

# Bumpy Knuckles, Who Knows Why

Yeah  
Turn it up  
That's right  
For my niggas  
Here we go

(Verse 1)

Some real niggas have gone away... never to return  
Stay forever on wax 'cause the mics they burn  
Outta sight, outta mind, never does it mean outta might, outta rhyme  
So I return to make it hot for those who cannot  
Smile down on me niggas, while I rock the spot  
Is there heaven for a nice emcee  
Crushin all these suckers dear God don't be mad with me  
I don't mean to hurt nobody, I just wanna rock the party  
And give you a taste of what's left, before I see death  
Watch a nigga back, 'cause I don't trust nobody  
Left hand hold the mic, and right bust the shottie  
Sendin angels to guide me through, in the white drop top  
When they ride me through  
When I hit the pearly gates, will they take my tax  
Will they let me rock the mic, will the beats be phat  
Will the rappers write they own rhymes up in that piece  
Will the fakes get locked by the cop police  
Or will I have to deal with A&R's who don't got no say  
I hope it don't be that way, tell me

HOOK 2X:

Who Knows Why  
The reasons we live and the reasons we die  
You can't figure this one, so why try  
God help my soul as I testify  
And I wont lie

(Verse 2)

Now as I'm lookin in the mirror I see myself  
Handsome with attitude, so momma gratitude  
I put the pressure on emcees  
I make it hard for ya, with total, disregard for ya  
This rap shit is raw not to be touched  
The ingredients if tampered with, could get you f\*\*ked up  
No one knows this secret I hold like Moses  
Given at birth, now what it's worth, it's more than a million six  
Let me spit it to you niggas, while my rhyme exists  
Listen, separate the real from the wishin  
If you bust at me and miss, you gon end up missin  
'cause on these rap niggas styles I be shittin, pissin  
Leave you niggas lookin dumb like two niggas kissin  
I'm the true hardcore underground messiah  
I'm the kinda nigga street thugs can admire  
You never see me gettin robbed, jumped down and whipped out  
Or cryin 'bout a deal with no money, flipped out  
I get off my ass and make it happen  
I'll stick up the world if I aint rappin  
So why do I exist, tell me

HOOK

(Verse 3)

May Allah shine down on any emcee  
That'll stand on stage and hold a mic with me  
May he give you all the flow of the ocean water  
And some nice hand skills to prevent slaughter  
My lyrics painful like bullets from a rusty tech

Bumpy Knucks, nigga what, and you must respect  
All the true shit that I reflect  
Niggas know I exist only to wreck  
Won't let the verse loosen til you sign the check  
I won't be fussin at ya, but bustin at ya  
I treat all my rhymes like they devines  
Niggas spot me like a UFO  
I turn my mic on and resurrect the livest flow  
So if you askin me, why am I here  
To clarify hip hop loud and clear  
Real niggas, tell me

HOOK