

Juvenile, Hb Headbusta

Get out the way nah, heeey... Get out the way nah...
Get out the way nah, headbusta's on the way nah...
Haa.. Get out the way nah, the headbusta's on the way nah...
Mmm.. Get out the way, Get out the way nah...

You wonder why I don't smile and don't make friends,
I Key-key with new niggas, cause I don't know them.
I didn't shoot marbles with ya and you ain't no kin.
Kissin' ass like you be doin, look, you ain't no men.
The only reason you talkin' crazy cause you drink mo' gin.
You can take it there if you want, look, you ain't gon' win.
And I'm feelin' like an example is needed to be made.
I'ma take this Calico and go bust me a head.
They might just won't retaliate, they might just be afraid.
Some niggas I been fuckin' with come told me what they said.
They still wrong. They wouldn't let me ride.
That was they nigga that we killed, so one of us gotta die.
Oh, yea? They wanna play, ha?
Must really be underestimatin' me and this K, ha?
It must not be meant fa you so please get out the way nah.
I'm one of the best, doin' this bout everyday nah... haa...

(Chorus x2)

I'm warnin' ya, I'm tellin' ya.
A headbusta is up in yo area.
Don't stand there, betta be bailin' brah.
A hollow-tip bullet's gonna tear you up.

I wonder how long it's gon' take fo niggas realize it's not a game.
Look at me, nigga... Ya think I'm playin'?
Do it look like everything in my life goin' corrected?
Bitch, I'ma be bout it! Tell the man come get me.
I got a fucked up conscious and my thankin' ain't right.
I got a brand choppa, look I'ma slang it tonight.
Nigga's swellin up his chest, cause I'm bangin' his wife.
I'm at the bar drinkin' Hennessy, he came with a knife.
I got my man on the side of me, he scopin' him, right.
He think it's ova but he gonna get fucked ova tonight.
If I gotta problem wit cha I'ma address it... front and center.
If we beef in January, won't be until December.
I'm tryin' to get you outta here. Like ya mamma and ya lawyers.
Stuck with four or five open charges.
Dealin' wit'chu bitches like you one of my children.
Whippin' ya ass because you left out the buildin.

(Chorus 2x)

Fuck with a G, ain't gon' never stop.
Somebody gotta go, you betta have the better plot.
Cause if you not, lil' shit could escalate to big shit.
One of yo lil' mans'll be the one payin' you a visit.
Enticed by the niggas that gave 'em the bitches,
20 G's, and 2 Lee's.. now he comin' to get cha.
Whodi, my life is like a football field.
He who cross the line of scrimmage is the one I kill.
And I feel, that the monkees should be first and goal.
And I got the ball, of course, goin' in to sco... nigga..
What's my muthafuckin name? Whodi, it don't matter.
What's this shit up in my hand? A piece of chrome matter.
And I just had me a blunt and a cup of that gin.
Don't get scared now, muthafucka! You in trouble my friend!

(Chorus 2x)

Get out the way nah, heeey... Get out the way nah..
Headbusta's on the way nah... Mmmm....
Get out the way nah, headbusta's on the way nah... Mmm...
Uhh.. Get out the way nah, the headbusta's on the way nah...
Get out the way nah, CMR's on the way nah... Mmm..
Get out the way nah, Juvenile is on the way nah...