

# 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/>