

Freddie Foxxx

"Stock In The Game"

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Hi, I'm Jona, Freddie Foxxx is my dad
And I wanna say that all you rappers are wack
Wordup, baby, yeah, you ready?
It's Bumpy Knuckles, baby, we tear this motherfucker
down

Welcome to the underground where hardcore niggas
are found
We're beatin' niggas down, make you world renown
Where street beef set off once never forgiven
Where real niggas never give up, we fugitivin' that's
how we be livin'

Where niggas vibe on the raw shit
Come out, your face fucked up and get your jaw split
We will pick your teeth up and put 'em on a string like
bones
And send your punk ass home alone

I got stock in this microphone, you innuendos
And get you beat the fuck up and played like Nintendo
Maybe smoke like the hydro, endo, you niggas is
hookers
I hit you with the four pound tuckers

Have you ever seen a rap stampede?
We'll bring 'em underground and I'll run 'em down
You know my reputation
My voice over disco beats is violation

New York walk, New York talk
And when I blow you niggas dime, I use my own chalk
So watch what the fuck you say and what you do
For real, niggas bring it to you and your whole crew
Bring in, baby, you ready?

I got stock in this game
Got a bad reputation for bringin' the glock to the game
You know my name, so if you ever come across me
wrong
Just remember the words to this song

I be hearin' mad MCs, I study your rhymes
And I noticed that you niggas is just wastin' time
I don't take it to wack niggas, they self-destruct
I take it to nice niggas and fuck them up

So the fact that you be shinin' makes it even better for
me
That just leaves more cheddar for me
I keep it blacker than Cadillacs in '69
Total eclipse your record and stole your shine

Sixteen bars of homemade moonshine rhyme
And I still had you motherfuckers payin' me mine
What's up? Watch me snatch a hundred grand on you
niggas
No tax while you loudmouth braggin' ass niggas fake
jacks

I'm nice with my mothafuckin' hands
And I bust my heats, Freddie Foxxx, celebrity box out
the beats
My flow is so cold, start a rainy day snowin'
My voice fertilize, your thoughts to start growin'

It's Bumpy Knuckles and raw niggas incorporated
The real niggas love it, the fake niggas hate it
You motherfuckers ready for this? Check it out, here we
go

I got stock in this game
Got a bad reputation for bringin' the glock to the game
You know my name, so if you ever come across me
wrong
Just remember the words to this song

I got stock in the game
Got a bad reputation for bringin' the glock to the game
You know my name, so if you ever come across me
wrong
Just remember the words to this song

I go one, two, three, four, five, I make it live
Simple ass shit like that be soundin' wack
But when I spit the lyrical terror that makes niggas hide
they jewels
Wild niggas start cockin' they tools

I got my ethics from the older school
If you wack then I spit it
Somethin' to steal, I come get it
If Freddie Foxxx want beef, niggas ain't with it

Some niggas wanna try my style but can't fit it

I be hearin' niggas that sound like me
But ain't never ever really put it down like me
Plus them niggas ain't really underground like me
Street reputation, love town to town like me

You bitch ass motherfuckers
I squared off in the mainstream world actin' like a
mothafuckin' girls
I wet you like a jheri curl and you'll explode like
uranium
The only thing you'll have to fall back on is your
cranium

You soft niggas could never be iller than the hole
maker
Hole filler, Bumpy Knucks keep it realer, the blood
spiller
Don't fuck with a mothafuckin' killer, turn it up

I got stock in this game
Got a bad reputation for bringin' the glock to the game
You know my name, so if you ever come across me
wrong
Just remember the words to this song

I got stock in this game
Got a bad reputation for bringin' the glock to the game
You know my name, so if you ever come across me
wrong
Then all you motherfuckers will be gone, word 'em up

Now, check it out, all you motherfuckers better know
Baby, it's Bumpy Knuckles and I never die
If half you niggas was really as you say you was
We wouldn't have had no wars between the Coast
But you niggas is bitches

'Cause when they did it to us we never did it to them
So I'd do it to every motherfuckin' body, baby
The lone soldier, Bumpy Knuckles, motherfucker
You better watch your back, nigga, kill me

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