

# DJ Kayslay, Hands On The Pump

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

[Intro: DJ KaySlay]

Yeah it's DJ KaySlay 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' Eagle  
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 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, yeah, 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]