

Bumpy Knuckles, Industry Shakedown

Yeah
"Industry Shakedown"
I call this one
The Industry Shakedown
Word up
Uh huh
"Industry Shakedown"
Now the reason I call it... the Industry Shakedown
Is 'cause alot of niggas have f**ked up
"Word up, Industry Shakedown"
Now what I mean by f**ked up is
They don't wanna see the game played right
"Word up, word up"
So me and my nigga Pete Rock
gon show y'all how to play the game right
"Get ready for the Industry Shakedown"
"Word up, word up"
Word up, word up"

(Verse 1)

Uh, uh
I can't stop rockin I was born to keep it hot
Fought through miles of pain just to get what I got
Without crying, took mad shots without dying
Man they know when I'm in town mad heads start flyin
Who ever thought that I would be dealt the hand
That would make me the most feared lyrical man
Ask Tone how it feel not to be able to sleep
I was layin on him in his dream squeezing on the heat
I kept the pressure on him, now, I'm Universal
Now he played this money game called hand, reversal
I remember when I thought that I could rock at Def Jam
While I was watching other niggas caught up in a def scam
I remember when I stepped to Lyor, I should've blown him
'cause that cracker been a crook, ever since I first known him
Thought I'd sale to Atlantic
But there's niggas workin for 'em that'll sink the whole label
Like the f**king Titanic
What I gotta do is run some dick up in Sylvia Rhone
So she can hear Bumpy rockin on this microphone
Maybe I can Elektra - fy her brain
Show her how I take love and turn it to pain
I never been an ass kisser
I call it if it's right, if rappers aint gay or dikes
Then they unpluggin your mic
My shit is cordless, I'm thugged out and wild as shit
And I'm comin for my crown, it's Bumpy Knuckles baby
And it's... (scratches)
The Industry Shakedown

"Word up, word up"
Ha!
"Word up, word up"
"Ready for the Industry Shakedown"
Yeah!

"Word up, word up"
"Industry Shakedown"
"Word up, word up"
That's right nigga
Me and my nigga Pete Rock gon show you motherf**kers how to shake it down
You ready for this one? Check it out

(Verse 2)

When I spit hot potato, I was peepin Tommy Boy

But didn't wanna be the the next act that they would destroy
See labels be all on your dick, when they see you have some paper
But I flip the game, 'cause I pull the capers
Got way more nut, than date rapers
You better be tryin to get yourself an office
Way on top of that skyscraper
I bring the ruckus, your money lookin proper
Have you ever been stuck up by a hardcore hip hopper
Forgot ya signed to Cappa, a real Donnie Brasco
A nigga wit mics and tape recorders, all up in his asshole
Speakin of police, I found a Interscope
And when I looked through the hole what I saw was dope
I saw a new nigga, sittin behind a big desk
Wit a big head and a big chest
And a big belly, talkin on a celly
Hatin real players, cuttin niggas throats
Like he was tryin to be the mayor
Then some niggas rushed in, punched him in his mouth
Threw him down on the floor and started stompin him out
Screamin f**k Steve Stoute, serve street justice
Cryin on the floor wit your lip all busted
You went out like a pussy, f**k the dough you got
'cause wit all that money nigga, you still can't buy a heart
Only gangstas play the part
I'm still around, to bring you, the Industry Shakedown

Ha!
"Word up, word up"
To the Pete Rock, and you don't stop
To the Pete Rock, and you don't stop
My nigga Pete Rock, and you don't stop

(Verse 3)
I never felt like I should have to hold back anything I say
So I make the kinda records Red Alert don't play
Because I flow too hard, my voice is penetratin
Or maybe your crate needs renovatin, I'm used to hatin
That's why I'm hockey on you niggas, stickin and skatin
I heard about the Blaze Battle, they asked me to be in it
But to not consider me one of the 50 great
So I reviewed my tapes, figured my position
Sat and thought for a minute, grabbed the phone and said listen
I sell less records than some niggas out wit a deal
Gettin more cash and all my diamonds is real
And you want me to battle for a Rolie, that I'ma take anyway
Better leave me the f**k alone Bumpy Knucks don't play
It made me laugh when I think about how Gary Harris
Tried to play me than got fired and all f**kin embarrassed
Fly shit is that he saw me, wit a smile, at a club
Reached to shake my f**kin hand and, brought back a nub
All them temporary spots will be filled time again
You can hate me now but I will rhyme again
Fall down climb again, more wild, more corrupt
Still spittin more shit, more fire, more abrupt
And I'll never put my two guns down
Why's that
'cause I need 'em... for the Industry Shakedown

"Word up, word up"
C'mon!
"Word up, word up"
Yeah!
"Industry Shakedown"
That's right
That's what the f**k I call, a Industry Shakedown

"Word up, word up"
And it's a lotta motherf**kers out there that I didn't name in this
Motherf**king song but I tell you this much
"Get ready for the Industry Shakedown"
Don't think I forgot motherf**kers, 'cause I reserve my options
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, ha
"Word up, word up"
And the Chocolate Boy Wonder
I show you niggas a fast way, to six feet