

8 Ball "Turn Up The Bump"

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(8Ball)

Yea...

Get drunk and throw your cups up and smoke.
It aint Bob Marley if you dont cough and choke.
All haters somewhere hatin cuz they mad and broke.
We had a whole club bouncin when they come to the show.
We get buck and crunk and don't fake the funk.
I dont pay for pussy, I dont hang with chumps.
I got verses and words no peas or birds.
My bitch still keep the 45 tucked in her purse.
I got leather and wood sittin on some big ass shoes you
not famous to the police, have your face on the news.
Handcuffed and fucked my broad crying and
screaming.
Unloyal ass niggas out here lyin and schemin.
Sent the bitches and henchman at the dough with them
pistols lay it down nigga you know why they came to
get you.
Get rich or die tryin, live by the iron, you could shoot
the sun down man im still gon shine.

Jump in my ride, turn up the bump, turn on my game
and burn up some blunts. Im a pimp for life I dont love
a hoe, I keep some heat tucked down in my pants fa
sho.

Jump in my ride, turn up the bump, turn on my game
and burn up some blunts.
Im a pimp for life I dont love a hoe, I keep some heat
tucked down in my pants fa sho.

(MJG)

A 300 is not a bentely, an apartment not a house, a
geneva not a rolex, you know what im talkin bout.
Dont you ever try to offer me your riches cars and
clothes or bitches for cash.
I'll whoop yo ass hoe.
Untalented ass nigga im not havin it, dont make me
pull a strap out this cabinet.
Im MJG so im more than a fantasy, you head strong girl
but ya heart could never handle me.
I aint no killa ass nigga but I keeps a gun.

I aint the pimpinest one but still sleep with nuns.
You niggas makin crazy money yea, So what?
Cuz round here we already made the dough nuts.
A picture of perfection, mawfuckas paint this.
Dont make me have to kick my foot up in ya anus.
I spit that pure, uncut, give it to ya real. That shit they
kill wit is nice as on suga hill.

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(8Ball)

The world love a gangsta, aint no hoe in my blood.
My dick get hard as a rock for big cash and bud.
My niggas be on that white, my niggas be on that lean,
my niggas be on them shrooms, my niggas be on them
beans.

I got a dollar worth of dimes on the way to the crib.
My old lady from jamaica cookin chicken and ribs.
Super star in the ghetto, I got that work for cheap.
16 bars of meth and a heron beat.

(MJG)

Yeah yeah.

You want a 16, u better put the dough in hand, cuz I
aint answer it for nobody but Ed Mcman.
And after he slide the check under the doorcrack, I put
the pistol on him and make him bring some more back.
This america we do anything to do you in.
Snitch, plan, scheme, go hunting just to shoot a friend.
MJ!!

Tight I keep my eyes open, cuz he was playin wit me,
thats how he died chokin.

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turn up the bump, turn up the bump, turn up the bump,
turn up the bump, turn up the bump.

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