

## **Bumpy Knuckles "Searchin'"**

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As a child I felt lonely and helpless  
Low cash from a neighborhood wealth less  
I'll stick a wino and rob him for his last penny  
Happy days around my way we didn't find many

Momma said that I was outta line talkin' smack  
Extension cords to this young nigga's black back  
A juvenile, thirteen, now I'm locked up  
Scared to cry, I don't wanna get fucked up

Fifty push ups, a strain on my young chest  
I paint the pictures that I pose for a sleeveless  
I see my momma only supervised when she cry  
She said my baby brother's comin' he ain't far behind

Somebody tell me how I ended up like this  
I wait for God to give me strength, I'm a fight this  
I refuse to bend down 'cuz I'm young and wild  
Do or die that's this young nigga's rough style  
They'll never find me

Searchin' to find me, searchin' to find me, yeah  
Searchin' to find me, my soul will be free before they  
find me

I hit the street full grown, momma's gone now  
Had a heart attack I'm living on my own now  
My black boots and my state green all I own  
And a burning desire for a microphone

I see my little man Tiah bless me wit a burner  
Any coincidence I'm feeling like Nat Turner  
Twenty stick ups in thirty days they see me comin'  
Everybody on the block duck and start runnin'

A old lady told me baby boy calm down  
But like in Vietnam war I got to bomb now  
My cash was up a little somethin', somethin', takin'  
shake  
I blasted reddie at the weed gate and took his papas

'Cuz I done came a long way in a short time

And I'm willing to die tryin' to get mine  
A lotta niggas think I'm cool wit 'em, guess what?  
Them niggas in for a shock 'cuz I'm fucked up  
You'll never find me

Searchin' to find me, searchin' to find me, yeah  
Searchin' to find me, you'll never, never, ever find me

I got a little crew now I'm selling weight  
White Mickeyed out navigator, tight straight  
I got the butter soft seats watch a video  
Stag a lee, everybody in the city knows

I make my rounds and I'm checkin' how my work's  
moving  
Shit is picking up nice, life is improving  
I got the baddest bird in Brooklyn, she six months  
She keep a eye on my whole house, my youngsters

I got my honey on the side she don't know about  
I'm on my way to see her now, I'm a blow her out  
I pull up to see her standin' in the door waitin'  
Shorty fine like a porn star masturbating

She said, "Daddy are you hungry, would you like to eat  
Would you let me rub your back, can I kiss your feet?"  
I told her, "Baby make the bed 'cuz I need rest"  
She sucked me down until I fell asleep, God bless

I see my momma with my eyes closed, kinda strange  
Time to wake up and touch something, outta range  
White clouds with the softness I hear the music  
What the hell is going on here I'm 'bout to lose it

Momma why you talking to me like you right here?  
She said, "Son you outta focus now, come clear"  
She said, "Your life'll be a milestone for everyone  
Because your layin' in the bed that you made son"  
Look how they found me

Searchin' to find me, searchin' to find me, yeah  
Searchin' to find me, my soul will be free before they  
find me

Searchin' to find me, searchin' to find me, yeah  
Searchin' to find me, you'll never, never, never, ever  
find me

Searchin' to find me, searchin' to find me, yeah  
Searchin' to find me, my soul will be free before you  
find me

Searchin' yeah, searchin' yeah  
Searchin', searchin', searchin', searchin'  
Searchin' yeah, searchin' yeah  
Searchin', searchin', searchin', searchin'  
Searchin', searchin'

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