

# Bust Ya Gunz (feat. Drag-On)

## Swizz Beatz

Whoop, yeah, Swizz  
It's showtime? yeah  
Y'all know who it is  
I'ma get it poppin' like I'm used to Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go  
Me in the scene, I'm makin' that cream  
Them haters always say, what the hell does that mean?  
I'm comin' through your block, got somethin' mean  
The Ferrari pink, it blings Yep, I got suede in my dash  
I got your chick ready to kiss my ass  
I go to the club, man, it's no cash  
That black card make them chicks move fast Can you hear me now? Can you see me now?  
I throw on my jeans tucked and it's out now  
T.I. made them suckers bring it out now  
The Ruff Ryders start it, now just shout it Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, we make 'em cum  
Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go Man, it's engine, engine, number 9  
You talkin' crazy, you lose your mind  
And if that chucker wanna throw that stack  
Well, pick it up, hey, pick it up, you don't know me But Kanye know my name, Timbo, know  
my name  
Pharrell, know my name, Scotty, know my name  
Came in the game at 16 and changed the game up  
Came in the game at 16 and changed the game up Kicks, snares, change the beat game  
Cali like Big said and Big did  
I hope nobody got offended what I said  
You wanna act crazy, I aim for your head Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?

Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go I got a special guest for y'all  
He go by the name of Drag Dash, get 'em man Guess who's back in your buildin' ya big pimpin  
Your big disc got Drag Dash on, now come on, look two childrens  
It's Drag Dash, bitch, Mr. Backdraft, bitch  
Bust a slug like I blub, blap-blap, bitch Bitches know niggaz love the way my flow switch  
Scratch my trigger finger, make a nigga itch  
I ain't gotta tell you how I spit propane  
I'm at the gun range 'cause I ain't got no aim Get at you rappers, spit the stank in your lane  
My shit been clappin' since Don did 'The Soul Train'  
I'm back like when bakin' soda do cocaine  
Drag to the Dash, I'm in the hood like lo mein Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, we make 'em cum Do y'all niggaz bust your guns?  
Hell yeah, we bust our guns  
Do y'all fuck 'em 'til they cum?  
Damn right, I make 'em all say Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, let's go The Drag album comin' soon too  
We got Needlz on the beat, man  
Them drums is too cold cut-able man, yeah  
Bakka-bakka, shots flowin' here  
Swizz, get 'em, whattup?  
Lox album, Eve album  
'One Man Band Man', bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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