

Bumpy Knuckles, Stock In The Game

(Freddie Foxxx)

Yeah, uh-huh, you ready?

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, we tear this mothaf**ker down!
Welcome to the underground where hardcore niggas are found
We're beatin niggas down, make you world-reknown
Where street beef set off once, never forgiven
Where real niggas never give up, we fugitivin
That's how we be livin, where niggas vibe on the raw shit
Come out, your face f**ked up and get your jaw split
Nigga, we pick your teeth up and put em on a string like bones
And send your punk ass home alone
I got stock in this microphone you innuendos
I get you beat the f**k up and played like Nintendo
Maybe smoke like the hydro endo, you niggas is hookers
I hit you wit the four pound tuckers
Have you ever seen a rap stampede?
Well bring em underground, and I'll run em down
You know my reputation, my voice over disco beats is violation
New York walk, New York talk
And when I blow you niggas dime, I use my own chalk
So watch what the f**k you say and what you do
For real, niggas bring it to you and your whole crew
Bring in baby, you ready?

(Chorus)

I got stock in this game
Got a bad reputation for bringin the glock to the game
You know my name
So if you ever come across me wrong
Just remember the words to this song

I be hearin mad MC's, I study your rhymes
And I noticed that you niggas is just wastin time
I don't take it to wack niggas, they self-destruct
I take it to nice niggas and F**K THEM UP!
So the fact that you be shinin makes it even better for me
That just leaves more cheddar for me
I keep it blacker than Cadillacs in '69
Total eclipse your record and stole your shine
Sixteen bars of homemade moonshine rhyme
And I still had you mothaf**kers payin me mine
Wassup, watch me snatch a hundred grand on you niggas
No tax while you loudmouth braggin-ass niggas fake jacks
Yeah I'm nice wit my mothaf**kin hands
And I bust my heats, Freddie Foxxx celebrity box out the beats
My flow is so cold
Start a rainy day snowin, my voice fertilize your thoughts to start growin
It's Bumpy Knuckles and raw niggas incorporated
The real niggas love it, the fake niggas hate it
You mothaf**kers ready for this? Check it out

Chorus 2x

I go one two three four five, I make it live
Simple-ass shit like that be soundin wack
But when I spit the lyrical terror that makes niggas hide they jewels
Wild niggas start cockin they tools
I got my ethics from the older school, if you wack then I spit it
Something to steal, I come get it
If Freddie Foxxx want beef, niggas ain't wit it
Some niggas wanna try my style but can't fit it
I be hearin niggas that sound like me
But ain't never ever really put it down like me
Plus them niggas ain't really underground like me

Street reputation, love town-to-town like me
You bitch-ass mothaf**kers I squared off in the mainstream
World, actin like a mothaf**kin girls
I wet you like a jheri curl and you'll explode like uranium
The only thing you'll have to fall back on is your cranium
You soft niggas could never be iller
Than the holemaker, holefiller
Bumpy Knucks keep it realer, the bloodspiller
Don't f**k wit a mothaf**kin killer, TURN IT UP!

Chorus 2x

*on second time, last line is "THEN ALL YOU MOTHAF**KERS'LL BE GONE"