

## Clannad

### "The Lah"

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Primo! Haaaaah  
Come on, hah!

[ Verse One ]

Somebody better call security it's 'bout to be on  
I'm in the streets, midnight, 'bout to bust 'til dawn  
Niggas are dead wrong, if they think I'm soft in my  
song  
You wanna die? Hah, I can help your coffin me 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 proclaim  
rich underground street nigga, Bumpy came  
They wonderin', how the hell he just won't stop and  
They wonderin', how this nigga stays 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 eye  
Always aim for the sky, unless I'm aiming at an A&R  
from the majors  
then I aim for the eye, and you never seen me cry  
These emotional-ass industry rap motherfuckers,  
Nigga just push double Y  
And I always spit fly, and never be afraid  
'Cause Bumpy ain't leaving, 'til Bumpy get paid  
You niggas is like little AIDS,  
infecting the sound that the real niggas started  
So we keep it underground, yeah

[ Chorus ] [ 2x ]

The Lah, lah, lah  
Got me clouded brains in motion  
The Lah, lah, lah  
Got me causing mad commotion  
The Lah, lah, lah  
Hit me like a locomotion (Feel me)  
The Lah, lah, lah  
Smoking, smoking, smoking

[ Verse Two ]

Niggas know I ain't play around when it comes to the

rhyme to the sound  
From the sky to the ground, I gun your ass down, like  
I'm aged rap round  
I got a little game for the kiddies and I call it "Ain't that  
clown!"  
It's Bumpy Knux, how that inquires on Al Green  
Gonna make Allen Iverson stick with his team  
Basketball where's your dream, so live ya other life  
Don't go broke try to flow, be you ain't that nice  
What's with these basketball niggas, I'm screamin'  
double drittle  
How you nine foot tall, and rhymin' just a little?  
I police the underground, and I'm thug upon it  
Got 'em crawling with that speak, get your mom ?  
By reverend glock, niggas got they' game all twisted  
It's a lot of niggas I'ma bring it too and it's listed  
I hope he try to stand up and show me you lie  
That makes my dick hard, and I get all sweaty inside  
'Cause I know this little nigga wanna prove he ain't a  
sucker  
But he fucking with a bad motherfucker, it's Bumpy  
Knux

[ Chorus ] [ 2x ]

[ Verse Three ]

The magazines; I like to meet my reviewer  
Take his ass to the sewer, and show him what it's like  
try to come up on this mic, how to struggle, how to fight  
It's like tryin' to fight an ass on a Chinese woman  
In the dark, black night I got the double-Tech  
If I wasn't in the cigarette-smoke,  
and skinny white women that play my record  
I been +Hot+ since +97+, way before that  
Know I come back, and niggas still bitching  
You can't even snatch a chain no more, niggas  
snitching  
Alot of niggas is just pots in the kitchen like  
congresman Rangle  
Missed the mo' changle with fucked up angles  
The blacks start suffer while the white start spangle  
Banner and we don't play on MTV  
The fucking record company is all up on the MP3  
And the bootleg factory, I got niggas saying "Bumpy  
too black for me"  
It's the truth nigga, I see, but you blinded by glitter  
And you got a little cheddar what made you pussy gain  
better  
While you need mic-nice lessons nursery rhyming  
When all a nigga want is a car and a hurtmean  
diamond

He'll do anything for anybody  
And suck a dick like he MC Lewinsky  
I'm the nigga that you can't see, don't ever get it  
fucked up  
All you sucka ass niggas with they bump knucked up

[ Chorus ] [ 2x ]

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