

LL Cool J "Bump This"

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(feat. 50 Cent, Hot Rod, Lloyd Banks)

[Intro: LL Cool J (50 Cent)]

Queens!!!! (G-G-G-G-G Mix! G-G-G-G Remix! It's

the Unit!!!)

T-T-T Todd Smith!! LL!!

[Chorus: LL Cool J (50 Cent)]

Now when you see me in the club (You can bump this)

You ballin out doin it up (You can bump this)

The champagne won't buss (You can bump this)

You wanna do it like us (You can bump this)

Now mama after my show, come on and let's roll

I got places to go, and money to blow

I got the shorty so I just keep it on the low

Shhhhhh!!!!!!!! I said keep it on the low

[Verse 1: LL Cool J]

You better check your broad her nips get hard when they play this

Just like a can of peaches in her draws whan I say this

I got the recipe I'll leave your bird marinatin

Now you want beef cause her onion just keep shakin

My six pack alone cause grief, cats hatin

But I'm still in the Oldsmobile sittin on Dayton's

Still keep the fiber optic trunk vibratin

Packed in the club like sardines the youg things is

faintin

Fillin the dancefloor like a carpenter

That's why I keep greener thumbs than a gardener

Serious with my pimpin I'm a monster bruh

When I spit they kneel down like larsengers

Now mama after my show you wanna guzzle twurve oh

in the Range

Rove

Skins is like rims you gotta spin 'em on the low hit the

big bumps slow

And most of the time they ain't worth the dough

[Chorus: LL Cool J (50 Cent)]

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You ballin out doin it up (You can bump this)
The champagne won't buss (You can bump this)
You wanna do it like us (You can bump this)
Now mama after my show, come on and let's roll
I got places to go, and money to blow
I got the shorty so I just keep it on the low
Shhhhhh!!!!!!!!!! I said keep it on the low

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

Hey! You love it when it sounds like this That's why the club crowded better find you a bitch She heard my name and she shouted this is me and my fifth

And we both bout it bout it in a brand new six, with a smoke cloud

around it

Near the square anywhere, no sneakers on the rug And my system knockin, like the speakers in the club Look ma, drop the lame and spend a weekend with a thug

I'll have you back at the cuzzi geekin of the bud
When I come through I come through sparklin
Six car garage in you in the apartment, and starvin
I walk and talk, like I was raised around macks
New York native, there's a razor in the hat
Smooth as Fillmore Slim with gators on the track
I hit 'em, quit 'em, and dish 'em off like that
I'm a bring her all of the jewelry cause I don't play the
back

And give less to spray now or later on the lac

[Chorus: LL Cool J (50 Cent)]

[Verse 3: Hot Rod]

Man I'm poppin my collar, if you drop that ass
And I'm droppin them dollars, you hopin on that cash
I'm on that catwalk shorty make that ass drop
Bottom like a apple won't you come sit on my laptop
You know you love it mama won't you make that ass
pop

The Unit drop hot shit Welcome To Jamrock Man you know my cash hot I got a stash box Bar hog legal money no need to pass rocks
Turn it up and then bump it in yo' hood
You see me with yo' bitch then I'm up to no good
You wanna come to the team you knowin that you should

Cause we hangin up them placks and you hangin up yo' wood

My roof stay on whenever I cruise up in that two door Bent

With a chick and we Couped up Now get ya money up homey you a loser Sittin on them eighteens nigga pull yo' shoes up

[Outro: 50 Cent] You can bump this, you can bump this, you can bump this, you can

bump this

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