

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Stock in the Game"

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[Freddie Foxxx]

Yeah, uh-huh, you ready?

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, we tear this mothafucker down!

Welcome to the underground where hardcore niggas are found

We're beatin niggas down, make you world-reknown

Where street beef set off once, never forgiven

Where real niggas never give up, we fugitivin

That's how we be livin, where niggas vibe on the raw shit

Come out, your face fucked up and get your jaw split

Nigga, we pick your teeth up and put em on a string like bones

And send your punk ass home alone

I got stock in this microphone you innuendos

I get you beat the fuck up and played like Nintendo

Maybe smoke like the hydro endo, you niggas is hookers

I hit you wit the four pound tuckers

Have you ever seen a rap stampede?

Well bring em underground, and I'll run em down

You know my reputation, my voice over disco beats is violation

New York walk, New York talk

And when I blow you niggas dime, I use my own chalk

So watch what the fuck you say and what you do

For real, niggas bring it to you and your whole crew

Bring in baby, you ready?

[Chorus]

I got stock in this game

Got a bad reputation for bringin the glock to the game

You know my name

So if you ever come across me wrong

Just remember the words to this song

I be hearin mad MC's, I study your rhymes

And I noticed that you niggas is just wastin time

I don't take it to wack niggas, they self-destruct

I take it to nice niggas and FUCK THEM UP!

So the fact that you be shinin makes it even better for
me
That just leaves more cheddar for me
I keep it blacker than Cadillacs in '69
Total eclipse your record and stole your shine
Sixteen bars of homemade moonshine rhyme
And I still had you mothafuckers payin me mine
Wassup, watch me snatch a hundred grand on you
niggas
No tax while you loudmouth braggin-ass niggas fake
jacks
Yeah I'm nice wit my mothafuckin hands
And I bust my heats, Freddie Foxxx celebrity box out
the beats
My flow is so cold
Start a rainy day snowin, my voice fertilize your
thoughts to start growin
It's Bumpy Knuckles and raw niggas incorporated
The real niggas love it, the fake niggas hate it
You mothafuckers ready for this? Check it out

Chorus 2x

I go one two three four five, I make it live
Simple-ass shit like that be soundin wack
But when I spit the lyrical terror that makes niggas hide
they jewels
Wild niggas start cockin they tools
I got my ethics from the older school, if you wack then I
spit it
Something to steal, I come get it
If Freddie Foxxx want beef, niggas ain't wit it
Some niggas wanna try my style but can't fit it
I be hearin niggas that sound like me
But ain't never ever really put it down like me
Plus them niggas ain't really underground like me
Street reputation, love town-to-town like me
You bitch-ass mothafuckers I squared off in the
mainstream
World, actin like a mothafuckin girls
I wet you like a jheri curl and you'll explode like
uranium
The only thing you'll have to fall back on is your
cranium
You soft niggas could never be iller
Than the holemaker, holefiller
Bumpy Knucks keep it realer, the bloodspiller
Don't fuck wit a mothafuckin killer, TURN IT UP!

Chorus 2x

*on second time, last line is "THEN ALL YOU

MOTHAFUCKERS'LL BE GONE"*

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