

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Inside Your Head"

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Vengeance is mine against mine enemy
And I will rise against thee with the force of a
thousand men
And in your fall, I will remind you of an industry
designed to see me fail
There will be no shelter against my rage
I will approach you with no good intention
And reign down on you like hell fire and destroy you!

I destroy all you MCs till my mouth goes dry
Or either one of us die
I'm in this motherfucker's head like B-R-A-I
N, I spit one, then spit again
Then I turn like a cobra and spit it at his friend
You niggas afraid of me, oh that's so gay to me
Shot a nigga for shaking my hand too long, don't play
with me
I make niggas wanna be hard and thugged out
Baggy pants and black (?) looking all bugged out
So let me tell you what a thug about
When I walk into a room it becomes Dog Day Afternoon
And niggas break the fuck out
Bring ya rabbit's foot, I'll blow your luck out
I'll kill all you niggas and pull a navy hearse truck out
So save your wake ass verse for daytime talk TV
Cuz I'll return you and let you keep ya jewels and chalk
BVs
My heart is dirty and skeevy
Man, I would see any one of you niggas
if I was Ray Charles or Stevie, ha!

(Can you, feel me?)
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?
(Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux)
It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what?
Come on!
(Can you, can you, hear me?)
Can you hear me motherfucker?!?
I'm talking to you!
(Cuz I am in...side your head)

(?) uncontrollable and wild
And I stand like I stand with two fours in my hand
I bring back the running man
I hear voices in my head that say "Bumpy can't, damn"
So when I hear niggas say I can't do something, I get
pissed off
Cause I'm Poke-man, digging your wrist off
Trying to find the main vein that turns your exist off
Real niggas waited for my flow
Like they waited for Mandela to show
So all these phony ass niggas out here know
Your faker than a nigga fronting like his back got hurt
at a fender bender - I call her, send her
She'll flip ya, so them craze up in ya
She know you like it on your belly, got them gays up in
ya
So I say: La Di Da Di, I'll shoot up your party
If you ain't heard by now, you'd better ask somebody
Niggas trying to cut my throat, I'm still spitting from the
neck
If you still disrespect, you'll still get the Tek

Come on! Get the fuck off me, nigga

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You ain't no motherfuckin thug, you ain't shot nobody
I'm wild like niggas up north that ain't got nobody
I'll put the infrared on ya, leave your body all dotty
Or I'll 6 and 7 piece ya, leave ya forehead all knotty
You niggas can't spit on the tracks that I spit on
You niggas are scared of the type of niggas I shit on
You wanna ride my style? Get on
I'll take you through so many one sided singles
ain't no more joints to sin on
These rap niggas are mi-dad (?) on
How do you niggas ride in the car with this nigga,
with that shit on?
I'm sick and tired of Nore and his "What, What, What"
Write some rhymes, nigga, or get his shit up up up
I'll beat you till your face is made ugly like Biz

If you ever open your mouth to ask me what a Memphis
Bleek is
This week is, Bumpy Week celebrated
And be glad that the bad kid from the neighborhood
made it
The last album you dropped, kid, hate it
Man the only thing I'll do for your life, nigga, is
complicate it
So come at me with that sideways twisted talk
I'll put the 4 pound in your mouth, B, and lift your
thoughts
I'm the wildest nigga in New York
So nigga shut your fuckin mouth up when I talk
Come on, I make Reverend Run Reverend Walk
And kill female MCs like a chicken hawk
It's Bumpy Knuckles, baby, ha!

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