

Brotha Lynch Hung F/ D-Dubb

"Bump Heads"

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[Intro - 50 Cent]

Yeah, Shady (Woo!)

Haha, 50 Cent

G-G-G-G-G-G-UNIT

(Em: Here we go again, yeah)

Uh huh, hahaha

Does it make you mad, when I switch my flow

You can't understand, how I get my dough

50 Cent, I'm on fire, 'cause Shady said so

(Em: HERE WE GO!) I'm on fire

[Verse 1 - Eminem]

Everybody's in a rush, to try and get the throne

I just get on the track, and try to set the tone

I ain't tryna use nobody, as a stepping stone

But don't compare me, I'm better off, just left alone

And I ain't even tryna go there, with record sales

I'm just tryna keep it humble, and respect myself

Say what up, keep stepping, and just rep D-12

Keep my nose clean and stay away from, weapons, jail

And living reckless, but if you gon' check my belt

You may see something else, I use to protect myself

A vest, to stop a Ruger, and deflect its shells

And send 'em back at you, faster than they left the barrel

And I don't even carry guns no more, I don't got to

Got undercover cops, that'll legally pop you

And I den seen a lotta people, cross the line

But this motherfucker Ja, must have lost his mind

That ex, got him thinking he was DMX

Then he switched to Pac, now he's tryna be him next

So which one are you, X, Luther, Pac or Michael

Just keep singing the same song, recycled

We all much rather get along, than fight you

Me and Halie dance to ya songs, we like you

And you don't really wanna step inside no mic booth

Come on now, you know the white boy will bite you

I hurt ya pride dog, and you know I don't like to

But I will if I have to, wit syllable after

Syllable I'll just slap ya, killin you faster

Then you popin' pill after, little pill of them tabs of

That shit you're on, but if you want it, you got it
You'd bump this shit too, if we ain't diss you on it
But if we lock horns, we could charge harder than
Busta

We bump heads, wit any motherfucka that wants ta
So what's the, deal, what's with all the tough talk
When I walked up to you, like "Ja, what up dog?"
How come you didn't say, you had a problem then
When you were standing there with all ya men
We could have solved it then, I'm a grown man dog,
come holla
All you did was laugh then, smile and swallow
Another one of those little ex pills, in front of me
And tell me 50 Cent was everything, that you wanna be,
come on

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent]

I, know, you don't want it wit me
You, know, you don't want it wit me
You, talk, but soon we gon' see
You, don't wanna bump heads with me

[Verse 2 - Tony Yayo]

(Em: TONY YAYO!) You couldn't son me if my father
helped you
My punchlines is hot, my bars will melt you
Ja you Stuard Little, shells'll lift you
Every other week, I'm buying a new pistol
I clap at yo ass, wit this chrome .38
And put six through ya hats, that's seven and 3-8
Irv you ain't Suge Knight, you shook night
I put my knife in ya wind pipe, you bleed on the turnpike
You know and I know, who took ya chain
You got robbed two times, so ya ass a lame
I there to die for this shit, all I need is bail
You better stick to the movies, with Steven Segal

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

(Em: LLOYD BANKS!) Fuck that I'm tired of hearing
These industry niggas starting to get outta hand
Like I won't find ya whereabouts, by STOMP-ing 'em out
ya man
You killing New York, even in Comp-ton, they
understand
I'm on the block where you was raised doin' chocolate
up out the van, and
They see me pop up on icey, cause I could
You den lost yo money, prolly forgot yo way around the
hood (hood)

Cause when you paranoid, it's hard to make good
songs
How you want it wit' us, when half your artists got
makeup on
Every magazine I open, you on ya knees, taking prayer
pictures
And you ain't even get shot yet, you scared bitches
You don't know nothing about what pain is sucka
I put yo ass to the ground, like a train conductor,
motherfucker

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - Tony Yayo]
Yeah, nigga!
Yeah, Shady/Aftermath, G-Unit!
What the fuck you think they call us G-Unit for?
'Cause we move units, uh huh
And don't think we ain't billing you
For this motherfucking studio time
Matter fact keep it over fifty, we call it even, ha

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