

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Bumpy Knuckles Baby"

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Feel me, I bet you've never seen a nigga that get raw
like me
Gun in your face, put niggas on the floor like me
Who go to war like me? Flip a whore like me?
Put the squeeze on rap competitors like me
Get less and make more like me
Hunt a nigga down like the Predator like me
Keep the Macs in the drawer like me
How many niggas really raw to the motherfucking
hardcore like me?
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, I got lyrical styles forever
My endeavor is to smash you punk motherfuckers
I do it to young niggas, old niggas, rock niggas, soul
niggas
Scared niggas, bold niggas, since '89 I told niggas
I'm still ripping with this timeless shit
While you niggas spit that offbeat rhyming shit
My life is full of hard times and shit
So all I rhyme about is whooping niggas asses and
crime and shit

Who got the hardest MC style ever created?
(Bumpy Knuckles baby! Bumpy Knuckles baby!)
Who got celebrity status and it's still underrated?
(Bumpy Knuckles baby! Bumpy Knuckles baby!)
Who got them two hot nines that be black and nickle-
plated?
(Bumpy Knuckles baby! Bumpy Knuckles baby!)
And I blow a nigga chest out to keep me motivated
(Bumpy Knuckles baby! Bumpy Knuckles baby!)

I spit the murder one verse that's for the thugs that be
thuggin'
Freddie Foxxx be busting nuff slugs at who be bugging
I get it everywhere that I go, thug loving
Cause it's fatter than Star Jones and Rosie Huggins
I've been lyrically inclined since I thought about a
rhyme
Plus I knew the only thing I couldn't kill was time
So I started a long ten-year climb doing mine
While them fake niggas stay in a rush to stay behind

Bum bit, I spit the flames til the mic's set afire
I'm a fighter not a crier, don't care who you hire
Kill your street team, burn your flyers
Niggas need Jacoby & Meyers for being liars, now feel
me
Calling major labels, tell 'em Bumpy Knuckles is in town
Tell 'em don't send no rappers out or I'm a bust 'em
down
It's the king of the underground sound, get ready for
the Industry Shakedown
Yo Pete, break it down

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Yo get the fuck up out my face, B, I'm an MC
Not some fake-ass rapper kissing ass at the Gavin
Asking how can he be down, I make impact
Like the four-pound slug ripping through a nigga cap
I guarantee that, now here's a fact
Niggas ain't selling records, let alone a key of crack
You stare at me too long, B, your ice grill will melt down
to water
And I check you like I check my daughter
Now turn it up, it's the pit amongst mutts, huh, I'm off
the chain
Off the pen or off the brain, I bring it to you niggas
Like I'm fucking insane, huh, you heard it pop
Now you snitching like Colin Fergueson at Comstock
You ain't a thug, B, I'm rougher than rugby
The real niggas tolerate you, but the thugs love me
Bitches in every city want to hug me
A nigga would rather shoot his fucking self before he
ever slug me

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