## DJ Kayslay, Hands On The Pump

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Sauce Money, The Game)

[Intro: DJ KaySlay] Yeah it's DJ KayŚlay the Drama King I'm in the house with my nigga Sauce Money Memphis Bleek, holdin it down from the East coast And from the West, I got my nigga Game All you bitch-ass niggaz, y'all better fall the fuck back

Y'all know how this shit is about to go down

Yo homie, what's your name?

[Sauce Money]

My name is Money, that much is true Listen up, this what I'm gon' do I won't wait for you to get a lil' bigger I hit you with the tec-9, lil' nigga Look at him - red as a muh'fucker Hah! Dead as a muh'fucker Unassisted - aiyyo you shoulda been there Bleek, too late, you missed it Cock back my biscuit Like a fat chick and chocolate, I can't resist it Didn't believe you, so for your big ol' ego I got a big ol' Éagle Gotta give the people not a fuckin chance to see you inside the sequel

Son I stay stuck in rude

So when they see me comin they like, " Damn, here come this fuckin dude! "

You know'm sayin Memph'? Brooklyn what's up? Got to take this shit back Let's hit 'em with the hook son

[Chorus: Memphis Bleek] Sawed-off shotgun, hand on the pump Sippin that Arme', puffin on a blunt All I know is my shit better bump La la la la la-la la lahhhh

[Memphis Bleek] What, yo yo.

You know Bleek always smokin that "La La La" - you right

Groupies they be actin too crazy, tell 'em they too hype

They want leave with a G like Eas'

Educated the bullshit, got a degree in these streets

But - I dare a nigga act all crazy The tec'll tear his back all crazy And you know I stay bent off the Arme'

Regardless if solo or I'm deep with my amry

I rep - straight from the jacked M-P If I put the tec up I gotta tote the D.E. But wait! You know I'm ridin with Sauce

And we ridin this song from out the Robb Report

Dawg, I'm from the street, from the best I'm taught

I'll get your man tied and lost, fuck the cost Got a couple of my killers who stand by

And I'm G-Force stat' nigga, never fly stand-by

Uhh, jeah, you know Put this shit right back in the street, huh? Brooklyn shit, Sauce Let's bring the hook back, here we go yo

## [Chorus]

[The Game] Dip through N-Y, black Impala, matchin interior Cali plates, I'm that serious Niggaz think the kid a joke 'til that .38-revolver spin like hundred spokes Homie I bring the drama (drama) Sleep on The Game and get left in wooden pajamas Nigga I ain't easy son But I break up rock/Roc like DipSet and M-Easy son I'm a B-L-double-O-D Hardest nigga since S-N-double-O-P And all this beef got blood in my eye Aftermath motherfucker, you could love it or die Keep Dre name out your mouth boy Or get your +Bones Crushed+ like them Dirty South boys I'm a " Menace, " fuck Kane and O-Dog Since I was ten I had 'caine and O's, dawg I ain't lyin (I ain't lyin) They gave Eazy AIDS, so why should I give a FUCK about dyin? And the day Jay retire I'ma park next to the throne, in a Maybach on gold wires, yeah

## [Chorus]

[Outro: DJ KaySlay] Yeah you bitch-ass motherfuckers "Hands on the Pump" Fuck around, find yo' ass slump One hitta quitta, yes [gunshots]