

## Whitney Houston

### "Dusted 'n' Disgusted"

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[E-40]

I'm really not all that sure  
bout when things is finna mature  
So let me find me a nigga with a grip  
and hit his ass quick with one of them whoops  
(What's the definition of a lick?)  
Taking a niggaz shit  
(Hey put that on sumthin)  
I put that on The Click, The Click  
Back to fuckin work one of the homies jus got dusted  
Time to do some dirt, uhh, I never trusted  
them bustas shot him in the shirt, dead on arrival  
Now the town is funky, it's called survival  
What y'all wanna do? They got us scuffled  
(Well if uhh, we can just uhh) if "if" was a fifth we'll all  
be drunk  
I'm heated, them niggaz cheated, played me false  
We had a meetin, shit 'posed to been squashed  
I noticed one killa on the double dribble and set him up  
y'all  
She likes the Monie in the Middle, play tetherball  
Thick ass bitch, high yellow city-slicker  
Scarecrow creepin Southern bitches, aka Posie  
Pussyfictious

[Spice 1]

Nigga been holdin guts, but shit on hisself and a funky  
bill  
Pullin out bills, frontin on material shit  
that's when I get to killin shit (killin shit)  
And settin 'im up and havin 'im catchin a couple of  
slugs  
Sl-uh sl-uh slugs, trynta fuck with savage thug  
Pistol pop in they ass, see niggaz be gettin this twisted  
It's that bitch that killed ya  
Took all your money peeled ya  
Seven niggaz bust in the room with AK's  
while a nigga be puttin on his jimmy  
All of a sudden they shoot up your Vuitton  
before you can hit the broccoli  
See money-a-made that nigga, that nigga didn't make

that money  
Left them niggaz jacked up, and the bitch she macked  
him  
He's a busta, punk ass nigga, y'all know the streets  
That's why that nigga naked layin dead in between  
some bloody sheets  
It's just a part of the game he didn't feel  
Bitches will kill, fuck a nigga, out his last d-uh dollar bill  
You don't know that hoe main that bitch can't be trusted  
Dusted and di-motherfuckin-sgusted

Chorus: E-40

Some cold hearted shit  
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted  
Whacha'll wanna do, whacha'll wanna do  
Cold hearted bitches  
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted  
Whacha'll wanna do, I never trusted them bustas  
Some cold hearted shit  
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted  
I never trusted them bustas  
And it's them cold hearted nigga  
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted  
Dusted and disgusted

[E-40]

Let's let of some two or threes on the other side of t-uh-  
town  
Draw the attention on the other s-uh-side of town (other  
side of town)  
And wait for the po-po shift to change, ghetto shootin  
range  
Revenge on the r-uh-rebound, war games  
Drougts, ouch, lost clientele but I will prevail  
by sellin the broccoli dank instead of the crack cocaine  
try not to steal narcotics  
When these punk MC's and bitches be the reason why  
the smoke be comin up out the chop, with my nigga  
'Pac

[2Pac]

Dear God, can you forgive me? My future's lookin sick  
I'm in my rag hittin switches I'm suspicious of these  
bitches  
I keep on, callin, but ain't nobody pickin up  
I think she's stallin, this evil bitch is tryin ta set me up  
Came all alone if it's on then it's on  
Where's my motherfuckin chrome, only jealous niggaz  
roam  
It's a war zone (war zone) but I'm a man so with gun in

hand  
I'm on my way to see this hoe you know the fuckin plan  
Can't understand, but the things ain't the same  
You could die over these bitches if you slippin in the  
game  
Niggaz gang bang, but bitches gang bang too  
Give up that good thang, and put that pistol to your  
brain  
If you a smart figure, don't have no love in your heart  
nigga  
Any complications pull the trigger, dusted and  
disgusted  
Bitches can't be trusted, you know the rules  
They underhanded, she planned it, you fuckin fool

(These hoes out here tryin to hold a nigga's heart  
So a nigga get his money fucked with  
Almost in-laws)  
Hey be proud of it when you turn these bitches upside  
down  
What's gonna happen  
(Uhh, three and a half dollars or probably fo' if  
a bitch ridin)  
(Yeah main, them hoes talented  
They be fuckin with mo' MC's at Jack the Rapper)  
(Aight fuck it, what you say Mall?  
Ay, fuck them sheisty ass bootches, nigga)

[Mac Mall]  
The California lifestyle that I live  
Where the bitches is crooked and niggaz jus don't give  
a flyin fuck, so I stay stuck, smokin on the tay-low  
Bay Area playa, tryin ta have shit major  
And a bitch won't save ya  
so I ain't playin Captain Save-a-Hoe  
I mob up in ya like a pro and then I'm gone  
I'm like Sylvester Stallone, everyday is like a  
Cliffhanger  
Action packed, I let the mini-mac smack that ass

[Spice 1]  
Them hoes jacked that ass  
Nigga woulda got smokin on that hash  
Can't have my cash, better go and take your nigga  
stash  
Cuz he's a busta, niggaz with clusters  
Slippin in shit, betta jack that nigga 'fore I jack his ass  
bitch  
Never was no love for the mark-ass, the lo pink (the lo  
pink)  
You love them Bootsy bitches, can't let them pussy

bitches

[E-40]

gank that ass, betta hide your cash and check her fast  
Pump your brakes nigga, slow your roll don't go too  
fast

Cause bulletproof ain't doin no good no mo' no mo' no  
mo' no mo'

now, niggaz comin up dead with they brains blew out  
on the fuckin floor

damn, hollow points to flesh tears through the teflon  
vest

Now r-uh-rest

Pull a plug on a flatline over those, one nigga less

One nigga less, from coast to coast, to the East to the  
West

Crushin the flesh, dem bitches played a game of death

Look over your shoulder watch your back don't even  
trust it

I'm tryin to told ya end up dusted

Chorus

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