Stone Sour "Keith N Bumpy"

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[Kool Keith]

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'Donn-ell Piss on niggaz like you and take your video models straight to Church's Chicken, and fuckin McDonald's Fuck all you glamourized 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 restertaunt

"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 bloodclot, 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

[repeat 4X]

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

['Bumpy']

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 (??) 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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