they never heard of you
Shocked that I'm comin' servin' you
Snug brim get flashin' innocent til I'm provin' guilty
Snug brim get to blast in
And fuck the homicide charge I got expazito
A mob figure plus a lawyer and do work for kiloz'
You know the steelo real niggas never talk just listen
This deuce shit comin' wit heat up out the kitchen

[Chorus]

Rough niggas in the street will bust 4 the bread
And meat deuce 57th Street and 7 deuce be packin'
heat punks
Get the fuck away from we, for we buckin' these mutha
fuckin' G.U.N.Z.

Dem no won fuck with us
4 what I believe I will die
Dem no won fuck with us
If any hataz wanna try
Hands gon throw gunz with bust

Real niggas run the streets with they gats up
Everything you got and owns getting' snatched up

[Verse 2]

If you're my enemy my energy
Your rhymes are elementary get lost in penitentiaries
When I begin this century so mention me
And Imma heat the track up if it's loo of you demons
I suggest you go get back up

Load the mac up don't slack up Imma act up on
Any mutha fucka that think he got his clown suit on get
Stepped on destroy your mind you're wasting your time
Cause when I spit a fucking rhyme I got a million in line

To listen to me, a bitch to do me nick naming me hollow
tip with a stand off clip
That'll kill your click and will kill your brain if you can't
maintain
Better slow your roll boy money hungry ain't no ho boy
That's for sure boy and ya know boy I'll whip your ass
like four boys

You're a decoy I'm the real thang I'm a genius you're a
pea brain
Get pissed on and whipped on so who you talkin' shit
on Imma spit on

Any negative spirit that step to me try to take my soul
From under me but I got a lifetime warranty

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Skatterman cat
Persistantly dirty
From KC
Where in the drought we pay 50 for birdies package
short
I call Snug and just give him the word he take ya face
Before he tell on me they'll get him 4 purgery
Hustla's shoot shit
Rob shit
Loot shit
Hard core convicts
Mob shit
If you snitch, killin'em on Tech's new shit (new shit)
Dude we crossin' the color line
Nuff money
Nuff weed
Make a tuff nigga colorblind
We rap 4 curb servers
That hop in and out of cars
Rep 4 cats wit 3rd murderers
That pop in and out of bars

D12, Strange Music, Rogue Dogs
Regime, Duce Click, Doe Boyz, Yong Gunz
Same team
Same beams
Niggas that a split ya cherries
Vigilanty's mutha fuckas with permits to carry
Bitch you scary
Fuck you and that bitch you married
Cross anyone I named
That shit will get you buried

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

It's all out war 4 the punks funk finna jump
Chumps get a lump when I dump tonks 4 the bianks
Gump wanna thump over pumps and a bump

Rumps get it krunk when I skunk runts
Imma munk what you bunk niggas want fuck
What you think you get sunk in and trunk

Fuck that we done heard and took enough crap
Trust we bust back when muskrats bust caps
I'm tryin' to touch scratch and bring my hell to parties
and
For the last time mutha fuck Vell Bakardi

You cannot rap with me scrap with me
Nigga to the back of me catastrophe
Hits yo shits raggedy it had to be this tragedy shit
Suck it up don't be mad at me bitch I'm glad to be rich
You gets none with that fagoty pitch

Imma ex poppin' shroom droppin' rock and roll star
You's a no coppin' ho stalkin' drunk and a old fart it's a
shame
Think you quick but you heard we flow quicker plus the
bitches
Don't wanna fuck a black herpe nose nigga

This is it yaw, dump this pussy off I a pit dog
Doe stackin' and hip hop it must not be his nitch yaw
So take the chicken exit, Technina's whassup
Next time grown folks talkin' you shut the fuck up

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