

Bumpy Knuckles, 24 Hrs.

Intro:

It is no longer 1999...

And I live in a world of one track minds...

Where the industry feeds us fashion design...

That creates MCs that cannot rhyme...

For ten years I waited to make my move...

Now we'll see who'll win, and who'll lose...

And if I had to state my word...

Say this'll probably be the realest shit you ever heard...

I been watching, from afar...

I know where you live, I know who you are...

Redemption is my only scar...

And so my heart bleeds dark, like tar...

So I treat my friends today like they'll be enemies tomorrow...

So when they die, I'll have no sorrow...

Just remember those you decide to cross...

'cause if your door gets knocked on you get knocked off

Verse:

Who's that six foot bald nigga from New York

With the gangsta walk, the gangsta talk

Thrillin to find 'em and kill 'em

I'm wildin', I'm illin

I don't give a f**k about you, and that's my feelin

I'm in a brand new house nigga chillin

With shoeboxes of hundred dollar bills nigga spillin

Trainin the baddest bitch, givin her the drillin

While you hangin in The Tunnel know you pussy ice grillin

Man bein a bitch must really be fuffillin

'cause alotta niggas happy bein soft just chillin

Scenario, gun in your mouth run the platinum watch with the cuban link

Bracelet and the matching necklace

And I'm too shiny V Vs glowin in your ear

New gun, new jewels, new album new year

Niggas think they bigger than the game

I got news for you *Willy*, let's take it back to Philly

So you can find your roots, f**k braggin on your loot

Nigga you aint that hard

And a nigga can't spend no money layin in the graveyard

Omigod, it really shocks you

This can't be the same motherf**ker Freddie Foxxx who

I really feel his lyrics, I love all his rhymes

I thought that we was cool, you think he's hard to find

I rip in dark posin alleys

As a kid got knowledge from the gods at the rally

I slip on the game like Ballies

And show ten hoes how to stack it up, get money, New York to Cali

Where a nigga tried to play me like a sally

So I shot him in his new DeNali and drove him to the valley

I pushed him out the car and let him scally

F**k that nigga, tryin to play me like he bigger

In Japan I'm worth ten figures

American, open the door and let Derek in

I break my silence, after ten years of supressing my violence

You was my man I gave you benjamins

Every time I pulled up and get you in the Benz again

We can never be friends again

You brought me tears when you took my right hand off for seven long years

Now he's back and corrupt

Driving new GS 400s, new Jags, and new trucks

You should see the bad bitches that he f**k

While your girl look skinny like a smoked out Daffy Duck

Niggas are real this aint N B HIGH

You niggas aint got no balls and won't die

I'm a certified killer, with *Stock in the Game*
Burn marks on my hands from the glocks with the flame
Bumpy is my rap name, when I write rhymes I hydroplane
And think about my nigga Kane
Alotta label motherf**kers'll be dead
You f**kin with my money is like f**kin with my head
Tryin to take my buttered bread
Niggas aint shit, so I'm down with you Kane
Any time realness, you ready feel this
I don't forget nothing, nothing at all
So Mr. Steve Rifkind, expect my call
Niggas owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect
Over fifteen dollars, I'll snap your f**kin neck
And don't pay me in no f**kin check
If you don't want me to teach the meaning of disrespect
When I'm finished in this game, I'll be swimming in my yard
Not at the radio station, looking for a job
Too many niggas feel me spittin on a record
To be broke and homeless, and outside naked
I represent the real grimy masses
Of thugged out gun slinging criminal asses
That shoot up your party and chill at mine
'cause they know I got love for real niggas, nine to nine there's the mind
Just remember why you frontin like you more that 24 Hrs ahead
In 24 Hrs you'll be DEAD
You'll be DEAD