

DJ Premier & Bumpy Knuckles "D'Lah"

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[Intro: Bumpy Knuckles] (DJ Premier Scratchin)
PREMO! HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
(T-T-Take total control, total body and soul-"Erick Sermon")
COME ON! HA! (Take total control, total body and soul-"Erick Sermon")

[Verse One: Bumpy Knuckles]
Somebody better call security It's about to be on
I'm in the streets midnight, 'bout to buss 'til dawn
Niggas are dead wrong, if they think I soften my song
You wanna die! Ha! I can help your coffin be on!
I'm the reason that some rap niggas, may spit a name
I'm the reason that some niggas, still in the game
I'm the reason that rock died, some proclaimed
Rich underground street nigga, Bump became
They wonderin, how the hell he just won't stop
And, they wonderin, how this nigga stay so hot
Well it's a combination of five things, I live by
I don't speak to none of these bitch ass niggas just give
hi
Always aim for the sky, unless I'm aimin at an A&R
From the majors then I aim for the eye
And you'll never see me cry
These emotional ass industry rap motherfuckers!
Niggas is puss double y
And I always spit fly, and never be afraid ('Fraid!)
'Cause Bumpy ain't leavin (Leavin) 'Til Bumpy get paid
You niggas is like little aids, infectin the sound
That the real niggas started, so we keep it
underground yeah!

[Chorus: Bumpy Knuckles]
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Got me clouded brains in motion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Got me 'causin mad commotion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Hit me like a locomotion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Smokin! Smokin! Smokin!
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Got me clouded brains in motion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Got me 'causin mad commotion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Hit me like a locomotion
(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Smokin! Smokin! Smokin!

[Verse Two: Bumpy Knuckles]

Niggas know I don't play around when it comes to the
rhyme to the sound
From the sky to the ground, I'll gun yo' ass down
Like I'm H. Rap Brown, I got a little game for the kiddies
And I call it, ate that clown
It's Bumpy Knucks, hotter than grits on Al Green
Gonna make Allen Iverson stick to his team
That's always your dream, so live your other life
Don't go broke tryin to flow b you ain't that nice
What's with these basketball niggas, I'm screamin
double dribble
How you nine foot tall?! And rhymin just a little
I police the underground and I'm thug appointed
Got a problem with that speak, get your mug annointed
By Reverend Glock, niggas got the game all twisted
It's alot of niggas I'm a bring it to and it's listed
I hope you try to stand up and show me you live
That makes my dick hard! And it gets all sweaty inside
'Cause I know this little nigga wanna prove he ain't a
sucker
But he fuckin with a bad motherfucker! It's Bumpy
Knuckles!

[Chorus: Bumpy Knuckles]

(THE LAH LAH LAH!) Got me clouded brains in motion
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[Verse Three: Bumpy Knuckles]

The magazines (Yeah!) I like to meet my reviewer
Take his ass to the sewer, and show him what it's like
Tryin to come up on this mic, how to struggle how to
fight
It's like tryin to find a ass on a chinese woman
In the dark black night, I got the double take it
'Cause if I was into cigarette smokin skinny white
woman they ain't playin my record
I was Hot before 97 way before that
Now I come back, and niggas still bitchin
You can't even snatch a chain no more, niggas snitchin
Alot of niggas is just pots in the kitchen like
Congressman Rangel
! HUH!) Mr. Bojangle with fucked up ankles
The black star suffer while the white star spangle

Banner and we don't play on MTV
The fuckin record companies own all the mp3's, and
the bootleg factory
I got niggas sayin Bumpy too black for me
It's the truth nigga! I see! But you blinded by glitter
And you got a little cheddar which made your pussy
game better
Well you need mic nice lessons nursery rhymin
When all a nigga want is a car and a hurt me diamond
He'll do anything for anybody
And suck a dick like a MC Lewinsky
I'm the nigga that you'll can't see (Yeah!) Don't ever get
it fucked up!
All you sucker ass niggas will get Bump Knucked up!
Come on!

[Chorus: Bumpy Knuckles]

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[Outro: Bumpy Knuckles] (DJ Premier Scratchin)

HAAAAAAAAA! (Take-Take-T-T-Take total control, total
body and soul... the lah lah-"Erick Sermon")
YEAH! (T-T-Take-T-Total-C-Control-T-T-Total-C-Control-
T-T-Take your body-"Erick Sermon")
COME ON! HA! (T-T-T-T-Take-T-T-Take total control,
total body and soul... the lah lah-"Erick Sermon")
(T-T-Take-T-T-Take total control, total body and
soul... the lah lah-"Erick Sermon")

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