

# Bustin Back (feat. Lil Chilla of the Sny paz)

## Do or Die

(feat. Lil Chilla of the Sny paz) Motherfuckers bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin back

(2X) Verse 1 Mutha fuckaz at, war, an they line up at the door

nigga what you robbin me for, bailin with the killaz

took a shot at the door, nigga you ain't know

ain't no Art of that War, fuck war

we can take it to the streets, muthafuck Bone an it's on when we meet

never ride alone cuz I roll one deep

black four-five on me like a sheep, I creep

in the mist of the fog through the dark at your home in your city

it's a pity when you fuck with the Chi

nigga if I die, then you got, dot to the dot to the dot

an why, cuz you fuckin with the bitch killa

like a lethal pilla, an smoke the 9 like a phat philla

cuz I'm a straight at war, nigga fuck a Bone killa

every bitch come ride wit a grown nigga, never zone nigga

step into my zone, nigga feel tha vibe of a chrome

infared beam an it see that your gone

not many men that'll kill in they zone, we strong

Motherfucker wanna run up then it's on, lets go

an you been up to some, no play

I'ma catch you on yo off day

hit yo ass in the head wit a bat time to war play

nigga hoes, an yo wife too, fuck yo bitch an your rap

an yo style an yo life too

ain't no tellin what we might do

Rap-A-Lot muthafucka, an I'm down with the right crew

an now I call for the right 2

split yo muthafuckin head down the center like like atomic

BOOM! did yo dawg an you like who

switch bitch 'fore you ask what which would you die soon

(Chorus 2X) We some murderers K-I-L-L, kill or be killed

(mutha fuckaz bust at me, you better believe I'm bustin back) Verse 2 Nigga whats all that

bluffin 'fo

steady mackin tough, but we know y'all some hoes

steppin wrong to the SNY or Do or Die,

the whole C-H-I gonna roll

so what up bitch, you done fucked up now, pal

disrespect the wrong town, clown

step wit a fully, clip wit a bully, stop I gotta kill

just gotta pull it, clone what

an leave yo whole click get struck

fuck around left Bone stuck, Bone fucked

all your boys hollerin Bone duck, what was that  
children cryin fo tellin cuz we be goin to work  
this CHI town cap peela  
hit 'em up for knockin the world for a minute  
yo punk dont play so you better get a little  
nigga want war pack the ATF blast out  
yo whole gun started killin bitch faster, I hit the stash out  
get the cash out, I get the gas out, then we mashed out  
nigga, dash out, mash out, hit the next bitch  
an shout right now from the Lexus  
fuck Bone cuz it's on in my city, so stick it, stick it  
stick it, stick it, bitch now what?  
Verse 3I'm sick of all this bullshit  
watch a muthafucka full flip, when I pull it  
can't wait til I see you, to bad I wouldn't wanna be you  
an ain't no doubt creep too, blast yo ass wit a three-two  
my four-five gonna meet you, Bone  
thug ass harmonies, you can't fuck wit the CHI town armory  
hit 'em all when they come wit these  
caulk those an puff the weed, so keep yo eyes on the master 3  
come out an let us see, how much laughter jokes can be  
when you come here from that East 1999  
for fuckin wit the wrong cat, seein me in yo hoes lap  
an what you lookin for, you gonna find  
losin holes in my gold gat  
in full ass do you muthafuckaz do you hoes laugh  
I know your high on green, you messed  
pass out all stressed up, I'm at the end of the world so catch up  
cuz we blast y'all keep in wit the masters  
an I'm in it to win it, will I serve a bitch  
I'm my brothers keeper til I, die an deserve this bitch(chorus 4X)Verse 4Better be remotivated  
wit a mack 10  
masked assassin blastin, killin mutha fuckaz passion  
bullets crash we load them thangs  
so muthafuckaz seen hoes who strain  
I can hear they voices prayin, none of y'all bitches adapt to pain  
well if you can't pick up pain, pick up pain  
say my name, A to the muthafuckin K  
on that note nigga I close yo casket bastard  
that flower shit thats high an drastic  
supposed to be, y'all bitches ain't cold to me, it was told to me  
that y'all react to drama when it comes to guns an shit  
ain't gotta do the po's, yo click ain't too hard  
our click to serve a bitch  
only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
only CHI town niggaz do run it like this  
take yo wig, flip you bitch, cross our roads  
We'll break your souls, like triple darkness they say we cold

my 9 millimeter, oh shit, 1 clip, 2 clip  
an leave yo whole crew sick my dick  
an you hollin hot ones, my niggaz be hollerin hot ones  
dig my shit then I shot one, does that mean I got one  
that all you bitches better dodge for life  
you want pocket, heres yo strap(strap) fo life(life)(chorus 4X)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>