

Yukmouth "Bumbell"

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[tech n9ne] (yukmouth)
Regime killas, ah
What the deal
(it's that lethal)
What's poppin
Regime niggas in this motherfucker for the one nine
nine twist bitch
(uh, that regime shit)
Regime shit, yeah
(done deal, bumbell)
New millenium rhymers nigga
(what, tech a nina)
The bumbell
Where the fuck you at
(up in this bitch)

[yukmouth] (tech n9ne)
Uh, what uh, introducín two of the regime's finest
(regime) tech a nina
And smoke a lot himself
(smoke a lot, bumbell)
Let's serve these niggas with the straight shh, uh nigga
(in your back bitch)
Fuck that, I'm tired of not being of the bungalow shit
This bumbell for you nigga

[yukmouth]
It's bumbell bumbell, that's straight rapid fire
That override your amplifiers and the woofers
Your bass tube hook ups shut the fuck up with wires
cooked up
Niggas stash my tape like gats in the bushes, it's that
lethal
It'll probably have you killing people, for real
Cops say it's illegal to have a yuk tape in your
possession
Niggas keep going to jail for 11, 350's and 211's
187's, concealed weapons, all the above
Tear the fuckin club up with my nigga what

[tech n9ne]
That tech n9ne nigga, lyrically blind niggas on the

grind
All the time you will find I spiritually define nigga,
rhyme killa
I'm the purer from missour-a
Quick when I rip shit trip this animalistic, fuck ace
ventura
By the power of my dead niggas i'ma ride this like a
rollercoaster
Ain't nobody fuckin with my niggas I'm the killa
representin cosa nostra
So bust like you're supposed to
We guaranteed this gon sell 'cause this shit's the
bumbell nigga

[chorus: (tech n9ne)] x 2
(ba bum)
This shit is heated (ba bum)
Your shit's deleted (ba bum)
And when you need it (ba bum)
We drunk and weeded
As long as this rap shit sells
Us niggas with figures we keep releasin the bumbell

[yukmouth]
Bitch I can make ya ? ven? (ba bum)
Make ya ? land? (ba bum)
Make the fans (ba bum)
Gang related dance (ba bum)
I can make the hood (ba bum)
Make your ? kim wood? (ba bum)
Make your stereo (ba bum)
Make calico (ba bum)
They dumpin on us, clunk clunk go the trunk
Grab the pump, bang my shit when you in the mist to
funk
Or get shit crunked
When shit jumps, I'm the theme music
Like thorazine, the fiends cling to it
I didn't mean to do it
The music made me do it, it made me loose it
Got my mind playin tricks
Now my nine can't stop sprayin shit
Until the nigga lay in a ditch
And when I played this shit it blew my speakers out
Looked out the window I saw dope fiends and tweakers
out in the
Middle of the street doing the electric slide, you
shoulda peeped it out
It got me geeked out, hustlin makin scrilla
After every word I got to say nigga
Like what's up nigga?

Let's smoke this blunt nigga
Oh, yesterday got caught, got fucked up nigga
You bumpin yuk nigga?
Oh that's the bumbell

[chorus] x 2

[tech n9ne]
We're now listening to the sounds of tech n9ne
I don't need no medication, I just packs my crispy flows
Endo, rum and fornication, jammed up for y'all filthy
hoes
That nigga named tech n9ne is a motherfucker on
gang related
Hater's gotta respect mine or the next time get
strangulated
Rap a lot summoned me, I told em that I had a gun in
me
Loony as a nigga wanna be, kindly get the fuck from
front of me
Sleepin with a black cat in my lap, spliitin poles daily
Under a lot of weight and on a bus on a broken mirror
don't faze me
They say tech when I rap you wouldn't be alive
Fuck that, I got niggas lettin em go for tweleve five,
bumbell's live
We bringin heat to the game, deep when we came
Niggas fucked up and put they feet to the flame
Got that (ish) if you want it, gives a (uff) I'm a flaunt it
That (haaaa) got niggas thinkin I'm hunted, the
bumbell

[chorus] x 2

[tech n9ne] (yukmouth)
Yeah (live and direct)
Kc meets oakland, oakland meets houston, a killa
mixture
(bumbell) bumbell (what)
Tech n9ne (regime shit)
Ish, uck, nigga
What you wanna do
Regime crew
Like that nigga
Me and yuknouth up in this motherfucker puttin this shit
in your back
For the one nine nine twist
You know what I'm sizzlin?
You know what I'm sizzlin?
You know what I'm sizzlin?
Regime killas!

(thugged out, yukmouth)

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