

Bumpy Knuckles

"24 Hrs."

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Intro:

It is no longer 1999...
And I live in a world of one track minds...
Where the industry feeds us fashion design...
That creates MCs that cannot rhyme...
For ten years I waited to make my move...
Now we'll see who'll win, and who'll lose...
And if I had to state my word...
Say this'll probably be the realest shit you ever heard...
I been watching, from afar...
I know where you live, I know who you are...
Redemption is my only scar...
And so my heart bleeds dark, like tar...
So I treat my friends today like they'll be enemies
tomorrow...
So when they die, I'll have no sorrow...
Just remember those you decide to cross...
'cause if your door gets knocked on you get knocked
off

Verse:

Who's that six foot bald nigga from New York
With the gangsta walk, the gangsta talk
Thrillin to find 'em and kill 'em
I'm wildin', I'm illin
I don't give a fuck about you, and that's my feelin
I'm in a brand new house nigga chillin
With shoeboxes of hundred dollar bills nigga spillin
Trainin the baddest bitch, givin her the drillin
While you hangin in The Tunnel know you pussy ice
grillin
Man bein a bitch must really be fuffillin
'cause alotta niggas happy bein soft just chillin
Scenario, gun in your mouth run the platinum watch
with the cuban link
Bracelet and the matching necklace
And I'm too shiny V Vs glowin in your ear
New gun, new jewels, new album new year
Niggas think they bigger than the game
I got news for you *Willy*, let's take it back to Philly
So you can find your roots, fuck braggin on your loot
Nigga you aint that hard

And a nigga can't spend no money layin in the
graveyard
Omigod, it really shocks you
This can't be the same motherfucker Freddie Foxxx
who
I really feel his lyrics, I love all his rhymes
I thought that we was cool, you think he's hard to find
I rip in dark posin alleys
As a kid got knowledge from the gods at the rally
I slip on the game like Ballies
And show ten hoes how to stack it up, get money, New
York to Cali

Where a nigga tried to play me like a sally
So I shot him in his new DeNali and drove him to the
valley
I pushed him out the car and let him scally
Fuck that nigga, tryin to play me like he bigger
In Japan I'm worth ten figures
American, open the door and let Derek in
I break my silence, after ten years of supressing my
violence
You was my man I gave you benjamins
Every time I pulled up and get you in the Benz again
We can never be friends again
You brought me tears when you took my right hand off
for seven long years
Now he's back and corrupt
Driving new GS 400s, new Jags, and new trucks
You should see the bad bitches that he fuck
While your girl look skinny like a smoked out Daffy
Duck
Niggas are real this aint N B HIGH
You niggas aint got no balls and won't die
I'm a certified killer, with *Stock in the Game*
Burn marks on my hands from the glocks with the
flame
Bumpy is my rap name, when I write rhymes I
hydroplane
And think about my nigga Kane
Alotta label motherfuckers'll be dead
You fuckin with my money is like fuckin with my head
Tryin to take my buttered bread
Niggas aint shit, so I'm down with you Kane
Any time realness, you ready feel this
I don't forget nothing, nothing at all
So Mr. Steve Rifkind, expect my call
Niggas owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect
Over fifteen dollars, I'll snap your fuckin neck
And don't pay me in no fuckin check
If you don't want me to teach the meaning of

disrespect
When I'm finished in this game, I'll be swimming in my
yard
Not at the radio station, looking for a job
Too many niggas feel me spittin on a record
To be broke and homeless, and outside naked
I represent the real grimy masses
Of thugged out gun slinging criminal asses
That shoot up your party and chill at mine
'cause they know I got love for real niggas, nine to nine
there's the mind
Just remember why you frontin like you more that 24
Hrs ahead
In 24 Hrs you'll be DEAD
You'll be DEAD

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