Bumpy Knuckles "P.A.I.N.E"

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[Intro]

Motherfucking soft-ass niggaz out here
Motherfucking soft-ass niggaz out here
"It's 'bout to be on" -> The Lah
That talk lot of shit "'bout to bust" -> The Lah
"Underground street nigga Bumpy came" -> The Lah

[Verse One]

Hail, come on, hail What you knocking in your tape-deck that's my property Unknown forces think they stopping me Here's some information; I'm god's child Meat, bones, blood an veins And I bust til I can't mix, mud and brains Someday I may be punished for the shit that I do So crack the gates of hell, I might slide through But I ain't staying I need to pay a visit to the man That took my baby brother from the palm of my hand I'm a menace to the public like too many B's Overcome by rappers who puff too many trees So I stand out like a white cop in Harlem With two rusty Armeans, that's what I call 'em I'm a giant in a field of mice With goretex and spikes giving R & B rap niggaz short life

You wanna dance with an underground Puffy Without niggaz around me that might wanna bust me Sometimes I'm like a white man don't trust me Sometimes I'm like a black man thinking like a white man

All you niggaz dis-gust me
Fuck who you are I don't care who you are
I'm the roundest nigga down here, square who you are
You want drama, you can get it!
scratch and Premier's down with it baby

[Chorus]

There's not a problem that I can't fix
All I need is my two four-fifths
And if you niggaz wantin trouble
I sure hold it double and I only aim straight for the brain

It's the Preem and Bumpy Bringin ya pain Bringin ya pain Bringin ya pain

[Verse Two]

It's the smackdown fuck the rock an all that I smack niggaz down who think they all that All you rap niggaz cat fightin, just wanna be seen In the magazines, lip twistin lookin all mean I got a heart like mean Joe Green I run niggaz down and got paid for it, since sixteen I'm a addict b, this thug shit is like nicotine And I can't stop smoking, I can't stop smoking

I'm like Rakim with muscles, No Jokin
If niggaz try to disrespect my melody Im gunnin for the
felony

There's a whole lot of questions that really need answers

Like; Who the fuck told you that your rhymestyle was hot!?

You know when Biggie died? Who bust that shot? Why is Sammy the Bull still living and where the fuck is Pac?

It's a raprace niggaz don't wanna see me rich
Catch twenty-two niggaz don't wanna see me flip
Cause I'm Billy Danze, Billy gram, Lil' Fame
Jesse James, Madison Indama, I love black bitches
I'm a night time nigga, day riches
I won't even call a wolves for you niggaz
I bring gang bitches it's like ordering take-out
You know you gon' get it
scratch and Premier's down with it baby!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

If i die today tomorrow I got no regrets
I'm like the cigarette before cancer - hard to forget!
I'm start to the finish I don't like reason
Cause niggaz don't negotiate it's all about thieving
Time proving that I ain't leaving until Im done
Put my last mic in my casket and then Im one
Raps arithmatic while like scar back in '86
Rush it for the gods, bust it for the gods
You better get your camera out flip the moving ural
That don't carry one gun, I do that shit in plural
Yo Preem them niggaz think that I was a fake now
After the Shakedown still ain't catch no drama
When Pedgie had beef I passed the lama

And told my nigga how if it get thick im there like mama

Sunshine and rain, good time and pain
Like a too tight cartier watch Diamond Frame
Duke signed his name got caught up in his lyrics
Now he's Ray Charles bustin his gun, blind in aim
I'm the black bently azure with the bullet proof doors
With the two overhead cams peddle to the floor
I'm never satisfied i want more
Like a 350 pound nigga on an aeroplane, I want more!
scratch
"It's 'bout to be on"

[Chorus](2x)

scratch

"It's 'bout to be on"

You want beef you can get it And Premier's down with it baby!

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