

E-40 f/ B-Legit, Rankin Scroo

"Bust Yo Shit"

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[E-40]

You refreshed, don't want no static
I stretch my blow like elastic, what you need tycoon?
Yaper or plastic, my back against the wall
Hubba rocks in my jaw, mouth full of spinach fetti
Fetch'n go-getters, hitters on my team on my squad
Ready to smash you niggaz; ready to do our job
In the cut with them 16-year-olds that I recruit
Ready to bust a nigga shit, you better not hit dip or boot
I spit, nothin but the best of the sloop
The soil, the gutter, the unrecouped
I'm slick like this like I look (like I look)
I ain't gotta touch it no mo', even though I used to cook
The book of sugar, the tragic magic, the plastic, the
habit
(Habit) The fiends gotta have it (gotta have it)
MAYYYYYYN (MAYYYYYN) is my favorite (is my favorite)
Not from New England, but I pack a Patriot (Patriot)

[Chorus: Rankin Scroo]

Alright, yo!
Bwoy if ya run up, then ya get done up
Run come test, I will bust your shit
Yo you betta splurt, before ya get 'urt
Back up offa dis or I'm gon' bust your shit
Yo you don't be 'round me I could bust your shit
Take my chip me I'm gon' bust your shit
Run off your lip me I'm gon' bust your shit
Bust your shit, me I'm gon' bust your shit aiyyo

[B-Legit]

Check it, yo yo, yeah, aiyyo
I'm from the block where the lil' deuce cock back
No need to stop there, go 'head, go on and act like you
act
Gloves be black, plus I feed bleed with mac
One or two stacks, put yo' head on no fix flat
With no getback, I get back to where the bricks at
Serve birds and from the curb serve Kit-Kat
Split that, feel that, and then I hit that
Big back, whole bunches know I spent that

I'm a boss on location, vacation for the whole unit
Hundred grand let 'em know I'm doin it
Hundred man's what I'm crewin it
Put my foot with the ankle and the shoe in it
You can bust yo' guns but now I bust yo' lip
And that's Click spit so don't you trip (HOEE!)
We stay high and we move zips
And only cop Bents fully loaded when they come with
the kits

[Chorus]

[E-40]

Bumpin your gums'll get your pumpkin put on display
(on display)
Off with his head he wasn't usin it anyway
I told him to park his tongue but he kept on jaw-jackin
and shit
Pillowtalkin and motormouthin and tryin to impress that
bitch
Thinkin he bulletproof, just drunk a fifth of courage
juice
Outside of the party loose, with a empty bottle of Grey
Goose
Mad dog'n and talkin loud, feelin his Wheaties and
oats (oats)
Comin at a player sideways in front of my cutthroats
I said, "This nigga just high, give that nigga a pass
Don't take that nigga life," but he kept on talkin trash
I walked away and laughed (ha ha) but he knew he had
it comin
That lil' nigga startin bustin, this lil' nigga started
runnin
Rrrrrrrah, rrrrrrrah, left his ass leakin
With a hole in his chest and his head on the pavement
gaspin for air bleedin
And he cain't believe it, one night'll change your life
forever
Disrespect a pimp and I'ma bust yo' shit! Uhh

[Chorus]

[Rankin Scroo]

Yo, me spit the writ, me Sic'Wid It, me ready to bust
your shit
Fit me fit yes me physical fit
In de mornin when me wake up get me rule pon' strip
I am a true playa, me love the music
Fassi why ya me chew, you is a nitwit
You talk more shit den {?}
If ya keep on talkin y'all gon' get ya head split

Run rudebwoy before me bust your shit, shi-di-di-dit

[E-40]

Let me explain to ya

See I've been analyzin the whole shit right

I mean it's like

If a nigga get out of line a nigga bust your shit right?

That's real talk, e'rybody know that right?

But at the same time, you can't underestimate a
motherfucker

A nigga might just look a certain way

A motherfucker might have a certain look that he got
on his face

You can never underestimate, the regular
motherfucker mayne

Cause you don't know who that nigga cousin is

You don't know who that nigga family is mayne

A nigga'll bust yo' shit nigga, you just don't know this
shit nigga

All they gotta do is give the word, y'knahmean?

All you old niggaz, all you young niggaz!

You don't know who these O.G. niggaz is plugged with

You young niggaz, and all the old and all the old
niggaz

don't know, who the young niggaz is plugged with

It's motherfuckin, it's a motherfuckin uhh, ripple effect

This shit go 'round and 'round like a merry-go-round
mayne

You hit this nigga, that nigga gon' hit you

You hit him, he gon' hit you

His family gon' hit you, his family gon' hit this family

It's gon' go on and on forever mayne

That's what bust a nigga shit is mayne

But we gon' tear this shit off mayne, y'knahmean?

We quick to step on a nigga toe, and say excuse me to
the nigga

And the nigga get quick to say, nigga I'ma kill you

{*echoes*}

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