

## **J.R. Writer**

### **"Riot Pump"**

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Uh, riot pump, riot pump  
Uh, riot pump  
Uh, let's get this shit crackin' man  
Yo

Verse 1:

This that gun in the spine (spine)  
This that one of a kind (kind)  
This that get out the way, straight to the front of the  
line  
If they front on the line, then pull the bouncer aside  
(come here)  
Tell him to be happy he's even around or alive (be  
happy)  
Like "Look pal, you decide, you get me up in for sure"  
(What)  
Or listen, 10 minutes I'll be bumrushin' the door (Move)  
He won't front anymore, get in pass wit' a frown  
Like you bastards is clowns, know you ain't pattin' me  
down  
Shit, look here, I'm a star (star)  
I don't care who you are  
Push your way through, move, tear up the bar (Get out  
my way)  
Snatch a bottle, crack and gargle, mack a model  
Tell the bartender you're dead, that's how I do  
Then grab on a slut, ask her to smut  
Put alcohol on her like a barber after a cut  
Yup (Yup)  
No smoke then inhale the smoke 'til you choke  
Walk through the VIP, knock down the velvet rope  
Foreman the place, your dog is a 8  
To plex the pest, and A-Town Stomp wit' his face, holla

Hook:

Clap ya thing, act insane, riot pump  
Snatch a chain, slap a dame, riot pump  
This that time for crunk, try to punk  
How you want, body slumped by the dump  
Let me see you riot pump  
(Repeat)

Verse 2:

Listen dog, I'm a vet' (vet')  
Show the boss some respect  
If you glittering nigga (what)  
Then it's off wit' ya neck (come here)  
I'm a boss on the Set  
That'll let off with the Tech  
Pushes that soft off of some steps  
Better yet, torture to death (Whoa)  
Punk even try it, slugs'll get fired  
Dump on the chump and make his car slump to the tire  
(tires)  
The whole jumper get quiet  
Fire once, fuck a riot pump dog  
I'ma bring the pump to the riot (Bang)  
Porsche skip through, toss missiles  
Bring the war to the war  
For through your gore  
Smell what the door sizzle  
You're soft tissue  
You don't know what it feels for a cop to horse-kick you  
Straight up toss, flip you  
Mace in your face, left when the shotty ring  
Spray up the place, left in a body sling  
Laced up in lace, yes, with some body string  
Leave you facin' ya face messed up like Rodney King's

Hook

Verse 3:

Yo, is it a game, nope (nope)  
We got aim scopes (scopes)  
The last head frontin' with bread became toast  
We run right into clubs, snub under the raincoat  
Shoot a cat for his chain and call it chain-smoke  
Fuck with J you gon' pay  
Make the stray hit the spray  
You will stay where you stay  
Ay you'll lay where you may  
With the A to the K, run in a DJ booth  
You gon' play what you play  
No, you gon' play what I say  
Play, or fine, get that gun, it's fine  
I'll bet he stop and play Stop-N-Go 100 times  
Not the talkin' type, I done been all my life  
So after rap, scrap, let's see you start a fight  
Got guns, go get 'em, got sons, go get 'em  
Chump, if ya mans wanna run, go wit' him  
Cuz if I don't let the gun blow hit 'em (What)  
I'ma throw his ass in a mud hole and stomp a mudhole

in him, holla

Hook

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