

## Field Music

### "The Lah"

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Primo! Haaaaah  
Come on, hah!

[Verse 1: Freddie Foxxx]

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 niggaz, may spit a name  
I'm the reason that some niggaz, 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 bitc -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 leavin, 'til Bumpy get paid  
You niggas is like little AIDS  
Infecting the sound that the real niggaz 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  
Smokin, smokin, smokin

[Verse 2: Freddie Foxxx]

Niggaz 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, hotter than grits on Al Green  
Gonna make Allen Iverson stick with his team  
Basketball was your dream, so live ya other life  
Don't go broke tryna flow, be 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 speech get your mug  
annointed  
By reverend glock, niggas got they' game all twisted  
It's a lot of niggaz I'ma bring it too and it's listed  
I hope he try to stand up and show me you live  
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 3: Freddie Foxxx]

The magazines - I like to meet my reviewer  
Take his ass to the sewer, and show him what it's like  
Tryna come up on this mic, how to struggle, how to  
fight  
It's like tryna find an ass on a Chinese woman  
In the dark, black night I got the double Tech  
As if I was in the cigarette smoke  
And skinny white women they play my record  
I been +Hot+ since +97+, way before that  
Now I come back, and niggaz still bitchin  
You can't even snatch a chain no more, niggaz snitchin  
A lot of niggaz is just pots in the kitchen like  
congresman Wrangle  
Mister Bo Jangle with fucked up ankles  
The blacks start suffer while the white start spangled  
Banner and we don't play on MTV  
The fuckin record company is ownin all the MP3  
And the bootleg factory, I got niggaz 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's made your pussy  
game better  
While 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 he MC Lewinsky  
I'm the nigga that you can't see, don't ever get it  
fucked up  
All you sucka ass niggaz will get Bump knucked up

[Chorus] [2x]

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