

Ray Cash f/ Scarface

"Bumpin' My Music"

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[Intro]

That's right, uh... recognize real ghetto vision, nigga
Cleveland... open up ya' doors

[Verse 1: Ray Cash]

I'm in the old school '84 Delta 88
Wit' a ounce, but I'm bouncin' like I'm out here movin'
weight
Bumpin' *Biggie* in the pioneer as I reminisce
Before that it was "D'evils" took 'em back to '96
I went down to houston for some face
Mary Jane wit' a coincidence I'm blowin' swishas doin'
the same thing
Six-hundred for some big "O's", *400 degrees*
I'm a ho, Playaz Club, *Ice Cube*, *Master P*
And since I'm movin' my yay, know I got "UGK"
Ridin' dirty lookin' for that high life pimp what more can
I say?
I'm just stickin' and movin', under my seat is my tool,
and I keep it for
any nigga wanna be trippin' or foolin'
I'm just bumpin' my music as I'm spinnin' the ben
I'm bumpin' *Pac*, picture me rollin' without spillin' my
"Hen"
Yeah... Yeah, now as I spin in the ben, I'm bumpin'
Pac picture me rollin'
without spillin' my "Hen"

[Hook: repeat 2X]

I'm just bumpin' my music... music... music..
bumpin' my music
Wanna hear my music? Well let me open up my door
Release my reefer smoke so you can hear my speakers
blow..

[Verse 2]

Now back to the '84 big body 2 door
No blaze on the muhfucka but it still roll
Memba' what told you what I had stashed in the dash
Back in the past... well... now I got two "O's"
Ricky tells, two show, comin' out hard

Doors wide open, kids dancin in the yard
While I'm stuntin' like Evel Knievel man
Bumpin' Cutlass, Monte Carlos and "Rivas" man
Rollin' in "slow mo", like the whole block screwed
Like bill '79, bumpin' *Devin the Dude*
On the way to the telly, we was bumpin' *R. Kelly*
And right before I cut her, it was "Confessions" from
Usher
She ain't used to a thug, she love the way I ride
While I'm bumpin' "My Life" by *Mary J. Blige*
See I damn near cried day *Rick James* died
See that shit was "cold blooded", but the music keep
pumpin'

[Hook]

[--Verbal--]

Yeah... Face Mob is in the builind
I'm in the area
Hey, I like that shit you on, ya dig?
And I got some shit I'ma put you on... I'ma put you on
that shit I be on

[Verse 3: Scarface]

It was like FUCK THE POLICE comin' straight from the
underground
A young nigga blowin' *Big* comin' down
A nigga with the attitude easy re-in' *Dre and Q*
Creepin' up the avenue, that how you had to do
YES... I'm the rhythm, the rebel without a cause, never
lowerin' my level
I'm on some *Chuck D* shit from PE
Six in the mornin' I hustle with *Ice T*
Six in the evenin' I'm chillin' wit' *Willy B*
Leavin' out the nickel I'm bumpin' some *Kool G. Rap*
Back to the neighborhood, shoot me some craps
I'm fuckin' wit' that pluck wit' the kool aid pack
And now I got a brotha by the name of *Warren Lee*
Hot shot Regal illegal, like marley
I get down like I'm *BDP*
Ass blaster like blast faster cocked and squeeze

[Hook]

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