

## Hip Hop Boyz

### "Bump Bump"

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[Intro: Raekwon (Prince Po)]

Time to establish, you know how it's going down (Yeah)

Word up

What up Prince Po, what up baby? (Yeah)

Shallah Raekwon, Lex Diamond, let's get it to 'em

[Chorus: Prince Po (Raekwon) {both}]

{Aiyo, come through} Come on

You know we do it big girl, don't front front

(Get dipped, tell your friends, we got the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump) what

{Come through} We get it crackin' dog, don't front front, yeah

{Givin' hummin' in the Benz} (We got the) {bump bump}

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

The what? (the bump bump)

[Prince Po]

Its a wrap slick, still on point, like a cactus

It's that new Prince Po shit, get at this

Mami's love to mack this, breakers do back flips

We buggin' in the club, in the cut like cat piss

It's hood love, baby, give my sounds to blackness

Eight kids are under the mattress, for survival tactics

Ma, don't try to ride with no practice

Hit up til you heat up skeet, and your body collapses

Girl, I can't help it, I'm nasty

Put in a lot of work, so my hands stay ashy

Stack and cop, houses to land, machines is classy

Diamonds is hollerin', and sayin' you got some greens to pass me, so

[Chorus]

[Raekwon]

Word to my Nike Airs, I been reved years ago  
How many years a nigga done blessed, here's the flow  
Word up, magazine, chrome gats, all in my backs  
So many live niggaz, all day high niggaz and grown  
bats  
Play the hood, stay in the hood  
Display mad '88, gettin' weight, Rae and them good  
Play the rooftop, black caught her, quarter in my pocket  
Hit the booth up, blow like shorty got a rocket  
So much talent to spray, me, I never leave  
Stand there, get my money, let fam breath  
Connect like opposites, blow like tropical weed  
Hit Hawaii up, fuckin' in the cockpits

[Chorus]

[Prince Po]

Fried chicken, ghetto funk, mic control  
Young thelonious monk, still ice cold  
Teen and meanin' the collard greens, stomp through  
the jungle  
Lambs shakin' they amps, catch up if you want to  
Got you on the lean, like wits, murk you through  
Queens  
Dippin' in between your lanes, like we crumbs, in the  
seats seems  
You ride with pros, Rae and Po, straight hoe's, meet in  
Paris for shows  
Funked dub it like a dunk from Shaq, down low  
Nasty habits, Prince Po, Madlib, beg for blows  
Straight gully like the seventy's, heavy for sure  
Aiyo 'Lib, they small fries, we Big Macs to go  
Adrenaline pumpin', we got it jumpin' dog, it's nothin'  
Carnivores, man huntin', once we start dumpin' the  
duke  
For the love of your life, stop frontin'  
Might hit up your click tonight, we havin' a little  
somethin', so

[Chorus]

[Outro: Raekwon]

Ya'll know how it go down, y'all know how it go down  
Lex Diamond, Prince Po (you know what I'm sayin?)  
We the illest niggaz, yo (you tell a wack rapper, that,  
youknowwhatimsayin  
Word up, you knowwhatimsayin? Watch them Uncle  
Peaches ass niggaz, you  
knowwhatimsayin?)  
Chuck Berry haircut ass niggaz out there, yo, word

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