

Buddha Monk f/ Derrick Sassin, Dungeon Masta

"Bust Gats"

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[Intro: Derrick Sassin (Dungeon Masta)]
(Ahh man... yo son, it's about the 5 boroughs)
B.X, B.K., D. Assassin, what? (Dungeon)
Yeah (Lord Buddha Monk) Buddha Monk
(How y'all feel?) What's good?
(Haha) Bust gats, baby
(Bust the gats, son, yo D, son) Uh-huh
(Tell these niggaz why you The Assassin, man)
OK.. (Holla)

[Derrick Sassin]
I feel my wrist kick back
Before you take a second to think, how real was that?
The second one enters ya back, with mad rational force
Before the third gets popped they tell us to stop and
break North
Run until I cough, the strings in this beat are the same
ones I hear when I hold heat
Lean Back like The Matrix, bust gats like The Matrix
Couple bombs explodin' givin' you and ya crew a face-
lift
Face it, my inner Ayatollah will blow you a hole as big
as the South Pole
Come on, out you go
I doubt ya so gangsta with that lead in ya bladder
Now that's what I call a kidney stone, you bastard
It feels like I'm kickin' shells to another universe
Still shootin' up ya hearst until my trigger finder hurts
I'm the worst, drinkin' fifths by myself, I was possessed
by evil
Forget that I did it and chilled with all my people

[Chorus: Derrick Sassin]
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker
Didn't I tell you niggaz The Assassin is not a sucker?
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

[Dungeon Masta]

Catch me in devious

It's only the envious ones who wanna stake claim on
oppressions

Ways and actions is mysterious

Free from lime light, pressure cut off air, veins tight

Imagine all the crazy shit we do at night

Off the roof top waitin' for someone to snipe

I like to make the spot hot, nigga run the cash

Don't make me have to send my little dudes for the
stash

Now, I'm too grown for the kiddie games

Unless ya bitch wanna voluntarily give my brains

D., check for I.D., po-po steps ahead of them

I roll with scientists and crooks who not scared to hang
ya body with fish hooks

Don't make me tell ya ass again, you're no friend of me

I'm public enemy number one, you don't know how I get
down

I lay you down face down, wanna get hostile?

[Chorus: Derrick Sassin]

You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away

Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

Didn't I tell you niggaz that Dungeon is not a sucker?

You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away

Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

[Buddha Monk]

I notice a lot of cats that wanna be like me

But go ahead and try it, you could never eat like me

I'm first thought I'll see him, meet him, beat him, bleed
him then leave him

Left dead on the canvas for the D's to retrieve him

Toast nylon to the side, no eyes, 7:45

Takes the weight of this ride for this 'scape to get by

This is serious, ain't no chicks in this paper and shit

Ya bitch thought on this that's why he takin' her and shit

You better get with the Green Mile or be Destiny's Child

Walkin' that wack ass back across the 8 Mile

Don't you know, nowhere ya go is safe from me, bro'?

I call wolves and try to get sent through to every hood

Cock back the Lean Back, rat-a-tat-tat

Duc-Lo or you'll be the next traitor to flow

And my niggaz don't dance, we bust gats, hold up
hands

Get a head start and that diesel gat still in our hands

[Chorus: Derrick Sassin w/ Monk ad-libs]
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker
Didn't I tell you niggaz the Monk is not a sucker?
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up
before you get blown away
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

[Outro: Buddha Monk (Derrick Sassin)]
This is what it is
(Bronx, New York.. Brooklyn, New York stand up
New York City, here now, word up, Derrick Sassin
Dungeon Masta) Training day (Buddha Monk
Haha, bring it down.. bust gats)
We out of here, that's what it is, training day

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