

Bumpy Knuckles **"R.N.S."**

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It's time for this real nigga shit
Bumpy Knucks, ha, hah hah
Niggaz can't see I
Fr-Fre-Fre, Freddie Foxxx with the twin millis
Ha, hah, hah
Bu-Bu, Buh, Bu, Bu, Bumpy Knucks
Niggas can't see I
It's time for this real nigga shit

When I was small I made pause tapes for "Super Sperm"
Rappin' in high school, drinkin' forties, smokin' sherm
Listen to Cold Crush and Grandmaster Caz spittin'
Gettin' somethin' in that niggaz ain't now gettin', feel me

Remember everybody wanted to be peace, god, divine
Real niggaz kept they attributes right through '99
Peace to the god Taheem, watching over me
White chariots and horses get me over rough courses

While I silence those voices that doubted my ability
To rip through these young ass niggaz
When I walk into the lyricist lounge, lyricists lounge
'Cause niggaz know that Bumpy Knucks'll tear this mutha down

'Cause the rawest most illest shit make up my sound
That's why I stay gettin' money like them niggaz uptown
I'm in your face nigga, whassup now?
Fuck all that peace makin' bullshit

I heard you spit you like to pull shit
That's all bullshit, you keep your nine on some full shit
You say you bust it, that's bullshit
You know the illest MC that ever did it

The rawest nigga that ever chewed up rhymes and spit it
In the new millennium cities, watch what I do
I'm bout to save hip hop like Ghost did the Wu, come on

For the DJ's, the rappers, the writers, the breakers
The movers, the shakers, the beat, the makers
What's stronger than hip hop? Niggaz they can't take
us
If we deal with the real and shut down the fakers

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I'm proud to be a black man in my existence, so fuck
the Klan
I ain't blinded by your jewels and your million dollar
checks
I'm always ready for whatever's next
My road in life ain't easy 'cause I'm complex

You know the real, nigga turnin' these fake hard niggaz
to grasshoppers
'Cause f'real here comes the realest, when I cock the
manstoppers
I remember talkin' to Big Poppa, he said, "Foxxx, you
the illest"
Uh, I make the realest nigga feel it

Got a little mob of niggaz I send to rob niggaz
Take all that fly jewelry and give it to my moms
I keep the industry up in arms like Zack La Roche
'Cause they hate to see me comin' with this too black
approach

Through the hardest time in hip hop, I stayed afloat
So let me give the media some fly shit to quote
I'ma always be a nigga, lookin' through your eyes
So nothin' that you do to me should come as no
surprise

I continue bein' raw dog, puttin' in work
I drown a bitch and get away, like my name was
Captain Kirk
Motherfuckers wanna hear it raw, Bumpy make it hurt
Step on stage, rip the whole shit down and merc'

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What fucked you up is that I'm so nice and don't
rehearse
On any record I'm the king of the third verse
It's strictly business, if it's personal I let you know
I hold your heart until the Lord tell me let you go

Don't need advice from no corny ass A and R
That never filled a milk crate with break beats
I keep it raw nigga straight street
To my comrades in L.A., L.A., L.A.
I still got the bulletproof pelle, pelle, pelle

Keep the music underground as I reiterate twice
Tell niggaz to they face, I thought you wasn't nice
Kick my ass? Nah, not likely, out mic me? Not likely
Stay on the sidelines like Spike Lee

Niggas know Bumpy like to flow all out
Microphone, gun in hands nigga, go all out
No exceptions to females I ride 'em giddy up
How bad I wanna fuck Brat since she pushed them
titties up

It's the underground sound that designs the street
Freddie Foxxx designed the rhyme, Premier designed
the beat

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