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Kottonmouth Kings "Bump"

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Creep creep, I'm on the creep creep for the kind bud O.C. late night, rollin' in the V-Dub Sick of scrapin' resin so I'm lookin' for a sack All I learn, I'll head for burn BSO's got my back

Better rip that shit, rip it Yeah, this is that 1605 shit The real Huntington Beach backyard fuckin' garage style

Bump, Bump, Bump That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk Said Bump, Bump, Bump We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck

Well I'm that pig that the bitches talk about Saint's what they shout, you got all the clout A day in the life of a Kottonmouth King 1605... (fool pass me the bing) Now the stereo is off, I sway, push play You hear Humble Gods from a mile away All the heads are bobbin' cause the bass is bumpin' D-Loc is mumblin'... (I gotta little somethin) Well then he passed me a Hornet and I took a sip Sparked up a bowl and I took a rip, trip Came to a halt at an intersection Turned up the music at my discretion D-Loc in the back saying, "What do I see? A jeep full of freaks just staring at me." D-Loc was right they was in the Range Rover Looked over my shoulder, I pulled 'em all over They got out of the car and stepped to my side I said "Hello ladies let's take a ride" I'm Saint Dog, that's D-Loc the man Daddy X is the one that's driving the van So climb on in and don't be shy We're gonna close the doors and let the games be fly Once again I said it my name's S-T It's just another day of a P-T-B

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Saint Dog putting down for the suburban pride...

And I was livin' my life on the 9 to 5 Up early in the morning trying to survive A chump change, it's a shame with no education No inspiration, no destination But now my occupation is to do what I like Keep the crowd moving and rock the mic 'cause if I don't rock it then another sucker will And if you don't jock it then I can't pay the bill Trip Daddy X threw me out on stage (Hey!) Said Saint represent for the under age Same damn year, my face is up in rays

Got that ring in my nose labeled 16 gauge

Nah, Saint Dog, I hunt ducks with a 12 gauge And when I'm on the stage, yes I get get real blazed Get me on the court my skills will put you in amaze T-T-T-Tickin a twine all day

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Said Bump, Bump, Bump, That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk Said Bump, Bump, Bump We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck

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D-Loc's on the pipe rip rip's it up!

It's the unpolitical, psychoanalytical Undefeated champ that will stick you fool My style is crazy not wooka waaka lazy If you chill with me I'll be sure to... (blaze thee) Plant you in the ground let you drift like a daisy

That shits in my system makes my life kinda hazy My momma, my poppa I think I should tell them The j got to my head, it fucked up my cerebellum It's about time to compute your math 'cause my beats keep bumpin' like a seismograph See I've tripped before but never like this Straight to my mind put my brain on a bliss I won't fake the funk when I smokin' on da skunk That 40 bowl evil get my pink eye drunk And like Mickey Mantle, I can switch my stance I'm a supercharged baller that's electrically enhanced My flows are silky soft... like I write and my lesson And now a lyricist, poetry in motion To each and to each I cause a commotion Cops smellin' money takin' off with my portion Farewell to all and to all good night I'll leave ya these ????? out all night.. Wait, Wait, Wait you said ????? that shit will suck you up Get off the ????? and rock the bump Bump, bump, bump,

Bump, bump, bump, That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk Said bump, bump, bump We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck! Biatch!

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