

**Bruce Dickinson****"Scram"**

Visit "[Scram](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

yo, now its time  
I want everybody to listen  
Come on  
Cause when I get on the mic and do my thing  
You need to listen  
Reach out and feel this  
Check it out

[Verse 1]

Rockin is a state of mind for niggaz who really do it  
Leavin suckaz behind and cant move through it  
You cut a throat to do better than niggaz doing better  
But you can't cut the neck of the second letter  
U MP knucks rappers get swung like trucks  
Niggaz swearing that he nice when he really suck  
And yo ruck why do rappers say they thugs and  
gangstas  
When they halloween dress up nigga panty hose  
Acting like he hard with them new edition candy girl  
flow  
Im funky like george sir knows  
I'm real like tax time you try to escape  
I clamp down on your real estate and your fake estate  
That means everything rented borrowed stolen  
And anything you might be holdin  
I Come like ?? it us  
Under pressure buss it  
Philly soul reaching  
Bumpy heart touching  
Jazzy like jeff nigga I'm not a giraffe  
Im bumpy abdu jamal I clap you fast  
And be dead centre chest like the gold medallion  
That hangs around a neck on a old italian

[Chorus]

Scram kid your new to me you bother (that's right its  
bumpy knuckles)  
Cause I know you niggaz really aint thugs  
you trying to be hardcore but you really not  
I'll write your eulogy you bother me(that's right)

It'll be no help from family or friends  
nobody can really help you now

[Verse 2]

Here I am the real emcee  
Writing off sucka emcees like I'm dmc  
Little killers in the bm 3  
Follow one be in the black 600 with the one true v  
I'm in V12 but wherever I dwell  
They bust for me in heaven they bust for me from hell  
Cause I'm still hot any rapper I fear not  
I give it to you raw like my pops was gil scott  
Mama was jill scott  
Humming melodies  
My head on her chest feeling the bass in her breast  
Time nor space exists for the man  
That knows the eternal  
Don't make me return you  
You can pull it out  
Wave it no doubt  
But before you bust it off  
Heres one to think about  
Come to bumpy get your heart tested  
If you pass you'll be passing out  
I'm blasting in and I'm blasting out

[Chorus]

Scram kid your new to me you bother me (that's right)  
Cause I know yall niggaz really aint thugs  
you trying to be hardcore but you're not (your not)  
I'll write your eulogy you bother me  
It'll be no help from family or friends  
nobody can really help you now (come on)

[Verse 3]

I'm more convinced now than on a part on my life  
That I'm a die with rhyming kids and a rhyming wife  
I'm a body every nigga that ever did me trife  
That's word to great grand grandma indian and her  
carving knife  
I'm power in its finest hour ask queen latifah  
Whose the hardest rap gangsta that she'll ever speak  
ta  
You better check my record  
Matter fact check my album industry shook down  
Niggaz is shook down  
Its time for revolution  
Cause I see booty its wax prostitution  
'Im the chairmen of busting niggaz with chairs  
Cracking niggaz heads open with heineken beers  
Most people see my shadow black and wide

But cant see my heart black with pride  
Cause you got a devil inside  
Plotting for the spot where the late great biggie reside  
I be a father like big chuck  
Raising my son and keep the enemy close  
And bust their gun  
I step to a few niggaz and made em all one  
With a 16 shot beretta that I call fun  
Music must reflect the time time reflect the music  
The shorty come correct if you next to use it  
From lil bow wow to lil zane  
I told lista kane brother little daddy shane  
I always spit a nigga name  
And hope to god he answer then I get all in his body  
Like a nasty cancer  
I take honour and take pride in the mic and I fight for it  
Like it was a civil rights baby

[Chorus 2x]

Scram kid your new to me you bother (bumpy knuckles)  
Cause I know yall niggaz really aint thugs  
you trying to be hardcore but you really not (not baby)  
I'll write your eulogy you bother me  
It'll be no help from family or friends nobody can really  
help you now

Scram kid your new to me you bother  
Cause I know you niggaz really aint thugs  
you trying to be hardcore but you really not (your not)  
I'll write your eulogy you bother me  
It'll be no help from family or friends nobody can really  
help you now

Lets go

Visit [Bruce Dickinson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.