

## **Havoc f/ 50 Cent, Noyd**

### **"Bump That"**

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[H] Yeah  
[50] Yeah  
[H] It's real, it's real  
[50] Yeah  
[H] Got 'em

[Chorus: 50 Cent]  
Bump that - niggaz try to stunt on my clique  
Then when I get on that shit, I bring it to 'em  
where they pump at, 12-gauge Mausberg  
No shell in the head 'fore you put in work  
You gotta pump that - you done hit a nigga with it  
and you runnin, the police is comin, take my advice  
nigga  
Dump that - this is serious, these rap niggaz  
I'm just havin fun with it, 50 Cent, Havoc bump that

[50 Cent]  
My son asked, "Daddy why you carry a gun, you ain't a cop"  
I looked at him and said, "Sometimes you gotta shoot or get shot  
Wanna go to show-and-tell and show the class my glock?  
Show 'em the clip, show 'em the beam, show 'em how Daddy lean"  
In the convertible Jag, 22-inch mags  
For a high school dropout, shit, that ain't bad  
I'm ain't a Blood or a Crip, I'm doin my own thang  
G-UNIT! Shit, I done started my own gang  
I don't go that funny dance, I don't throw gang signs  
But I'm a gangsta to the core so I stay with a nine  
You think all I do is rap, then you don't know me good  
Have Smurf hangin out the sunroof to light up yo' hood  
Man, Carlito ain't never seen Blanco comin  
But if he did, you think he woulda started runnin?  
And I move with them Doublemint Twins, and two macs  
I'll leave you flat your back - BRRRAT! Take that

[Chorus]

[Noyd]

Uh-huh, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo  
My life story is that gangsta thing, packin that thing  
Iced out diamond rings; fuck linen  
It's Timbs and jeans, puffin cigars, stuff it with greens  
What's fuckin with Queens? Nuttin and not a thing  
We kings of rap, shanks and gats, knuckles and bats  
Get at me, you want beef, come correct  
Stunt on any nigga in my clique-ah, you get clapped  
We sick, so quick, you be layin on your back  
Cause we don't give a fuck nigga, we love to dump  
You don't wanna get jumped, better turn yo' music up  
And bump that - cause we comin with them guns black  
And cause of the hoodrats, know where your home's at  
Fuck that, this is for my niggaz in the hoods that  
slingin them blue caps, smokin that chronic sack  
Get that paper, watch for all haters  
Snitches and them bitches and them inside traders  
Nigga fuck that

[Chorus]

[Havoc]

Yeah, yeah  
If you trippin with my niggaz 50 and Noyd  
If anybody ask me nigga them my homeboys  
When it come to drama know we pack them big gats  
(We got a ton of slugs) Bitch, and it's like that  
We them thirsty ones, no mask, we stick cats  
I never handcuff a ho, I let you whip that  
Let my money bubble, live off the kick back  
This midnight shit is serious, where your kids at?  
These streets too dangerous to let them roam  
I done seen the gulliest of 'em, cry for home  
Like a fish out of water, they gasp and shake  
I'm a friend of the jooks and the dukes and the duct  
tape  
Like a Down South nigga I won't stop 'til I'm "skraight"  
Walkin up the street, testin out my heat  
Uh-huh.. and as you stand in disbelief  
When it comes to the slugs I ain't cheap  
Nigga you know I..

[Chorus]

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