

Pete Rock, Mind Frame

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

[Freddie Foxxx]

Class is open.. come on in
All you wannabe-emcees sit down
It's Mister Bumpy baby..
Aiiyo Pete Rock, here we go again baby
We gon' do it 'til they learn the righty way
You ready to rock baby? Feel this

When nature imparts the mannest part, human nature
To follow that nature it's called a way
Cultivating that way is called education
But for men to love itself it's called masturbation
Bumpy talk about love they say it ain't right
I told you niggaz what +I Luv+ on +First Family 4 Life+
As I move around the world acquire new lights
New loves, new mics, new thugs, I'm still spittin'
I'm not content with my life (Why?)
Until I kill all my enemies, leave 'em bend with the knife
That's what's wrong with these niggaz, they scared to fight
So they think being a gangsta is bustin' guns on the mic
In the streets you black, but at home you white
At least like you like to think so - nigga
Step into my mind frame it don't stop
And I still keep the four pound hot-hot-hot
Niggaz hungry on my block B, we try'na eat
And it's them fake ass rap niggaz, we try'na see (Belie' that!)
I know deep down is bothering me
When a motherfucker think that he smarter than me (Who's that?)
When he ain't a better charter than me (Come on!)
And I do it on, rap below, and you'll never be HARDER than me
I'm try'na teach you stupid ass niggaz how to rock
Pete, Rock!

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx] [2x]

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks") -> scratched by Pete Rock

[Verse Two: Freddie Foxxx]

You can't do it like the can't be (can't be), follow what's in me
Peace to the old time gangstas who sent me
The energy to keep it moving, be one of the best
and stick out my chest, like a true warrior
I caught this nigga selling bootlegs
He thought I didn't have a kind, while he was wrong, I shoot legs
To see what's white and I was black
He had a pen and a chequebook, I had 10 in my Mack
If half these rappers did that,
they probably stopped selling for a pad on the back
and a plastique plaque, that shit is mad wack
So here I come, back with another one, Bumpy outspoken
While you niggaz out joking and playing a game
I want a twelve inch piece of wax, ignite the flame
The penalty of succes is being bought by people who used to diss you
Money short, they won't hit you
Stuck in beef they won't git you
For they fuck you won't kiss you
When you dead, six feet in the ground, they probably forget you
To kick control is to take control
They can never have the mind, the body, the soul

of a true emcee, E-M-C-E-E, F-R-E-D-D, F-O-triple X
Disrespect, you be crippled next
Yo Pete Rock, how many times we gotta tell 'em son?

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx] [2x]
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[Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx]
I know you people think I'm angry, but I'm not
Underground, but I'm hot
All I got is the truth, and I give you what I got
Some niggaz is true, old and tired, or young and stupid
Hung a nigga with no patience, I shoot quicker than ?Quepitt?
So put it in ya deck and dupe it, pass it on
To see who Bumpy blast it on, remember me, and the wild shit I did
When I bodied men and raised it kids, now they grown and it's on
If I'm this kinda nigga when I'm livin', imagine the kinda angel I'd be
And all the foul niggaz I'd see, great men can't be ruled
My spirit is free, and I rip a whole in every fucking track, getting to me
Pay attention, you niggaz is clausin' mainstream
Fishing through a wack song looking for a hot verse
A hot word, or a hot phrase, you' record companies' livin' proof, crime pays
Take you out nine ways and save ten,
for your no-lyric ass, when you want to do it again
And as long you keep it on wax I stay your friend
But if you ever take it to the streets you never rhyme again
I'ma the tester of the hard shit, not many pass
Matter of fact, not many motherfuckers come to class
'Cause they know I'll be all up in they ass, like last night's dinner
And Bumpy Knucks is the winner, yeah

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx] [2x]
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("Bumpy Knucks") -> scratched by Pete Rock

[Pete Rock scratches]
"Lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks" -> Freddie Foxxx
"Bumpy Knucks, Bumpy Knucks" ['til fade]

[FF] Class is over, get the fuck out..