

Pistol-Cee & Lil' Duce f/ Lenyo Locs

"Bustin' Shots"

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(Lil' Duce)

Ever since a youngster I hated them scraps
Learned how to use a nine now I'm walking strapped
Banging that block where we popping them shots
Lighting scraps up take 'em off the spot
Reppin' my hood, throwing up my red rag
See a flu belt, lay that scrapa on his back
Ain't no hesitant shit when we busting 'em caps
Only thing on our mind is rip in through its back
Earning our stripes, creeping through the late night
Lighting screezies up when we see 'em on sight
That's how we banging out here, maintaining out here
Holding our set down, that's how we do it out here
We gon' snatch down these blocks and bust them shots
Taking scraps out the game and you know we can't
stop

(hook) 2x

Pulling them glocks
Bustin' them shots
Lighting scraps up, take em off the spot
We gon lay 'em flat
Dead on they back
Putting that Norte on the map

(Pistol-Cee)

I'm still rolling through hoods wit a gat on my lap
Reppin' that Norte, putting scraps on they back
We still maintaining out here, we selling dope out here
We still on the block, red ragging out here
We gon' cock them glocks and bust them shots
As we run from the cops, another scrapa drops
Now he's laying there dead, head filled with lead
I got the task on my ass as I continue to bang
That Norte gang, stay wearing red
I see a scrapa run up, I put a hole in his head
The size of a whop that I slang on the block
I got the dough fiends coming back so I gotta re-cop
I stay reppin' the hood, that mighty one-four
Toe to toe with my gat to your dome

(hook) 2x

(Lenyo Locs)

I'm from that Norte part of Califas, la ciudad es
Fremont
Holding down that eastside of the bahia
Taking out ratas' whole familias
If you still want some then come and get some
But if you want then I'll guarantee you'll get clapped
Plus your stank hoes are all on my huevos
And I reply like (uh) let go my huevos
I ain't got no leisure time to be playing no juegos
Disparando pistolas, dodging the rolas
Fucking top notch norte Ña cholas
Norte Ños take over, scrapas bend over
Til' the game is over remain a northern warrior
If you didn't know by now, we the mas chingones
Busting shots at you bitch been maricones
Ira cerote, you hijos de la gran puta
Fucking wit 22nd and Bryant niggas will shoot ya

(hook) 3x

We gon lay 'em flat
Dead on they back
Putting that Norte on the MAP

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