

Freddie Foxxx, Stock In The Game

[Freddie Foxxx]

Yeah, uh-huh, you ready?

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, we tear this mothafucker down!

Welcome to the underground where hardcore niggas are found

We're beatin niggas down, make you world-reknown

Where street beef set off once, never forgiven

Where real niggas never give up, we fugitivin

That's how we be livin, where niggas vibe on the raw shit

Come out, your face fucked up and get your jaw split

Nigga, we pick your teeth up and put em on a string like bones

And send your punk ass home alone

I got stock in this microphone you innuendos

I get you beat the fuck up and played like Nintendo

Maybe smoke like the hydro endo, you niggas is hookers

I hit you wit the four pound tuckers

Have you ever seen a rap stampede?

We'll bring em underground, and I'll run em down

You know my reputation, my voice over disco beats is violation

New York walk, New York talk

And when I blow you niggas dime, I use my own chalk

So watch what the fuck you say and what you do

For real, niggas bring it to you and your whole crew

Bring in baby, you ready?

[Chorus]

I got stock in this game

Got a bad reputation for bringin the glock to the game

You know my name

So if you ever come across me wrong

Just remember the words to this song

I be hearin mad MC's, I study your rhymes

And I noticed that you niggas is just wastin time

I don't take it to wack niggas, they self-destruct

I take it to nice niggas and FUCK THEM UP!

So the fact that you be shinin makes it even better for me

That just leaves more cheddar for me

I keep it blacker than Cadillacs in '69

Total eclipse your record and stole your shine

Sixteen bars of homemade moonshine rhyme

And I still had you mothafuckers payin me mine

Wassup, watch me snatch a hundred grand on you niggas

No tax while you loudmouth braggin-ass niggas fake jacks

Yeah I'm nice wit my mothafuckin hands

And I bust my heats, Freddie Foxxx celebrity box out the beats

My flow is so cold

Start a rainy day snowin, my voice fertilize your thoughts to start growin

It's Bumpy Knuckles and raw niggas incorporated

The real niggas love it, the fake niggas hate it

You mothafuckers ready for this? Check it out

Chorus 2x

I go one two three four five, I make it live

Simple-ass shit like that be soundin wack

But when I spit the lyrical terror that makes niggas hide they jewels

Wild niggas start cockin they tools

I got my ethics from the older school, if you wack then I spit it

Something to steal, I come get it

If Freddie Foxxx want beef, niggas ain't wit it

Some niggas wanna try my style but can't fit it

I be hearin niggas that sound like me

But ain't never ever really put it down like me

Plus them niggas ain't really underground like me

Street reputation, love town-to-town like me
You bitch-ass mothafuckers I squared off in the mainstream
World, actin like a mothafuckin girls
I wet you like a jheri curl and you'll explode like uranium
The only thing you'll have to fall back on is your cranium
You soft niggas could never be iller
Than the holemaker, holefiller
Bumpy Knucks keep it realer, the bloodspiller
Don't fuck wit a mothafuckin killer, TURN IT UP!

Chorus 2x

*on second time, last line is "THEN ALL YOU MOTHAFUCKERS'LL BE GONE"