

Tru Fam "Pump Ya Brakes"

Visit "[Pump Ya Brakes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Hook)

Lames who talking u betta pump ya brakes
When I walk in the club
Her eyez on me you know they gone hate
Ballin like its our birthday see we about that cake
Something we want we gone take
So u better pump ya brakes

Chicks who talking
Pump ya brakes
I walk in the club
His eyez on me u know they gone hate
Ballin like its our birthday see we about that cake
Something we want we take
So u betta pump ya brakes

[Verse 1]

Pump your brakes throw some gas on it
It don't make sense if you can't throw some
Cash on it
Oh
I will embarrass you
Why
Yea they mad at you
Cause our whole team flyer than a parachute
TF gets around man
Rock n roll like a loud band
So much sales they can't even keep up on soundscan
Pump ya brakes don't even know you fools
Half of your times is overdue
Cause our team fire more shots than a photo shoot
We on like the cameras
Foreign chicks pamper us
Just like fergie our life couldn't be more glamorous
Getting cream like breyers
From da east enough ciphers
We jump on bikes
Pump brakes like da rough riders
We ain't gone walk it out
We ain't gone talk it out
My dudes clap birds that we call hawk it out
Comes to money know we down

Like rims go round n round
With tha best of dem in dis game we go pound for
pound

(Hook)
Ne Ne Red

[Verse 2]

(Hook)

(Bridge)
Let's Go
Pump ya brakes don't press the gas homie
Pump ya brakes don't press the gas homie
[*5 times]
[Fade Out]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.