

Bumpy Knuckles, P.A.I.N.E

(Intro)

Motherf**king soft-ass niggaz out here
Motherf**king soft-ass niggaz out here
"It's 'bout to be on" -> The Lah
That talk lot of shit "'bout to bust" -> The Lah
"Underground street nigga Bumpy came" -> The Lah

(Verse One)

Hail, come on, hail
What you knocking in your tape-deck thats my property
unknown forces think they stopping me
Here's some information; I'm god's child
meat, bones, blood an veins
And I bust til I can't mix, mud and brains
Someday I may be punished for the shit that I do
So crack the gates of hell, I might slide through
But I ain't staying I need to pay a visit to the man
That took my baby brother from the palm of my hand
I'm a menace to the public like too many B's
Overcome by rappers who puff too many trees
So I stand out like a white cop in Harlem
With two rusty Armeans, that's what I call 'em
I'm a giant in a field of mice
With goretex and spikes giving R & B rap niggaz short life
You wanna dance with an underground Puffy
Without niggaz around me that might wanna bust me
Sometimes I'm like a white man dont trust me
Sometimes I'm like a black man thinking like a white man
All you niggaz dis-gust me
F**k who you are I don't care who you are
I'm the roundest nigga down here, square who you are
You want drama, you can get it!
scratch and Premier's down with it baby

(Chorus)

There's not a problem that I can't fix
All I need is my two four-fifths
And if you niggaz wantin trouble
I sure hold it double and I only aim straight for the brain
It's the Preem and Bumpy
Bringin ya pain
Bringin ya pain
Bringin ya pain

(Verse Two)

It's the smackdown f**k the rock an all that
I smack niggaz down who think they all that
All you rap niggaz cat fightin, just wanna be seen
in the magazines, lip twistin lookin all mean
I got a heart like mean Joe Green
I run niggaz down and got paid for it, since sixteen
I'm a addict b, this thug shit is like nicotine
And I can't stop smoking, I can't stop smoking
I'm like Rakim with muscles, No Jokin
If niggaz try to disrespect my melody Im gunnin for the felony
There's a whole lot of questions that really need answers
Like; Who the f**k told you that your rhymestyle was hot!?
You know when Biggie died? Who bust that shot?
Why is Sammy the Bull still living and where the f**k is Pac?
It's a raprace niggaz don't wanna see me rich
Catch twenty-two niggaz don't wanna see me flip
Cause I'm Billy Danze, Billy gram, Lil' Fame
Jesse James, Madison Indama, I love black bitches
I'm a night time nigga, day riches

I won't even call a wolves for you niggaz
I bring gang bitches it's like ordering take-out
You know you gon' get it
scratch and Premier's down with it baby!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

If i die today tomorrow I got no regrets
I'm like the cigarette before cancer - hard to forget!
I'm start to the finish I don't like reason
Cause niggaz don't negotiate it's all about thieving
Time proving that I ain't leaving until Im done
Put my last mic in my casket and then Im one
Raps arithmetic while like scar back in '86
Rush it for the gods, bust it for the gods
You better get your camera out flip the moving ural
That don't carry one gun, I do that shit in plural
Yo Preem them niggaz think that I was a fake now
After the Shakedown still ain't catch no drama
When Pedgie had beef I passed the lama
And told my nigga how if it get thick im there like mama
Sunshine and rain, good time and pain
Like a too tight cartier watch Diamond Frame
Duke signed his name got caught up in his lyrics
Now he's Ray Charles bustin his gun, blind in aim
I'm the black bently azure with the bullet proof doors
With the two overhead cams peddle to the floor
I'm never satisfied i want more
like a 350 pound nigga on an aeroplane, I want more!
scratch
"It's 'bout to be on"
You want beef you can get it
And Premier's down with it baby!

(Chorus)(2x)

scratch
"It's 'bout to be on"