

Boo-Yaa TRIBE

"Riot Pump"

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[Ganxsta R?dd]

So how you figure we gon' pump this crowd up,
homeboy?

Just pass me the riot pump

I'll pump this crowd up

Everybody step back

A riot pump, y'all

Pump it up, y'all

A pump it up, y'all

A riot pump, y'all

Pump it up, y'all

The riot pump, y'all

Pump, pump, pump, pump me up

[*simultaneously with the Trouble Funk sample*]

(Pump, pump, pump, pump me up)

[VERSE 1: Ganxsta R?dd]

Quick like a reflex, written like a schooltext

O.M.B., slap the bass, Rosco, bust the flex

All you posses, come on and give it up

T.R.I.B.E. rollin' ???? you know what's up

Put down the pencil, pick up a pistol

You turn around again, we won't miss you

The m-i-c to the T.R.I.B.E.

Is a gat to a sucker MC

Close range, got the aim

And you're to blame

And to your syndicate*, nothin' changed, you're still the
same

This bassline's kickin' up real dust

You down with it, you gonna have to get with us

Livin' a life of a villain

You keep buyin', we keep sellin'

Time for you to surrender, it's just a character

Don't try to run, we'll hunt you like a predator

Prey like a vulture, you make a Boo-Yaa sculpture

Did you know we're doin' it for the culture?

Down from the big brown Boo-Yaa town

Forget the ounce, instead try to slap a pound

(* not sure if this is a Rhyme Syndicate dis)

Pump, y'all
A riot pump, y'all
Riot pump, y'all
Pump it up, y'all
A riot pump, y'all
Pump it up, y'all
Pass me my riot pump
(Pump, pump, pump, pump me up)--> Trouble Funk

Can anyone feel the fuckin funk?
This one goes out to all you busters

[VERSE 2: Gaxsta R?dd]
187 to the posse, a Boo-Yaa logo
Y'all already know (that's when it's loco)
Kickin up dust, let the dust remain
Turn up that bass, that's the crowd's main thing
Bass - that ultimate choice
Sprayin MC's by the shot of my voice
Posses claim old school and new school
But like a criminal I used to ditch school
That's why you will always be reminded
???? Boo-Yaa, we're criminal minded
Step back, hah, get ready
(To all you posses) 187 with machetes
Unload like a .44, I got soul
Comin like Geronimo
??????? Alamo
Caged like a criminal
And I know from the frontdo'
Busta, let me go, I'm finna tell the Roscoe
Pump the pusher, I'm the criminal
(To all you posses) 187 from a limo (limo, limo, limo)
They say we're gangsters, so let the stage be the
streets
Our drive-by's ?????? I took the posse with me
Renegades with braids finna unload the guage
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., Boo-Yaa stage

Riot pump, y'all
Pump it up, y'all
A pump it up, y'all
A pump it up, a pump it up, a pump it up, y'all
Riot pump, y'all
Pump it up, y'all
Tell em
(Pump, pump, pump, pump me up)--> Trouble Funk

This is that time
When Ridd loads up another clip

[VERSE 3: Ganxsta R?dd]
I said I was loced to that posse I smoked
I told a riddle, they thought it was a new joke
Rap fiend, I'm a killin machine
It's Ganxsta R?dd cuttin like a guillotine
It's a passion being a assassin
They think we're gangsters, it's just a fashion
Forget the news, cause there's nothin excitin
It's our time, Boo-Yaa's ridin
(Boo-Yaa, Boo-Yaa hoo-ridin)
(Boo-Yaa, Boo-Yaa hoo-ridin)
(Boo-Yaa, Boo-Yaa hoo-ridin)
Pass me the remote
Turn to Godzilla, pass me the Miller
Now you know we some posse killers
The baby gangsta comin for the kingpin
It's a contract set from the state pen
The baby gangster, I'm the executioner
And everybody say (????)
No, cause I know it's your last show
Rush it then, I'm only out on a furlough
Time is money, and money is time
I see I left you scared to stand behind me
Frontline, stand all position
Brown Berets, we're on a mission
On a mission to the t-o-p
And I'm down with T.R.I.B.E.
The remains of material in this rhyme
Is a word for man, a shock for mankind
We have risen above trivial insult
But surprised by the unexpected results
That's why you be what you wanna be
I'm killin MC's, 187 to your posse
You get the riddle? I ain't no joke
Pass me my riot pump, we finna get loc'ed

And when we do this, we want everybody to clap your
hands

A riot pump, y'all
A Pump it up, y'all
A pump it up, a pump it up, a pump it up, y'all
Riot pump, y'all
A pump it up, y'all
Tell em
(Pump, pump, pump, pump me up)

EZ Mike with it, homeboys
The Gis
The Gis

TNT gettin funky
Let's roll
Come on

You want us to leave the gat in the back?

(Boo-Yaa's in the house)

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