

# Bumpy Knuckles, Inside Your Head

Vengeance is mine against mine enemy  
And I will rise against thee with the force of a  
thousand men  
And in your fall, I will remind you of an industry  
designed to see me fail  
There will be no shelter against my rage  
I will approach you with no good intention  
And reign down on you like hell fire and destroy you!

I destroy all you MCs till my mouth goes dry  
Or either one of us die  
I'm in this motherf\*\*ker's head like B-R-A-I  
N, I spit one, then spit again  
Then I turn like a cobra and spit it at his friend  
You niggas afraid of me, oh that's so gay to me  
Shot a nigga for shaking my hand too long, don't play with me  
I make niggas wanna be hard and thugged out  
Baggy pants and black (?) looking all bugged out  
So let me tell you what a thug about  
When I walk into a room it becomes Dog Day Afternoon  
And niggas break the f\*\*k out  
Bring ya rabbit's foot, I'll blow your luck out  
I'll kill all you niggas and pull a navy hearse truck out  
So save your wake ass verse for daytime talk TV  
'cause I'll return you and let you keep ya jewels and chalk BVs  
My heart is dirty and skeevy  
Man, I would see any one of you niggas  
if I was Ray Charles or Stevie, ha!

(Can you, feel me?)  
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?  
Can ya feel me, nigga?!?  
(Freddie Foxxx, Bumpy Knux)  
It's Bumpy Knux, nigga what?  
Come on!  
(Can you, can you, hear me?)  
Can you hear me motherf\*\*ker?!?  
I'm talking to you!  
('cause I am in...side your head)

(?) uncontrollable and wild  
And I stand like I stand with two fours in my hand  
I bring back the running man  
I hear voices in my head that say "Bumpy can't, damn"  
So when I hear niggas say I can't do something, I get pissed off  
Cause I'm Poke-man, digging your wrist off  
Trying to find the main vein that turns your exist off  
Real niggas waited for my flow  
Like they waited for Mandela to show  
So all these phony ass niggas out here know  
Your faker than a nigga fronting like his back got hurt  
at a fender bender - I call her, send her  
She'll flip ya, so them craze up in ya  
She know you like it on your belly, got them gays up in ya  
So I say: La Di Da Di, I'll shoot up your party  
If you ain't heard by now, you'd better ask somebody  
Niggas trying to cut my throat, I'm still spitting from the neck  
If you still disrespect, you'll still get the Tek

Come on! Get the f\*\*k off me, nigga

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You ain't no motherf\*\*kin thug, you ain't shot nobody  
I'm wild like niggas up north that ain't got nobody  
I'll put the infrared on ya, leave your body all dotty  
Or I'll 6 and 7 piece ya, leave ya forehead all knotty  
You niggas can't spit on the tracks that I spit on  
You niggas are scared of the type of niggas I shit on  
You wanna ride my style? Get on  
I'll take you through so many one sided singles  
ain't no more joints to sin on  
These rap niggas are mi-dad (?) on  
How do you niggas ride in the car with this nigga,  
with that shit on?  
I'm sick and tired of Nore and his "What, What, What"  
Write some rhymes, nigga, or get his shit up up up  
I'll beat you till your face is made ugly like Biz  
If you ever open your mouth to ask me what a Memph Bleek is  
This week is, Bumpy Week celebrated  
And be glad that the bad kid from the neighborhood made it  
The last album you dropped, kid, hate it  
Man the only thing I'll do for your life, nigga, is complicate it  
So come at me with that sideways twisted talk  
I'll put the 4 pound in your mouth, B, and lift your thoughts  
I'm the wildest nigga in New York  
So nigga shut your f\*\*kin mouth up when I talk  
Come on, I make Reverend Run Reverend Walk  
And kill female MCs like a chicken hawk  
It's Bumpy Knuckles, baby, ha!

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