

# Bumpy Knuckles, Tell 'Em I'm Here

Somebody tell them motherf\*\*kers I'm here!

(Verse 1)

Emcees and rappers, what's up, I hope it's good  
For them street niggas breakin them bricks, in the hood  
I write, maybe sheddin some light  
My experience in hip hop, was struggle and fight  
All I ever wanted, was a chance to rock the mic, like you do  
Control every crowd in the world, like voodoo  
The underground hardcore scene, it's my flaw  
I snatch alotta money from that, so once more  
I step, where the niggas that rep, get checks  
You touch mine, here go my check  
It's back to underground clubs, with fights at the door  
Niggas gettin one deal in six months they poor  
I separate emcees from rappers, standin on stage with two clappers  
Cock back, beef at my house, I stop that  
I dare any nigga standin in here with half a heart  
To address me, I rip you apart, Tell 'em I'm Here!

CHORUS:

Tell 'em the one that blasts first every time it's on  
Tell 'em, I put the word back in word is bond  
Tell 'em, I stomp rappers to the beat, shut 'em down with no fear  
Somebody tell them motherf\*\*kers I'm here!

(Verse 2)

Who got the ill rep, lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks  
Outta respect none of you bitch ass niggas your shit sucks  
I'm the emperor, you niggas is hoes with gold plaques  
Lotta stick ups in town, Freddie Foxxx is back  
Bumpy Knuckles I, take out your heart with one look  
Frying niggas like "Yang Kang Cook" you're all shook  
Spittin hella hot lyrics, that infiltrate tracks  
Like spirit, real niggas wild when they hear it  
My heart bleeds raw hip hop, I got no gauze  
Sometimes the beats kicks so hard, I cock them fours  
And I can feel it, all up in my veins, keep it noted  
I'm the long term maintain, Tell 'em I'm Here!

CHORUS

(Verse 3)

I do it special for them thug niggas holdin the block  
They need a nigga on wax that can follow  
To give 'em that real shit to swallow  
I don't respect a man under no man  
You frontin like you holdin all the cards up in your hand  
When emcees come in, emcees go  
I'm one of the few emcees left, with emcee flow  
So while I spit repetitious like techs  
Make your bitch say my style is delicious like sex  
Undetectable rhyme, it's complex  
Check the three X's that I earned from  
Bustin my sigs from New York to Texas  
Makin niggas take L's like Lexus, tattoed vibes I protect this  
Find a mic mechanic, 'cause I'm bout to wreck this  
Villainous, I'm laughin while I'm killin this  
Never break a sweat because my groove be the chillinest  
Thug niggas throw your hands up if you feelin this, Tell 'em I'm Here!

CHORUS