

## **Apu - The Simpsons**

### **"Duck-N-Buss"**

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(\*talking\*)

Tearing it up in this motherfucker, on the real  
2000, mixing it up, Chevis Camp, what

[Big Pokey]

H-Town is the place, and you better respect it  
Where G's get dissected, my corner's infected  
Teflon bullet blockers, keep chest protected  
Bitch niggas get crushed on, they vest neglected  
These streets is hectic, I'm on top of my game  
Niggas ain't waterproof, and I'm about to rain  
Verbal cocaine, now they calling me cheap  
These gats I pack crack hats, to settle the beef  
I roll with big heaters, chrome body deleters  
They turn packs of jackers, into sizzling fajitas  
All bugs and mesquitos, get hit with the swallow  
Take it from me, big boss in DADA  
Run right through Nevada, move blast the zone  
You can't see me, with your glasses on  
Motorized stash spot, when I stash the chrome  
And if I have to pull it out, I'ma blast you homes

[Hook: Lil' O - 2x]

You better make room, duck we bust  
You bitch niggas, don't wanna fuck with us  
We'll get masked up, and we'll rush your cut  
And even hoes get hit man, we'll touch the slut

[Godfather]

You never know what nigga, might want you dead  
This is starving hitmen, a lot of niggas got bread  
Caught him myself, put one in his head  
Got away smooth, now I'm running from FED's  
You never know when I retaliate, coming in dark  
Was coward bitch nigga, that had no heart  
Now my gun gon spark, and the world won't start  
Use to be associates, the streets split us apart  
Separated like a divorce couple, the more troubles  
Potato over top of the nozzle, to make the sound muffle  
Have your town puzzled, nobody heard it  
Nobody cried, nobody cared when you got murda'd

You just a average, I send slugs through your fabric  
Put him out his on my mathematics, I'll let him have it  
You know how my men play, Big E and Sensei  
I made hits with Pittsburgh, like Clemente

[Hook: Lil' O - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

On the real G's, flex with us  
We sending cooked up compressed, to broke down to  
dust  
What good is a pie, if you can't eat the crust  
And divide that motherfucker, between each of us  
See a nigga like me, I'ma feed the fam  
And don't give a damn, if it's green eggs and ham  
Bitch niggas get slammed, trying to take what's mine  
I'm the nigga with the iron in front, aimed at your blind  
Side, it's something foreign sitting wide  
Peeping, bout to let off and ride  
That's how it is, I'm just a nigga with mad skills  
Knock through the soundbox, ripping the mad real  
It's states was at Bailor's gates, and mad bills  
Mad deals, eleven hundred with glass wheels  
Now we hitters off the lot, as is  
Chevis Camp, looking like the damn deal

[Hook: Lil' O - 2x]

(\*talking\*)

Watch that bitch cause we'll touch the slut, for real  
Chevis in this motherfucker repping fo' life  
Said that, meant that, represent that, know I'm talking  
bout  
Me and that fucking it up for this 2K, it's too serious  
baby  
We'll touch the slut, cause on the real, watch out

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