

## Sadat X

# "The Lump Lump"

Visit "[The Lump Lump](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One:

People often see me in jams and be thinkin I'm high  
No that just be my lazy eye  
What's your reply to the evidence against you  
Your girlfriend found one hand just one loan credit  
Exclaimed you was fuckin you claim downtown  
where Fred can beat that win that quick nigga wins the  
ballgames  
Tailwind nose is a must on any con any truck  
When riding on luck you catch an empty  
Riding on the wave is real good, suave bola  
You be playin the low low, while your girlfriend be like,  
"Oh no!"  
I seen it with my own eyes and I know that it was him  
Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned  
Episodes of Free Willy bring strife in your life  
You can flip and use the gift of gab, but don't waver  
If you love your girlfriend, then you better save her  
Cause the next man is eager, to run up in yours  
Be in her drawers, put your girl on her fours  
Sometime's the girls game's tighter than a sloppy ass  
nigga  
I got my girl locked down hey that's the truth nigga  
She gone away for the weekend, man she right uptown  
Runnin around with my man Boogie Brown  
I keep your arms in the air, your feet on the floor  
While you're over there frontin with these kids  
your girl's givin jaw

Chorus:

I been doin my own thing (2X)

Verse Two:

Oh you got your own dough, from where I don't know  
You hold degrees from two universities  
Girl you're worth cheese in the nine-seis  
Sadat owns apartment keys, is it Alize for Dolo  
You got a mind on top of that spine plus the lump lump

Highly educated and highly motivated  
Workin girl skirt tight love to hurt  
What to exert, I break your next man's pocket  
Smell of freak fragrant, unlike the vagrant  
You can pay the rent always, and don't be gettin  
hallways  
In the bed girlie and at work by nine  
Put on the work force ridin on a iron horse  
Bring it home to dad, the one piece cause I'm here  
Workout baby doll and keep yo' career  
No chiggedy, no diggedy, not you  
Glad that I got you, when I did  
Cause you was runnin wild with this out of style kid, no  
class  
Light in the ass, white enough to pass  
Shotproof glass for the midnight mass

Chorus

Verse Three:

I have seen this chick at the bar, furiously she was  
searchin  
She want to wet her whistle with the glass of bubbly  
She want the Willie Dom not the cheap sherry  
Tryin to front with the outfit that's goin back tomorrow  
Now she's makin me dream, if she played to force it  
Dom she want to toss it, back in that  
Jet when the bottle's gone and that's a fact  
Give you the wrong number knowin it's the wrong  
number  
Front on a nigga never that, not I  
If you see me at the bar it's dry throat  
because I'm keepin these hoes dry  
Hey lookie there there's Harlem Slim!  
Lookin at me, but then you're walkin with him  
I be a little old for them young girl games  
I know a lot of tricks but I ain't namin no names  
One burnt my man, left his beef in flames  
Actin ill wild like the untamed dames  
Just came to mingle where I flowed the river Thames  
When I was young in the clubs they played Cool James  
Get rich without jail, is one of my aims  
You remember Good Times, with courderoy jeans

Chorus (repeat 2.5X)

Visit [Sadat X](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

