Freddie Foxxx, Mcs Come & Mcs Go

"shaquita your mother's at the door, shaquita your mother's at my door
She said you shoulda been home at 11:30, she's at my door"

Intro:
Check it out party people in the house we wanna set the party off right
Right about now, with the hottest underground mc in the game, that's
Right it's bumpy knuckles baby, and we came to show you the diverse flow
Part of what we're 'bout to do today, so if you ready throw your hands
In the air while we freak it like thi, thi, thi, thi- thi- thi thi this

[verse 1]
Clap your hands and stomp your feet
While we rock to the sounds of the bumpy beat, the bumpy beat
You never heard me flow this slow
So I thought that I would do it just to let you know
I'm still nice with my m I c
I still put the hottest niggas on I c e
I'm down with guru and dj premier
I'd like to thank y'all both for bringin me here
Now, back to the business while you clappin your hands
It's been a while since you've seen a real mc
These niggas make me feel thin
With all these gangstas around wit it's
You're rockin with the best
I live a hard knock life, I wear a hard knock vest
Wanna give me a hard knock test
I have your little kids screamin
I'm so hard that after me
You need a will smith song to appreciate life
I'm like eddie in tibet
F**k the bald head boy I want the, the, the mic
Let's take it back to union square
Can I grab the mic and mc in here
Well if so let's start class
Pharoah say rub on your titties bumpy say rub on your ass

Hook:
Mcs come and mcs go
I'm one of the few mcs left with mc flow
So when mcs come in, mcs know
If they can't mc then they got to go
Now everybody light it up now ho...
Take it deep inside your body and breathe...
Let it out

[verse 2]
Rock rock y'all I wanna give it to the thugs
So they can bring it inside the party and spread it out to everybody
"yo bumpy look" omigod, what is this

Got your hands in your pocket tryin to hide that icy wrist
Now did you think I would miss, all that glitter and jewel
When you know I rob a nigga, just too well
"it's not mine bumpy" do tell
I wonder if I stick this knife in yo' ass would they hear you yell
It's nice to jack a nigga before you get on stage
And watch him standing in the crowd still cheering you and shit
I'm nice y'all, like gretzky and ice ball
Wanna f**k scary spice not once but twice y'all
I rocked in london and the crowd was yelling
Bumpy knucks is the mc that we be feelin
Hennesey was a popular drink and it still is
Look what it done to arnold and willis

The real heads gon feel this
My mic is kinda like my vanderblast jag only I wheel this
Now let's take it back to union square
Can I grab the mic and make it hot in here
Well if so let's make it hot to the beat y'all, and you don't stop

Chorus

[verse 3]
Keep it on y'all, to the funky sound
F**k hate me baby you can hump me now
All the ladies in the house that's sick and tired of sayin ow
Take just one minute and ask these rap niggas how
They can get on stage and rap like that
How you expect to get pussy after the show with crap like that
I bring the element, I remember like an elephant
When selling crack and jewels was not so relevent
But times are harder than blind man's chest
Big up my little man big l, in peace he rests
It's not many niggas spittin like it used to be
So i'ma hang around here y'all get used to me
All the gangstas in the house with they separate crews
When these corporate ass kissers gon accept the news
That black people get nothing but the blues
And we lost at the white folks back in the fifties and sixty two
I been to school, and I spit at mcs
Until they spin 360 degrees and then they pass out
Not gas out, and I'm not stoppin
While the hoes is still jockin and your head is still boppin
I flinch, don't f**k you and keep the bed rockin
Jump from ass to ass so I know I'm hip hoppin
Now let's take it back to union square
Can I grab the mic and mc in here
Well if so let's keep it tight
While the real mcs take control of this mic

Chorus