

Bumpy Knuckles, Part Of My Life

Intro: samples

--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--
--Who's the real divine?-- --You like that--
--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--

(Verse One)

I be all in you like you disrespected space in my lyric zone
I'm like a pit, with a leg in his mouth, I bring it home
Bumpy ripping everything known, block every blow zone
I make you sit your ho ass down, turn off your microphone
Cause after me its un-rippable
I slap you in your mouth, your drinks'll be unsippable
I got miles of styles, you must be out your motherf**kin brain
To think I'm not the nicest in the game
Disconnected from your mainframe, punched cocked
Twirl your nose up Murray the cop, to the beat down you don't stop
When Fox and Bumpy keep it hot
End the whole beef with just one shot, niggaz I fear not
This piece of steel with the screen on top
Projects uncut chyna white dope
Leave a freeze in a nigga throat
I fight for this like the right to vote
The poison I spit, they'll never be an anecdote
You niggaz thought I put my mic down
Cause the industry's scared cause I put my fight down
Before I do that, I sell it out the trunk and make a mill
Now thats a real rap nigga deal
In 99 I'm droppin niggaz like flies
F**k flowin, I'm turning niggaz into Jesse Owens
Cock the four pound, keep it going, I'm in your dresser room layin
You bitch ass niggaz just start prayin baby

Chorus:

Rhymin is a part of my life
I'ma die with rhymin kids and a rhymin wife
I don't let nobody judge me that don't know how to do what I do
So if you don't like it then f**k you!
repeat

(Verse One)

I watch niggaz get hyped up with one single and get gassed
Then fall like a bad pass
Niggaz run outta New York, to live in other places
Hopin somebody remember old rap faces
F**k that, I'ma five borough thorough MC
Where I go, New York goes, keepin New York flows
Niggaz be switchin cause they not sure
Your style is played out soft shit like Valure
In red and black living rooms when the system booms
He's a nice little diss to whomever whom
Come against me and I give you one of three picks:
Get shot, get stuck up, get your ass kicked
Bring your whole unit, and I be lyrically gunning em
Cause Freddie Foxxx be the illest thing since Run and em
I be running through you like a Hummer, you don't want none o'
So hot I turn December 25 into summer
I scrutinize niggaz and bring em down to size
My lyrical body slam will leave you paralyzed
F**k what you memorize, I take you out of drive
And leave you neutralized and black in both your eyes
My rise is your demise, shut down your enterprise
Fox and Primo, we stay close like thighs
Bumpy got nine lives, like a cat
With a full gat, keep it underground f**k that!

Chorus

(Verse Three)

For every verse I ever spit, for every mic I ever rip
I still got a full clip of unstoppable shit
You mean to tell me motherf**kers never knew
That I be bustin niggaz in the head with beer bottles like Guru
Check the mic one, two make sure its on
When I bring it to your headquarters, word is bond
Heads up, eyes and ears open
I got you hopin
That you could catch rec like me
You got a better chance at kickin down a tree
With no legs, doing a handstand on two eggs
Motherf**ker, I got lyrical instinct, f**k what you write
I'm The Source like magazine, on the cover with the Ruger 16
I ain't scared to diss a MC, but ask him if he scared to diss me
I bet he won't disagree, he'll probaly start sayin his throat
hurt, his mom's is sick with a bad knee
Or start screamin he's about dough
He's just a faggot with a whack flow
Don't walk up on me talkin freestyles and off the top of the dome
I beat you down and send your ass home
I'm on my own time, I write my own rhymes
You wanna be the nominee? you brave now?
I carve my rhyme in your back and bury you face down
Just remember nigga:
I'm Freddie the Foxxx I break his back and buck em buck em down

Chorus