

Northstar f/ G.I.'s, Holocaust

"Bust Ya Guns"

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[Intro: Holocaust] Long Beach ruffians, lump and smack you in hip hop (We in the darkest corner in this world) Lump and smack you in hip hop (Northstars, Warcloud) Lump and smack you in hip hop (tropical bay) Long Beach warn ya, lump and smack you in hip hop (loose lady Jive indian darts in your alley) [Chorus 2X: Holocaust] Bust ya guns, all my West Coast niggas, we coming through Represent your neighborhood, your set, click, or crew Sip a brew, hit a few muthafuckas, dead in the jaw Just for looking at a West Coast soldier, who wanna brawl? [Holocaust] Zombies couped up in a cottage, big Jimmyfish Thirteen evil bandits rob the widows I hit Victoria, over the head with pillows He had a toy pistol and cotton, for a beard The place will buckle, my pistol wrapped in today's paper Hitchcock caper, you come to the wall of barrels Apple hit the arrows through black rappers that's narrow Lean a horse eyelash, snowflakes, the war hawk Swamp cyborg, I cut 'em down with the twelve gauge Front page tackle, all day, at the power plant Red spider chick copped the three-eighty, who knew? The beautiful young lady danced without her shoe I rubbed my knee three times, caught it like Mr. Bedrock How I slit a throat in the chapel, during crusades Sixty bugs and get naked fast, I always dashed With the cash, alakazam, ale -- go past Dirty shots vic', caliber torns, heavy corruption bar Famous red clips, battles, sword let the place, they construction yard [Chorus 2X] [Christbearer] Yeah, bust ya gun, nigga, represent your click Bang like a blood, nigga, walk like a crip They want beef, nigga, let 'em all drip It's a mack in yo back, with a fully loaded clip I sip a brew, this'll do, I crack the young nigga in the head With the mickey twenty two Then bust a nigga in his jaw, who wanna jump wall? My sawed off shotgun, above the law Hit the block, let the beat bump loud It's that bangin' Northstar featuring my nigga Warcloud Yeah, West Coast shit, Long Beach, Compton, Watts L.A. to Inglewood, bitch Who wanna brawl? Fuck around, and catch 'em all Flip the gat, to the spinal, for your final curtain call Make the London Bridge fall, make the big nigga real real

small [Meko the Pharaoh] We poly on this, gather on
different types of beats Northstar music is hard as
concrete We regulate the airwaves from New York to
Long Beach With different types of sounds, and that's
just underground With words of wisdom for the world
to hear Never disappear until the smoke is clear West
Coast ride, Northstar drive All ya'll funny niggas better
lay down or die We generate the energy that pierce ya
ears Wipe away your tears and kill all ya fears Meko's
here to revive your whole fear And take ya'll niggas out
the atmosphere [Chorus 2X] [G.I.'s] Aiyo, you know
where I'm from And if you don't know, check the slums
I'm from where niggas carry guns, and stay on one
Who wanna brawl, I'm the sickest of them all I'm the
realest you ever saw, in my trace, I decide seesaw I rip
my balls when I floss, this is for all my dogs and my
loc's Twisted on hundred spokes, who getting that
throat Making a G an hour, pushing that Eddie Bauer
Making a killing, I'm willing To get on the block and
serve, pushing them birds A West Coast Killa Bee,
bitch, you heard? [Chorus 2X]

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