

## Tracy Bonham

### "Bust a Slug"

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\* skit for 30 seconds before beat drops \*

[Chorus: Triggga of M.M.O.]

We famous decorators

Outlaws with the force, with the Money Makers

Wu-Tang, when we bang, we be regulators

Player haters can't play us, cuz the thugs obey us

Bust a slug to save us

[Joe Mafia]

Straight missile, pulse gristle, snapper crime

Poppin tops off of Anaheims, tropic refined

Extorton air time, imported from the Mason-Dixon Line

Look at my frigid eyes, fake fucks describe

Slap em paralyze, analyze the lies

Kinetic, my word is all I have, slaughter trash

Monster Mash, half ass on the war path

Suffer land, give a fuck grand, crashin the Pan Am

My squad Van Dammed, this shit was sun tanned, VA  
so tanned

without the Beanie rap, who? Hoodini rap

Musolini stack, Lamborghini crash, kiss the Genie lamp

Henney big, excellency, no fake shit, wrong recipe

War speciality, meet the headless heat

[Superb of American Cream Team]

Yo, we made an oath for this self, fuck every black  
bitch raw

Make a nation of culture teens, we takin culture back

Takin books and read it, quote the right words

Take your language back, black man it's your's

If you read the way she smoke crack, she be the most  
high

She settle for the most drunk and most fly

Spendin 300 on cristal or pistol

Fuckin dummy, you could've took ya bitch out

[Ghostface Killah]

Bottles goin off in the church, we broke the wine

Slapped the pastor, didn't know pops had asthma

Pulled out his blue bible, chains fell out his coat

3 condoms, 2 dice and 1 bag of dope  
Ooh, Rev. ain't right, his church ain't right  
Decon is a pimp, you could tell by his ice  
Mother Parks said, "Brother Starks, meet you at the  
number spot  
Heard you got red tops out, and I want a lot"  
Girlie fainted dead on the spot  
2 ushers slipped \$80 right out the pot  
Oh shit...

[Ill Knob of K.G.B.]

The K, the G, the B, Ill Knob bring the ruckus  
cuz I don't got no time for these faggots  
They frontin, but I'm about to break them out the havoc  
with the fire  
I battle water, what you order?  
You would run far from the slaughter  
I'm gunnin out whoever's in the order  
The hitch out, no bitch out  
I'm good and plenty, nigga get ya rich out  
or nigga ditch out, for ya self and ya family  
cuz I don't want nobody layin handin me  
I'm livin life, profanity, insanity  
because of my fame, insane  
When I'm rockin on the block, I've got to push my cane  
Got to live in this life, baby times is trife  
Have to be on my side if you claim my wife  
No knife come between us, married to my Syndicate  
Niggaz see this, playa hate and try to be this  
It's hard to be this and you don't want to get dissed  
When you ballin up ya fist, you don't wanted to be  
missed  
Buck! Buck! Back! Fuck! What the fuck?

[Myalansky]

This is jail, 3 burners made Tina Turner dance  
Probably, you kidin me? Only my man bust side to me  
I was gotta be slicin the pot, if I divide it by 3  
Dicks for them niggaz that snitch, whoever shot at me  
All up in my shit, pussies plottin 3 days to about a week  
Wu-Synidcate most amputated across the E-N-T  
Entire, niggaz collapse and raid the empire  
Where his stash at? Cryin, he broke, a dame liar  
Yolk for the smoke, back room, Medallion man croke  
Now yo, no joke, take it, no damn moat  
Joe lock the door, pussy stay down, lay down  
Yo, Napoleon get the duct tape, cave him for cash flow  
Biography, million my peers get painted robbery  
A to Z encyclopedia, color photography  
Penitentiary rhymes, salt get they ass took  
Street turn, patiently speakin, you know the math

Make bitch niggaz ballerina, pull up they too-too  
Smacked up in front of ya bra', what his man do?  
Eyes glued to my right hand, don't rush me  
What that bitch scream, runnin thru traffic like lightnin?  
Fell, loud boss screamin, yellin for wifie  
You see that shit, another hit, Wu-Syndicate  
Myalansky, Joe Mafia and Napoleon  
Colie on, Marlon Brando rap, ya roly on  
'97 bar, tighten storm door, war is on  
'98, a twisted rate, kidnap and solemnly swore  
to my boy, give my last call, pass the shoe horn  
Don't shoe guys, come, we move on, told you must  
prove on  
3 on ya bally cleaner, who clapped? Sally seen her  
Black '97 beamer, bitch niggaz ballerina

They just dance

[Chorus x3]

[Outro: Triggas of M.M.O.]

We famous decorators, yea, yea  
Posion Clan... \*echo\*

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