

Bussyoheadopen (feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

Twiztid

Listen to "Bussyoheadopen"
"Bussyoheadopen" E town with it, turn to the back
With that east side repping ready for the attack
Checking the attire, all white and black
With the black Twiztid embroidered on the back
Guess who's back, yep, it's the tray side
And we put it down for life and ready to ride
Madrox and Monoxide, you ain't heard
Got people who were all anticipating our return
With everywhere you look, it ain't looking good not at all
And everybody looking is waiting for you to fall
Now we design and dominate that's just mans natural instinct
And put it on the line like reputations and pink slips
We got the music, let it do what it do
And this stress carrying the world, we gonna carry that too
And we gonna bury them fools and the rest in a cloak at night
And strike like vengeance upon parasites
Now don't y'all, not for one second
Think I won't just BUST YO' HEAD OPEN
Give me a reason to leave you breathing
That's a point blank message to all the non-believers O six Caddy, brand new daddy
Twenty eight grams in my twenty little baggies
Got a little something in the back of my khakis
Cause I'm always getting threats they wanna kidnap me
Flames still burning and the hatred's back
I got the chainsaw revving and bloodstains to match
Got you nervous like a reverend who got caught in the act
And you react like he did when he got whacked with the ax
Underestimated and medicated
I'm only hated and segregated from the people who never made it
And I'll be damned if I bow out now Jack
I represent a portion of people who on the real they won't allow that
They got us tatted on their neck, breast, chest and head
And undress the dead, enough said
We got a mark on the planet earth
You got a rack full of bootlegged shirts, the truth hurts
You've awoke a sleeping giant, all this psycho lying
Your sawed off blasts leave all your mama's crying
At the wake, ready to bake everybody in the front row
My aim is to put your relatives in a hole
Laying next to you stretched out in one big plot
With blood clots all over your head like polka dots

No gun shots I did it all with my Louisville slugger
Another notch added every time I beat a mother fucker
Stomp a mother fucker, drag they bodies in their back yards
Chop heads and hands off to discard
The identity, I ain't trying to see no time
It's on, I scatter ashes where the sun don't shine
And I do dirt with only close people of mine
Cause they real while you phony snitches out there dropping dimes
So give me one reason to get me to squeezing on another
And I'm a haul out and start cracking mother fuckers

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>