

# Bumpy Knuckles, Bumpy Bring It Home

Ayo, turn the, turn the music up some more  
In the headphones for me  
Check it out (c'mon!)  
You ready, it's Bumpy Knuckles baby  
Sendin this out to my niggas  
All them hardcore street corner, wilders  
Ha, ha, Freddie Foxxx baby  
That's right, Diamond D baby

(Verse 1)

Whoever thought that I'd be Mr. lyrical flows nice  
Like sunsets on the Rio Grande  
Grantin after sisters checkin out they can can  
My lyrical ability keeps them real niggas  
That listen to hip hop feelin me  
I keep it underground, sound's a buck China  
Even in Japan they know, I'm the ultimate  
Spit at me verse, like it's my last one  
Slow ones, fast ones, I blast past the fake ass ones  
You see, I don't think no nigga's nicer than me  
I'm not conceited, that's how I read it, these niggas heated  
I dissect your verses like science class frogs  
I see your rap records is swine, like hogs  
Now cipher, that's like turnin down Janet for Michelle Pfeiffer  
See Freddie Foxxx aint wit that  
My shit is hotter than cayenne pepper, the mic wrecker  
The lethal weapon, I keep you high steppin  
It's not my fault that niggas listen to me  
And wanna rob shit, 'cause I do my motherf\*\*kin job kid  
If you a thug then you recognize what you see before you  
Eyes and ears said Freddie Foxxx is here  
I been waitin it, doin it, sayin it  
Rollin by my motherf\*\*kin self with my burner cocked slayin it  
And I aint seen nothing that could make me believe  
There's a nigga rappin liver than me, you feel me

(HOOK 2X: Billy Danze)

You in a class of your own, Bumpy's in the zone  
Leave Bumpy alone! Bumpy get it on  
Bumpy spit chrome, Bumpy hold a throne  
Now, Bumpy bring it home!

(Verse 2)

I wear Rolex watches and alligator shoes  
Where niggas thought devil jeans was the big news  
I had fifty miles on my brand new Benz in '89  
When you wanted me to critique your rhyme  
It just was all right  
Niggas brought rappers to me, for approval  
Now I give you sixteen bars, for removal  
I punch you in your temple make you stagger like Yeltsin  
Over hand right to the brain is what you felt son  
Then I take off my belt son  
Show you what a whippin is, what a true real mic rippin is  
You fake niggas can't make it hard for real niggas 'cause  
There's no defense for the truth so what the deal nigga  
No matter who tell it, real niggas always prevail  
Just like a fake nigga always fail  
Niggas livin in a fairy tale, until they get beef  
Then he want peace, bitch, you just a rap pussy  
You comin just a lyrical lunatic  
I make it blacker than midnight at 12 O'Clock noon and shit  
I keep rollin like the black Navi with them Micky Thompsons  
Halogen lights, I keep my flow tight

The new Bumpy shit is like the new Jordans when they come out  
Got emcees rappin wit they gun out  
Memorize lyrics and I spit 'em to the needy  
Send love to my nigga Tweety, and can you feel me

(HOOK)

(Verse 3)

I treat 'em like what stick up kids is to dark alleys  
What's Slick Rick is to Bally's  
What played out NY niggas is to Cali  
Runnin from the ill shit  
I do what record labels don't like, the real shit  
Money is energy, I'm hyped up  
Step on stage with that bullshit, get hair wiped up  
I be up in your crib, with my two black sigs in your ribs  
Takin everything you got to give  
The black Robin Hood I rock for niggas that can't afford Rolies  
Ride around and in tagged up stolies  
I keep the truth like the Holy Qu'ran  
Here's a game plan, ambush, best attack, hit off my man  
I make you niggas listen to some lyrical shit  
Some miracle shit, some empirical shit  
Now I'm in flipmode, I got my gun in your brain  
And make you run you ch ch ch cha ch ch cha chain  
Bumpy plays no games, it's all real here  
Can't get my gun in the club, I keep it real near  
I'm harder than a bulletproof vest wrapped around a steel pole  
Six shots all through your body like real soul  
James Brown or the Meters  
I'm gunnin for you no talent rap style eaters  
When Diamond D blessed me I had to come rugged  
Or unplug it, only true thugs can f\*\*k shit

(HOOK)