

# Bumpy Knuckles, Turn Up The Mic

(Intro: Nas)

I only f\*\*k with my niggaz, I gotta keep it tight  
With my big brother, Bumpy Knuckles  
We gon' ride on these niggaz my nigga, huh  
Turn up the mics, yeah, lets get crazy, nigga, what  
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch-ass niggaz is Swayze  
Check it out

(Verse 1: Nas)

I'm Nasty but f\*\*k bitches, handcuff snitches  
Feed they nuts to pit bulls and plan more business  
Got sluts on leashes walkin on all fours  
Have 'em eatin from dog bowls pettin' they heads  
Cause they love playin that role they sexy in bed  
Smokin bud' I'm outta control wish death on the feds  
Cup spills with Grey Goose watchin snuff films  
Laughin with dykes that wear patent leather with spikes  
My cheddar is right, Miami beach playin it low  
St. Barts rent a house and a boat  
Two hundred thou' on my throat  
That's only half of what my wife ice cost  
Phonecall, hearin another boss got his life lost  
Well, wipin' sand off of my toes  
Read a book called "Catcher in the rye", I chose  
Some Bob Marley then I plotted a scheme  
To make me and Bump Knux more rich  
Then I got me a team, he got 'em a team  
He tryin to buy G-force with missile launchers  
Tired of walkin' around with beef, with that pistols on us  
C-4's better I'm callin up some b-more killers  
To come and bleed you  
As sure as the sun's in the sky you'll surely die  
You washed up, f\*\*k your people  
Your money ain't as long as mine you dumb and you foul  
Who you tryin to squeeze all this f\*\*k with Alzheimer's disease  
We the new breed, nigga

(Chorus: Nas (& Freddie Foxxx))

Turn up the mics,  
Uh holler at somebody real  
Turn out the lights,  
Bump Knux, God's Son get it right motherf\*\*ker  
Turn up the mics  
(Aha yeah turn the motherf\*\*kers up)  
Turn out the lights  
(That's right ya'll know why, I tell you why)  
Suicide suicide

(Verse 2: Bumpy Knuckles)

It's Bump I'm rowdy I'm wild  
I'm crazy I'm sick I talk slick  
Name brand bitches all on my dick  
I don't trip I meet bitches in this game that got pretty famous names  
All that projects' pussy, nigga, all the same  
We gangsters, we keepin it hardcore keep it street  
Keepin guns and microphones, be keepin heat  
I'm the unsquashable beef I put it in your rider  
That means that every show I be layin in your dressing room  
Next to the Henney Rock two times .20 cocked  
I'm a cold assed nigga that keep shit plenty hot  
My bubble goose is stocked with double truth  
For you old-assed gangsters and you troubled youth  
Knowin ; I hate cops and niggaz with cop friends  
And still by weight in the hood they drop ends

With little marks on 'em scratched by the eye  
You hand me a twenty, you must wanna die  
Nigga, I won't remake a Pac record or say a Biggie verse  
And I shoot you without smokin a Ziggy Marley first  
God's Son we hot in here  
Bravehearts we hot in here, niggaz they got to fear!

(Outro: Nas)

Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut  
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze  
Check it out  
Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut  
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze  
Check it out  
Turn up the mics, yeah lets get crazy, nigga whut  
Turn up the mics, y'all bitch ass niggaz is Swayze  
Shh