

Joe Dassin

"Bump the Real"

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[Royal T]

Motherfucking chronic

Sticky icky

Homeboy

You want some money?

Motherfucker, you're fucking up my high

[Frank V]

Who's coming with that gang shit, that boogie bang
shit

If you're an enemy, you can't hang bitch

We're coming with that gangster shit you can trust

Cuz can't nobody drop the shit like us

We never fake, we just take your spot, set up shop

Get rich then we ditch, I mean shake the spot

And it's still popping and we ain't stopping dropping

Hits, to piss off the haters that keep flopping

Some of these fools today are just wack

They look hard, but when you hear the shit you wanna
take it back

You need to put your money on us

Cuz either with the rap or cap I ain't afraid to bust

And if you ask me that's what gangster's about

You doubt me, then homey you can call me out

We'll get em up in a minute, knock your ass out quick

Now tell your bitch to come here and make her suck
this dick

[Chorus x2: Yogi]

Twelve gauge ammo popping, Chevrolet mobbing

Shot gun baby put you to limits

If you should see me say "What's up homes, orale"

Babydoll Q-Vole, bump the real suvale

[Yogi]

I used to stroll down the block, sandals and pulled up
socks

Bitches on the jock with the twenty two glock

I heard you got caught, I wasn't really shocked

I know I haven't wrote but I miss you a lot

Visit your baby's mama, your son and your daughter

Everytime I see your moms her eyes start to water
They wanna break you off, twenty five with an L
It's a trip it seems like we're all in jail
When you got locked up and shit got dramatic
And blew up when you called me and told me you
turned Catholic
And I'm still down with you, hope you beat your case
Can't wait to see your face on your release date
Believe me I haven't forgot about you
Matter of fact the other day my moms asked me about
you
I told her you were doing fine, she says that she's
praying for you
I gotta go, I couldn't finish saying what I'm saying

[Chorus x2]

[OG Spanish Fly]
OG Spanish Fly aka the Maniac
Got the chronic sack, smoking and choking till my eyes
come back
I see some haters around, they're rolling up in the town
Rocks getting thrown by the pound cuz we ain't fucking
around
Now it's official, my life is legit
You wanna bump my shit, turn it up and take a hit
Now let's ride, slide, skipdy dip
It's Low Profile in this aÃ±o, my heat goes click

[Mr. Sancho]
Blue Chevrolet mobbing, neighborhood swabbing
Roll up the windows cuz we just hot-boxing
Four inch blade put away in my pocket
Some fools try to act brave so I pop it
Kick knowledge to some top notch hoes
Forget college cuz my pockets swoll
But I gotta keep the income coming cuz these puto's
running
Cuz the game will never stop till I'm surrounded by
hundreds

[Chorus x2]

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