

411**"Bumpy Bring It Home"**Visit "[Bumpy Bring It Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ayo, turn the, turn the music up some more
In the headphones for me
Check it out [c'mon!]
You ready, it's Bumpy Knuckles baby
Sendin this out to my niggas
All them hardcore street corner, wilders
Ha, ha, Freddie Foxxx baby
That's right, Diamond D baby

[Verse 1]

Whoever thought that I'd be Mr. lyrical flows nice
Like sunsets on the Rio Grande
Grantin after sisters checkin out they can can
My lyrical ability keeps them real niggas
That listen to hip hop feelin me
I keep it underground, sound's a buck China
Even in Japan they know, I'm the ultimate
Spit at me verse, like it's my last one
Slow ones, fast ones, I blast past the fake ass ones
You see, I don't think no nigga's nicer than me
I'm not conceited, that's how I read it, these niggas
heated
I dissect your verses like science class frogs
I see your rap records is swine, like hogs
Now cipher, that's like turnin down Janet for Michelle
Pfeiffer
See Freddie Foxxx aint wit that
My shit is hotter than cayenne pepper, the mic wrecker
The lethal weapon, I keep you high steppin
It's not my fault that niggas listen to me
And wanna rob shit, 'cause I do my motherfuckin job
kid
If you a thug then you recognize what you see before
you
Eyes and ears said Freddie Foxxx is here
I been waitin it, doin it, sayin it
Rollin by my motherfuckin self with my burner cocked
slayin it
And I aint seen nothing that could make me believe
There's a nigga rappin liver than me, you feel me

[HOOK 2X: Billy Danze]

You in a class of your own, Bumpy's in the zone
Leave Bumpy alone! Bumpy get it on
Bumpy spit chrome, Bumpy hold a throne
Now, Bumpy bring it home!

[Verse 2]

I wear Rolex watches and alligator shoes
Where niggas thought devil jeans was the big news
I had fifty miles on my brand new Benz in '89
When you wanted me to critique your rhyme
It just was all right
Niggas brought rappers to me, for approval
Now I give you sixteen bars, for removal
I punch you in your temple make you stagger like
Yeltsin
Over hand right to the brain is what you felt son
Then I take off my belt son
Show you what a whippin is, what a true real mic rippin
is
You fake niggas can't make it hard for real niggas
'cause
There's no defense for the truth so what the deal nigga
No matter who tell it, real niggas always prevail
Just like a fake nigga always fail
Niggas livin in a fairy tale, until they get beef
Then he want peace, bitch, you just a rap pussy
You comin just a lyrical lunatic
I make it blacker than midnight at 12 O'Clock noon and
shit
I keep rollin like the black Navi with them Micky
Thompsons
Halogen lights, I keep my flow tight
The new Bumpy shit is like the new Jordans when they
come out
Got emcees rappin wit they gun out
Memorize lyrics and I spit 'em to the needy
Send love to my nigga Tweety, and can you feel me

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

I treat 'em like what stick up kids is to dark alleys
What's Slick Rick is to Bally's
What played out NY niggas is to Cali
Runnin from the I'll shit
I do what record labels don't like, the real shit
Money is energy, I'm hyped up
Step on stage with that bullshit, get hair wiped up
I be up in your crib, with my two black sigs in your ribs
Takin everything you got to give

The black Robin Hood I rock for niggas that can't afford
Rolies
Ride around and in tagged up stolies
I keep the truth like the Holy Qu'ran
Here's a game plan, ambush, best attack, hit off my
man
I make you niggas listen to some lyrical shit
Some miracle shit, some empirical shit
Now I'm in flipmode, I got my gun in your brain
And make you run you ch ch ch cha ch ch ch cha chain
Bumpy plays no games, it's all real here
Can't get my gun in the club, I keep it real near
I'm harder than a bulletproof vest wrapped around a
steel pole
Six shots all through your body like real soul
James Brown or the Meters
I'm gunnin for you no talent rap style eaters
When Diamond D blessed me I had to come rugged
Or unplug it, only true thugs can fuck shit

[HOOK]

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