

Lenny Kravitz & Mick Jagger

"Gunz Will Bust"

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[Snug Brimm]

I know you know this is Kansas City where life don't mean shit
So step to me and immediatly get ya dome split
I pack heat for days, run streets wit K's and hollows
On the concrete ya saved, you made the pill no swallow
You never thought tommorrow
You'd see me beamed up off I'm down wit a pump
Searchin for the niggas on a hunt
Jerkin on the trigga when I dump
Its not a game dude my killas will mangle
Anything in my range fool, when hattin get flame move
We play the same rules, bustin out thirty-two shots
Lookin to murda ya block, they neva heard of you shot
Them come and servin you, Snug Brimm get the flashin
Innocent or provin guilty, Snug Brimm get the blastin
And fuck the homicide charge I got the Exposito
A mob figga, plus a lawyer and do work for kilos
You know the steelo, real niggas neva talk
Just listen this Duece shit comin wit heat up out the kitchen

[Tech N9ne]

Rough niggas in the street will bust for the bread in me
Duece 57 Street and seven duece be packin heat
Punks get the fuck away from we
'Fore we buckin the, mothafuckin G-U-N-Z

[Hook] Mr. Stinky & (Tech N9ne)

They dont want fuck wit us (When I believe I will die)
They dont want fuck wit us (Many hatas wanna try)
As watch out gunz will bust
(Real niggas run the streets wit they gats up)
(Everything got and hoes gettin snatched up)

[Hollow Tip]

If you my enemy, my energy, Yo' rhymes in elementary
Get lost in penitentiary when I begin the century
So mention me, and I'ma heat the strack up
If its a hundred of you demons I suggest you fuckin

back up

I will mack up, don't slack up, I'ma act up wrong
Any muthafucka that think he got his clown suit on
Step on, destroy ya mind you waistin ya time
Cuz when I spit a fuckin rhyme, I got a million in line
Now listen to me, a bitch to do, nicknamin me Hollow
Tip
When I spittin off clips betta kill yo click
And I'll ya brain if you can't maintain
Betta slow ya roll boy, really hungry aint no ho boy
Lets just show boy, and ya know boy that
I whoop yo ass like whoa boy
You a decoy, on the real thang
I'm the genius, you a pea brain
Get pissed on, and whipped on, so who you talkin shit
on
I'ma spit on, any niggas spirit that step to me
Tryin to take my soul from under me
But I got a life time warranty

[Unknown]

Its Scatter Man came consistently dirty
From K.C. we're in the drought we pay fifty for birdies
Pack is short I call Snug and just give him the word he
Take ya faith before he tell on me they get him for
burndry
Hustlas shoot shit, rob shit, blue shit
Hardcore convicts, mob shit, you snitch, kill em below
ticks
New shit, knew shit, knew we crossin the color lines
Nuff money, nuff weed, make a tough nigga color
blind
We ran for curb servers then hop in and out of cars
Ran for cash wit third murders then hop in and out of
bars
D12, Strange Muzik, Rouge Dogs, Regime
Duece Click, Dough Boys, Young Gunz, same team
Same beams, niggas that'll split ya cherry
Vigilantes muthafucka plus permits to carry
Bitch you scary, fuck you and that bitch you married
Cross anyone I named that shit'll get you barried

[Tech N9ne]

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[Hook]

[Tech N9ne]

It's all out war for the punks
Funk finna jump chumps get a lump
When I dump tunks for the biuncs
Gump wanna thump over pumps in a bump
Rumps get it crunk when I skunk runts I'ma monk
What you bunk niggas want
Fuck what you think you sunk in a trunk
FUCK THAT, we done heard and took enough crap
Trust we bust back when muskrats bust caps
I'ma tryna touch scrath, and bring my hell to party
And for the last time motherfuck Vell Bakari
You cannot rap scrap wit me nigga to the back of me
Catastrophe hit you shits ragedy it had to be this
Tragedy shit, suck it up don't be mad at me bitch
I'm glad to be rich you gets none wit that faggoty bits
I'ma a ex poppin, shroom droppin, rock 'n roll star
Youz a, no coppin hoes stalkin drunk and a old fart
Its a shame, think you quick but you heard we flow
quicka
Plus the bitches don't want to fuck a black herpy nosed
nigga
THIS IS IT Y'ALL
Dump this pussy of in a pit dog
No stackin in hip hop it must not be his nitch y'all
So take the chicken exit, Tech Ninnas whats up
Next time grown folks talk you shut the fuck up
BITCH

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