

Quindon Tarver

"Head Bussa"

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[Intro]

Head bussa...

Head bussa...

Head bussa...

Head bussa...

[Chorus] (4x)

I don't know 'bout you, but I'm a head bussa (head bussa)

[Verse: Noreaga]

Hey yo...

Yo, N-O-R, you can catch me in my favorite car (car)

Drop Lex, 'Llac truck, or the Lazy R

I'm like a pitcher, I throw my hits crazy far

And if you is what you smoke then haze we are

I'm never faired up (faired up) I got some lead what (lead what)

And keeps some chicks in my whips and they always just fuck my head up

I'm like whatever God, ain't a nigga better God?

I rock a Neptunes beat like it's a leather guard

Know about you, but I'm a bed crusher

See I don't know about you, but I'm a head bussa

You see it's God Favorite, he built the project bricks

Chicks love us anyway, cause we just make hits

No red meat, I'm good with just water and fish

Thugged out Militainment see we focused - bitch

Stand strong in the pain, see me hold my pivot

Or you can catch me in LA, with a Mexican midget

[Chorus] (4x)

[Verse: Noreaga]

Yo, yo...

See I'm a Philly nigga, I can't fuck wit a dutch chick

Automatic whips, can't fuck wit a clutch shit

Jo-se (Jose) I'm so relaxed it seems

The first nigga sellin' cracks through a fax machine

Shit StarTac (StarTac) I hold my gun in a rage

And I can make planes crash through a two-way page

Niggas stack like, act like I ain't made mad classics
Like I'm a new artist, the nerve of these rap bastards
But that's aight cause I'm a still make more
And I could sell bad work, still say that it's raw
I make songs for the poor niggas
The most grimey and raw niggas, the ki-ki-kickin' your
door niggas
Go arm wrestle next, see whose neck I break
I send my little man home (dude go home man) have to
check out late
She a bed crusher, see I'm a bad person

[Chorus] (7x)

[Bridge: Pharrell Williams]

Aim down, bang the same
I'm a see if you say my name "N-O-R"
They announce to change the game
Couting out eleven clouds and bullets that rain
Came down (down) it's a soldier game (fa' sho nigga)
Kill for money, heroin, and 'caine nigga
See your flag, the color of cloud nigga
Picture finish, show me what you are

[Verse: Noreaga]

See I'm a head bussa (bussa) it ain't hard to tell
That I'm a keep makin' hits, it ain't hard to sell
And them Def Jam niggas put that paper behind us
We left that other label, and the hatin' behind us
Niggas want beef, it ain't hard to find us
We in the 'Lac Truck, them niggas in Path-Finders and-
uh
The crime scene like N.O.R.E.! , N.O.R.E.!!
M.U. the ones screaming like N.O.R.E.!, N.O.R.E.!!
Man, I'm outta' town my niggas travel, too
We in LA getting' sucked off in Malibu
And you can ask the Jake, they call me "no shit"
Cause everytime they question me, I don't know shit
And hold this, yea nigga just know this
I always drink Henny, hardly know the 'Cris
Straight monstrous, I keep a ill beat
And niggas hardly like you, your shit still weak

[Bridge]

[Chorus] (8x)

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