Kool Keith "Keith N Bumpy"

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See, you play around too fuckin' much (How many people you got hurt?)
You ain't learned your lesson yet
(You ain't learned your fuckin' lesson)

You still playin' and fuckin' around That's all you doin, you playin' fuckin' around Youse a little, bitch

Youse a bitch ass nigga, smack your fuckin' skullies off You niggaz ain't learned a fuckin' lesson yet? Count your blessing yet, publicity got you mixed up And Keith's fucked your whole million dollar aura

Clean cut or thugged out, I don't give a fuck Niggaz with that champagne shit Fuckin' with me, you'll earn a job in the cleaners Givin' motherfuckers a permanent crease

We don't do Entertainment Tonight, Rosie O'Donnell Piss on niggaz like you and take your video models Straight to Church's Chicken, and fuckin' McDonald's Fuck all you glamorized faggot niggaz

Y'all on some real hardcore, maggot niggaz Catch you in the gridlock in New York City traffic Hit you in the face with a rock tied up in a fuckin' sock Tell the cops, I'll chase you with a mac-10

Follow your Range Rover with stockin' caps
For seventy-eight more fuckin' blocks
Watch ambulances and paramedics take off your
paragon down
Remove your fuckin' mop, take your body pieces

In a fucked up van to a Mexican chop shop Fuck a bitch-ass bodyguard, bunch of niggaz squealin' Cancel your important meetings, we can do this Broad daylight, just me and you in a fuckin' Jamaican restaurant

"Who da fuck ya tink you are mon, what ya fuckin doin?

You don't know the fuck I am", load three four five clips Fuckin' magazines, I'll show you the fuckin' bomb Ya blood clot, catch you niggaz in Quadrasonic or Sony

Platinum Sounds, who is it Bill?
Who's fuckin' around with Crazy Tony?
All that bullshit, walkin' around with - hard packs
You motherfuckers carryin' backpacks
That's right, with your hooded parkas
You motherfuckers suck dick and you're phony

Y'all do y'all shit in the studio We bring our shit to your face Y'all do y'all shit in the studio We bring our shit to your face

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My mental is sinister, I run shit like a prime minister You still breathin' motherfucker? But now it's time to finish ya

Blood sport, I heard you on life support But I'ma make sure that you don't take the witness stand in court

Afternoon, I'ma creep up in your room, past the goon 'Fore you [unverified] ba-boom, and I'm sendin' yo' ass to the moon

Another motherfucker bite the dust from the lust To live plush, and he died quick from the rush

Now I'm Southbound, fuck the 6, take the Greyhound Any cat cross the line can't hide it's goin down I got connects with tecs and white boats and jets Think I'm playin' motherfucker? Let me know who next

Silence and not loud, pick you off in the crowd Now your shorty growin' up in the world as a fatherless child

Everybody choose the fuckin' way that they wanna play Just remember one fuckin' day that that ass gotta pay

'Cause fuckin' with my gravy is like rapin' my little baby And you still wouldn't be safe if you joined the fuckin' navy

You must be crazy, thinkin' yo' ass can get Swayze But the only fuckin' thing you gon' be doin is pushin' up daisies And it won't faze me, 'cause real gangsters raised me Ghetto diamonds praised me and thugs slug just craze me

I know it sounds strange, but it's part of the game I control bitches brains, when they suckin' on my sugar cane

My fame came before money you fuckin' dummy Bitches callin' me, Bumpy while my dick is in they tummy

But if you cross the line, you won't be able to find They motherfuckin' head, they limbs or they spine

So all you bitch motherfuckers better respect mine If you plan on bein' here to see the fuckin' sunshine (Blaow)

Blaow, with one in your spine Keith 'n' Bumpy' put one in your spine

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