

Brian Mcfadden

"Hands on the Pump"

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[Intro: DJ KaySlay]

Yeah it's DJ KaySlay the Drama King
I'm in the house with my nigga Sauce Money
Memphis Bleek, holdin it down from the East coast
And from the West, I got my nigga Game
All you bitch-ass niggaz, y'all better fall the fuck back
Y'all know how this shit is about to go down
Yo homie, what's your name?

[Sauce Money]

My name is Money, that much is true
Listen up, this what I'm gon' do
I won't wait for you to get a lil' bigger
I hit you with the tec-9, lil' nigga
Look at him - red as a muh'fucker
Hah! Dead as a muh'fucker
Unassisted - aiyyo you shoulda
been there Bleek, too late, you missed it
Cock back my biscuit
Like a fat chick and chocolate, I can't resist it
Didn't believe you, so for your big ol' ego
I got a big ol' Eagle
Gotta give the people
not a fuckin chance to see you inside the sequel
Son I stay stuck in rude
So when they see me comin they like, "Damn, here
come this fuckin dude!"

You know'm sayin Memph'?
Brooklyn what's up?
Got to take this shit back
Let's hit 'em with the hook son

[Chorus: Memphis Bleek]

Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump
Sippin that Arme', puffin on a blunt
All I know is my shit better bump
La la la la la-la la lahhhh

[Memphis Bleek]

What, yo yo.

You know Bleek always smokin that "La La La" - you
right
Groupies they be actin too crazy, tell 'em they too hype
They want leave with a G like Eas'
Educated the bullshit, got a degree in these streets
But - I dare a nigga act all crazy
The tec'll tear his back all crazy
And you know I stay bent off the Arme'
Regardless if solo or I'm deep with my amry
I rep - straight from the jacked M-P
If I put the tec up I gotta tote the D.E
But wait! You know I'm ridin with Sauce
And we ridin this song from out the Robb Report
Dawg, I'm from the street, from the best I'm taught
I'll get your man tied and lost, fuck the cost
Got a couple of my killers who stand by
And I'm G-Force stat' nigga, never fly stand-by

Uhh, yeah, you know
Put this shit right back in the street, huh?
Brooklyn shit, Sauce
Let's bring the hook back, here we go yo

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Dip through N-Y, black Impala, matchin interior
Cali plates, I'm that serious
Niggaz think the kid a joke
'til that .38-revolver spin like hundred spokes
Homie I bring the drama (drama)
Sleep on The Game and get left in wooden pajamas
Nigga I ain't easy son
But I break up rock/Roc like DipSet and M-Easy son
I'm a B-L-double-O-D
Hardest nigga since S-N-double-O-P
And all this beef got blood in my eye
Aftermath motherfucker, you could love it or die
Keep Dre name out your mouth boy
Or get your +Bones Crushed+ like them Dirty South
boys
I'm a "Menace," fuck Kane and O-Dog
Since I was ten I had 'caine and O's, dawg
I ain't lyin (I ain't lyin)
They gave Eazy AIDS, so why should I give a FUCK
about dyin?
And the day Jay retire
I'ma park next to the throne, in a Maybach on gold
wires, yeah

[Chorus]

[Outro: DJ KaySlay]
Yeah you bitch-ass motherfuckers
"Hands on the Pump"
Fuck around, find yo' ass slump
One hitta quitta, yes {*gunshots*}

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