

# Bussin' (feat. Casey Veggies & IAMSU!)

## Sir Michael Rocks

Six

Duck ass, jive ass, turkey ass  
Fraud ass, dog ass, lyin' ass  
Clown ass, punk ass, mark ass, bitch ass  
Niggas Don't try to play me man, cause I ain't with that shit  
Slobbin' on my knob, my name she can't forget  
Bussin', man bussin'  
Bussin', man it's bussin'  
Bussin', man bussin'  
Bussin', man we bussin'  
Man you trippin' niggas love it when I gas up  
I cross my heart and hope to live through the bad stuff  
Now lift your shirt, I wanna see your rib  
That pussy fat what you be feeding it? I'm back up on the scene again  
You never catch me lacking, never happen, never will  
You put that pussy on the pedestal and pet it still  
You got the game wrong, you need to brainstorm  
I'm on a campaign, titties and champagne with us  
If you ever see us poppin' in yo section  
Big ass diamond ring but I ain't pop a bitch the question, huh  
She say she wit the shits  
If you by yourself I ain't wit that shit I ain't wit that shit, I ain't wit that shit  
I ain't wit that shit, I ain't wit that shit  
I ain't wit that shit, I ain't wit that shit  
In case you forget, I ain't wit that shit  
Baby girl, fell in love wit the whip game  
Type of money make a young chick go insane  
Jacket fifteen hundred, get it when I want it  
Spend it cause I got it, smash it in the morning  
She know I'm the prince of the west side  
It gas her up, yet she leave with her head high  
Japanese denim, yea I'm wit it  
European whippin'  
I look like I could be from somewhere overseas  
Get down on your knees  
You messin' with some cool kids slash niggas from the streets  
That mean don't play no games  
Don't waste my time  
Don't say no names Timb boots with the sweatpants, do the jet dance  
Used to call us monkeys, now they call me Bape man  
Suzy, Anna gold chains like I'm MC Hammer  
Chicken shack on Burban St. out in Louisiana

Paid dues, I just rep where I was raised fool  
Lame dudes duplicate my wave like a wave pool  
Stay solid, gold teeth with the 12 solids  
White and yellow gold, it look crazy when I'm smilin'  
Barney's shoppin', Marcelo coppin'  
What you think I'm fallin' off, it's not an option  
Me and Mikey know we not straight outta Compton  
But we some niggas with some attitudes about to profit  
Ya heard me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>