

Bumpy Knuckles, R.N.S.

[scratches by DJ Premier]

"It's time for this real nigga shit."
"Bumpy Knucks."
"Ha, hah-hah"
"Niggaz can't see I.."
"Fr-Fre-Fre, Freddie Foxxx with the twin millis" -> O.C.
"Ha, hah-hah"
"Bu-Bu, Buh-Bu, Bu, Bumpy Knucks."
"Niggas can't see I.."
"It's time for this real nigga shit."

[Freddie Foxxx]

When I was small I made pause tapes for "Super Sperm"
Rappin in high school, drinkin forties, smokin sherm
Listen to Cold Crush and Grandmaster Caz spittin
Gettin somethin in that niggaz ain't now gettin; feel me
Remember everybody wanted to be "Peace, God, Divine"
Real niggaz kept they attributes, right through '99
Peace to the god Taheem, watching over me
White chariots and horses, get me over rough courses
While I silence those voices that doubted my ability
to rip, through these young ass niggaz
When I walk into the Lyricist Lounge, lyricists lounge
cause niggaz know that Bumpy Knucks'll tear this mutha down
Cause the rawest most illest shit, make up my sound
That's why I stay gettin money, like them niggaz uptown
I'm in your face - nigga whassup now
F**k all that peacemakin bullshit
I heard you spit you like to pull shit
That's all bullshit, you keep your nine on some full shit
You say you bust it, that's BULLSHIT!
You know the illest MC that ever did it
The rawest nigga that ever chewed up rhymes and spit it
In the new millenium cities, watch what I do
I'm bout to save hip-hop like Ghost did the Wu

Chorus: Freddie Foxxx (repeat 2X)

For the DJ's, the rappers, the writers, the breakers
The movers, the shakers, the beat, the makers
What's stronger than hip-hop niggaz they can't take us
if we deal with the real, and shut down the fakers

[Freddie Foxxx]

I'm proud to be a black man in my existence, so f**k the Klan
I ain't blinded by your jewels and your million dollar checks
I'm always ready for whatever's next
My road in life ain't easy cause I'm complex
You know the real, nigga turnin these fake hard niggaz to grasshoppers
cause f'real here comes the realest, when I cock the manstoppers
I remember talkin to Big Poppa; he said "Foxxx, you the illest,"
(uhh) I make the realest nigga feel it
Got a little mob of niggaz I send to rob niggaz
Take all that fly jewelry, and give it to my moms
I keep the industry up in arms like Zack La Roche
cause they hate to see me comin, with this too black approach
Through the hardest time in hip-hop, I stayed afloat
So let me give the media some fly shit to quote
I'ma always be a nigga, lookin through your eyes
So nothin that you do to me should come as no surprise
I continue bein raw dog, puttin in work
I drown a bitch and get away, like my name was Captain Kirk
Motherf**kers wanna hear it raw, Bumpy make it hurt
Step on stage, rip the whole shit down and merc'

Chorus

[Freddie Foxxx]

What f**ked you up is that I'm so nice and don't rehearse
On any record I'm the king of the third verse
It's +Strictly Business+, if it's +Personal+ I let you know
I hold your heart until the Lord tell me let you go
Don't need advice from no corny ass A&R that never filled a milk crate
with breakbeats, I keep it raw nigga straight street
To my comrades in L.A, L.A., L.A.
I still got the bulletproof - Pelle, Pelle, Pelle
Keep the music underground as I reiterate twice
Tell niggaz to they face, I thought you wasn't nice
Kick my ass? Nah, not likely; out mic me?
Not likely, stay on the sidelines like Spike Lee
Niggas know Bumpy like to flow all out
Microphone, gun in hands nigga, go all out
No exceptions to females I ride 'em giddyup
How bad I wanna f**k Brat, since she pushed them titties up
It's the underground sound that designs the street
Freddie Foxxx designed the rhyme, Premier designed the beat

Chorus

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"It's time for this real nigga shit.."