

Ray Cash "Bumpin' My Music"

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That's right, uh, recognize real ghetto vision, nigga
Cleveland, open up ya' doors

I'm in the old school '84 Delta 88
Wit' a ounce but I'm bouncin' like I'm out here movin'
weight
Bumpin Biggie in the pioneer as I reminisce
Before that it was Devils took 'em back to '96

I went down to Houston for some face
Mary Jane wit' a coincidence I'm blowin' swishas doin'
the same thing
Six-hundred for some big O's, 400 degrees
I'm a ho, Playaz Club, Ice Cube, Master P

And since I'm movin' my yay, know I got UGK
Ridin' dirty lookin' for that high life pimp what more can
I say?
I'm just stickin' and movin', under my seat is my tool
And I keep it for any nigga wanna be trippin' or foolin'

I'm just bumpin' my music as I'm spinnin' the ben
I'm bumpin' Pac, picture me rollin' without spillin' my
Hen
Yeah, yeah, now as I spin in the ben
I'm bumpin' Pac picture me rollin' without spillin' my
Hen

I'm just bumpin' my music, music, music
Bumpin' my music
Wanna hear my music? Well, let me open up my door
Release my reefer smoke so you can hear my speakers
blow

Now back to the '84 big body to door
No blaze on the muhfucka but it still roll
Membra' what told you what I had stashed in the dash
Back in the past, well, now I got two O's

Ricky tells, two show, comin' out hard
Doors wide open, kids dancin' in the yard
While I'm stuntin' like Evel Knievel man

Bumpin' Cutlass, Monte Carlos and Rivas man

Rollin' in slow mo, like the whole block screwed
Like bill '79, bumpin' Devin the Dude
On the way to the telly, we was bumpin' R. Kelly
And right before I cut her, it was confessions from
Usher

She ain't used to a thug, she love the way I ride
While I'm bumpin' My Life by Mary J. Blige
See I damn near cried day Rick James died
See that shit was cold blooded but the music keep
pumpin'

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Hey, I like that shit you on, ya dig?
And I got some shit I'ma put you on
I'ma put you on that shit I be on

It was like fuck the police comin' straight from the
underground
A young nigga blowin' Big comin' down
A nigga with the attitude easy re-in' Dre and Q
Creepin' up the avenue, that's how you had to do

Yes, I'm the rhythm, the rebel without a cause
Never lowerin' my level
I'm on some Chuck D shit from PE
Six in the mornin' I hustle with Ice T

Six in the evenin' I'm chillin' wit' Willy B
Leavin' out the nickel I'm bumpin' some Kool G. Rap
Back to the neighborhood, shoot me some craps
I'm fuckin' wit' that pluck wit' the kool aid pack

And now I got a brotha by the name of Warren Lee
Hot shot Regal illegal, like Marley
I get down like I'm BDP
Ass blaster like blast faster cocked and squeeze

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Music

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