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## Psychopathic Rydas "Dumpin'"

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Yeah muthafucka

You got the album

Now meet Bullet, Foe Foe, Cell Block, Full Clip

And I'm Lil' Shank

This Psychopathic Rydas muthafucka

Cut em all out when you bust this fall

Pop, pop, biggity bop

That be the sound

Low down with master hump, bump bump

Buckin with the master pump, dump dump

Jump, jump go to town with the Rydas on

Pump, pump go the bucket with a dawg of his own

At your funeral your dead but that ain't nothin

Best bet bad ass Bullet be dumpin'

From the East side out to the South West

Psychopathic Rydas puttin slugs in your chest

Bitch, don't anybody move heads down

You don't wanna see me clown, muthafucka

Psychopathic Rydas dumpin'

Psychopathic Rydas hey

Psychopathic Rydas dumpin'

Psychopathic Rydas hey

We doing drive-bys on freestyle bikes

I hit a wheely on a motorbus out on site

I give a fuck bitch

Talk shit and get clipped

Knock your fuckin teeth through your lip, yeah

Acting wild as fuck cause my jam came on

And you know thug niggas got to sing that song

I got 18 shots, and I won't miss once

All black trucks with the bumps

Shootin out the window

Every single time the wind blow

Blazing up another bag of endo

Foe Foe be the alias

Run up on your bitch ass so you're scared of us

Psychopathic Rydas dumpin'

Psychopathic Rydas hey

I'ma pull my trigger and peel your cap

My money runnin low and I need's my sack

Yo '64 is bumpin and I needs me a ride

Lean to the right lane and then I'll slide

Lay your ass out on the cold cement

Before I dumpin' that ass

I'ma scream I said see I'm a ryda

Oh see muthafuckas like me

We don't give a fuck

It's like what? what?

You wanna come steppin then I'll have to see ya

Leave you open and burnin like a case of gonnarhea

From some old dirty bitch that you was humpin

And pumpin like my gauge

Bitch ass we dumpin'

Psychopathic Rydas dumpin'

Psychopathic Rydas hey

Stick ya muthafuckin hands up

Gotta hear my cock close your eyes I'm finna dump

Coming out the register with all that green and

cheddar cheese

To bad you seen me nigga please

Move fast, bloody cash on the floor

Gotta, make my way to the fuckin door

Gotta, make my way to the hideout

Who done it?

Yeah they trying to find out

Now I'm on the street with my swerves

Cops, tryin to get me cause I'm on this swerve

But I'ma claim a muthafucka will never catch me

And if they come my direction they gonna catch these

Dumpin'

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