

The Demigodz

"Science Of The Bumrush, Vol. 2"

Visit "[Science Of The Bumrush, Vol. 2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yea, uh uh, what uh
Yea, uh, what
Demigodz
No doubt
Science of the bumrush, volume 2
Quarter's in the meter
Un-stoppable, in-vincible
Check, Apathetic and Self-Titled
We pimp it out like this

Yo I slip bitches rufies, snatch Muslim kufis
Still steal from the store and sneak into the movies
Playin old Nintendo on black and white TV's
I got illegal cable and burn all of my CDs
Takin toilet paper out of bathroom stalls
I'm hangin out over your house to make my long
distance calls
Borrow kicks and gear and never give em back
Even if I like your song I'ma still say it's wack
When I'm blowin off steam I'm just plain fuckin mean
Dissin little kids to give em low self-esteem
Got quarters in the meter when I hit you better stay
down
You're gay now, and couldn't buss if your name was
Greyhound

Yo, I'm known for pullin heists, pawn shops to hold my
ice
Shiny glocks leave you shook like that bitch in
Poltergeist
I'm makin rap loot from rhymin and nickin[?] heads
While you be beggin niggas on websites just to check
your shit
In fact the same fish that I hit you up with
Was found inside your bitch's clitoris after she sucked
my dick
The Demigodz ain't give a fuck if you lovin it
My clique hold heat, like Wolfgang Puck oven mitts
I stay in New York where my fam keep it gully
And any cypher I'm in the other rappers are my
understudies

Step outta line and I'll draw you a chalk outline
I heard you did a joint with Puff Daddy and got
outshined
You just a gay rapper, lovin what them fags do
You ain't had pussy since pussy had you
My whole entourage is known to beat you in the head to
death
Apathy and Self-Titled the underground Red and Meth
I got a white wifebeater, head wrapped in white
sneakers
Uptown nights they white, I'm the great white hype
Demigodz depositing(?) piles of diamonds
Brilliant, shimmering, glimmering, hustlin,
Swindlin, foes we injurin
Fuck chokin a chicken
I'll choke a chicken for frontin on the chocha
Chillin, chattin with chicks on a Motorola
I keep my game tighter than pussy on junior high
chicks
The fly shit that I spit got bitches ridin my dick

Yo, it ain't a question we representin for derelicts
And lethal terrorists, my whole clique spittin with
arrogance
My rhyme caliber will melt through any teflon
And I got you wearin armor Fubu with an army suit on
Listen bucko
I'll fire flame your frame to stucco
And put you in the crevices, plastered against the
window
You can't test this
I'll ice grill you til you write your last will and testament
And throw your body in the wet cement
I give a groupie bitch much love even if you're fat
I'll serve her ass a good dick rockin a chef hat
Niggas know that when I let the rocket launcher blow
It's apocalypse and I'll be stockin shit like extra glocks
and clips
Self-Titled the true ghetto visionary
That flip necessary messages like high position
secretaries
I make you see more black than a million marchin
molasses
In a solar eclipse wearin Ray Charles glasses
You'll never do this shit right
I'll put your [?] in spandex and even then your tracks
still won't come out tight

Stock market logic profit fattening my pockets
I'm relaxin in the tropics with topless goddesses jockin
it

Now this is where it gets tricky
Chicks try to trick me but I never trick
Get head in the whip and then I split
Mack a better bitch
Bust nuts and guts like Beretta spit
Spit better than competitors spit but this is effortless
Rob gems since the beginning of time like Genesis
Got Jenna Jameson on the genitals, fuck a feminist
I support porn, and stripper hoes slippin down poles
Lickin chicken's titties and tickle em where my dick
goes
I blessed her
Ran up in the dorm to molest her
Fuckin college bitches, P C U next semester, and I'm
out

Visit [The Demigodz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.