

Kaos Brought f/ Method Man

"Bust Shots"

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[Intro: Kaos Brought] Uhh huh, The remix Uhh, Yall know what it is Koas Brought Method Man, (2 Times) Sack of funk, (Uhh) Company Records, (What's up B-Way) [Chorus 2X: Kaos Brought] Bust shots, Holdin down the rock for the west-a Suckas want static, I upload the teck-a Hustle from the block, Shot, Been livin Viesta Busta who I be, The k to the aos-a [Method Man] Church, Now, Uhh Ohh, Like ??? Man if Mef aint that shit by now, I'm soon to be When I choke hold mics, I don't give em room to breathe I'm just doin me, But bitch if your fine, I'll do ya free By now if yall don't know who it be, Don't make me tell Just know that a killa mic, Like that kid from ATL If you fail a plan, Baby plan to fail Man my game ugly, As that nigga Sam Cassell I'm so funky, I can't even stand to smell, (Come on) Life's a drag, Roll it up, Hand in hand Don't get comfy, I'll clip your style like a monkey Even then you'll need more than Aston Kutcher to punk me My 4-5 bars, Just one shot will clear the block like it's time for 106 & Park Staten Island droppin your ass, We mean business We quick to put a shot in your ass, Like free clinics [Chorus] [Kaos Brought] See death around the corner, Now I'm all up on ya Silencer on my 4-5, Yeah I'm bout to dome ya You tell by the weed, That it's California I-A ready for gun play I'm masked like OJ from the 5-0 on the freeway for the game Niggas is wack and lame I'll knock out your jaw frame and make you mumble my name I'm thirsty, Niggas can't work me The Uda, Pussy recruiter, Sharp Shooter, The hood remover Bullets is all net, That mean I shoot right through ya Kaos Brought don't give a fuck, What hit ya You can tell I be startin, Why you hoes up in my Chucks nigga So get out my path, I feel a wrath I feel a blast like you opened up the door on back draft The new Ice Cube, Takin pictures with toe tags Fuck all that blunt shit, I'm back to Zig Zags Still feel the calico type of flow, To let a peasant know That this W coast will do it the most Fuck all that Docey doe, And Hokey poke I've been bustin heat with barrels long as telescopes My Ingle Watts bangas in the cut, Ready to roll Hennessy drinkin, Wag wavers, And endo smoke I guess it's bout time I let you

punk niggas know Don't ask me where I'm from, I bang
the whole west coast [Chorus] [Kaos Brought] You can
tell I'm from the west coast, Home of the best smoke
Home of the hood rat, Home of the finest hoes Home
of the octagon, City of the champions Fuck what your
going through, Pass me the marijuan Niggas get
blitzed and be talkin that gangsta shit Then just hit em
with somethin that'll have em fakin they last shit I go
Black Panther style, Against the law If my right hand
jam I start bustin the south paw Break out the tissue,
Hand em out, They gonna miss you I'ma have your
whole family standin in line waitin to kiss you America's
most wanted part dues is in progress So when you land
in LAX you better watch every step It's filled with land
mines, And bomb threats one time Then suckas with
bad ??? is the niggas who meet they maker Balls so
hard, Just call be Mr. Laker Flashin my card, I'ma world
famous player [Chorus]

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