

De La Soul "U Don't Wanna B. D. S."

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Ha, check it out

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul
See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit, huh

You know I'm sayin'? So I'ma show you niggaz
The super laser gamma ultra killa nigga special
You niggaz ain't no killers
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody, nigga

You better keep rhymin', nigga
'Fore I smack the shit outta you, you little fuckin' sissy
You niggaz ain't real; that's right, it's De La Soul, baby
And Bumpy motherfuckin' Knuckles baby, alright, come
on

Check my stats, entire apparat'
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped
Wonderin' if I gotta go back to that
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts

To tracks and stack, one whole decade
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades
Fact of the matter my style will never fade
Managin' to keep it all A-grade

So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth
[Incomprehensible] some niggaz, I know

If I need a mayday
Bust some fuckin' niggaz tryin' to play me crazy
Causin' interruptions to my big pay-day
Playin' with them guns make them fuckin' leary

But if it's clearly, merely and surely and, how it's gotta
be
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin' me
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin' it B
Don't come around thinkin' you can try it with me
'Cause

You don't wanna bust dat shit

You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit

You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit

Shick shick, click a click
This is where my people headin' at
Innocent people are carryin' gats
Now what the fuck is all that?

Is it 'cause times is live like a wire?
Gettin' shock treated by the crossfire
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared
To make my decision for my livin'

I ain't the one 'Robin', I'm the one 'Given'
Hip hop driven, and willin' to die for it
When Scott LaRock died, man I cried and shit
Then some cats got rich callin' a woman a bitch

But ain't no woman like the one I got
And if you call her a bitch well you might get
And I know the feelings is mutual
It's uncivilized and unsuitable
Crips and bloods are recruitable

But you don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit

You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit
You don't wanna bust dat shit

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin' point, huh?
You niggaz get the motherfuckin' point, huh?
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin' up in central
booking
Crying like bitches, huh?

I'm in the motherfuckin' holdin' block
Waitin' for your sweet pussy punk ass
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you
For gettin' on a fuckin' record, actin' like you a fuckin'
killer

I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin' killer's all
about, huh?
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin' shit punk
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out, fagot

You ain't no real nigga, nigga
I'll smack the shit out of you
'Cause you ain't a fuckin' live, nigga
You sittin' in central booking, cryin' like a bitch

Waitin' for your father to come bail you out
And Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit, nigga
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin' know

And yo De La, check it out, it's your motherfuckin' man
And if any one of them niggaz get side windin' with you
nigga
Let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones
Like I'm a motherfuckin' Mexican, feel me on that one,
huh?

'Cause them niggaz know me nigga, believe me, nigga
they know me
The motherfuckin' troublemaker, that's right
And De La Soul, is rollin' with Bump' Knux' nigga
So what? Tell me, what?

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