

## **Freddie Fender**

### **"Bumpy Bring It Home"**

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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 ain't 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 ain't 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 real stick up kids is the dark alley  
What's slick rick, it's the ballies  
With played out new york niggas it's ticali  
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 stodies  
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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