

Freddie Foxxx, The Lah

Primo! Haaaaah
Come on, hah!

[Verse 1: Freddie Foxxx]

Somebody better call security it's 'bout to be on
I'm in the streets, midnight, 'bout to bust 'til dawn
Niggas are dead wrong, if they think I'm soft in my song
You wanna die? Hah, I can help your coffin me on
I'm the reason that some rap niggaz, may spit a name
I'm the reason that some niggaz, still in the game
I'm the reason that rock died, some proclaim
rich underground street nigga, Bumpy came
They wonderin, how the hell he just won't stop and
They wonderin, how this nigga stays so hot
Well it's a combination of five things I live by
I don't speak to none of these bitc -ass niggas, just give eye
Always aim for the sky, unless I'm aiming at an A&R from the majors
then I aim for the eye, and you never seen me cry
These emotional ass industry rap motherfuckers
Nigga just push double Y
And I always spit fly, and never be afraid
'Cause Bumpy ain't leavin, 'til Bumpy get paid
You niggas is like little AIDS
infecting the sound that the real niggaz started
So we keep it underground, yeah

[Chorus] [2x]

The Lah, lah, lah
Got me clouded brains in motion
The Lah, lah, lah
Got me causing mad commotion
The Lah, lah, lah
Hit me like a locomotion (Feel me)
The Lah, lah, lah
Smokin, smokin, smokin

[Verse 2: Freddie Foxxx]

Niggaz know I ain't play around when it comes to the rhyme to the sound
From the sky to the ground, I gun your ass down, like I'm aged rap round
I got a little game for the kiddies and I call it "Ain't that clown!"
It's Bumpy Knux, hotter than grits on Al Green
Gonna make Allen Iverson stick with his team
Basketball was your dream, so live ya other life
Don't go broke tryna flow, be you ain't that nice
What's with these basketball niggas, I'm screamin' double dribble
How you nine foot tall, and rhyming just a little?
I police the underground, and I'm thug appointed
Got a problem with that speech get your mug annointed
By reverend glock, niggas got they' game all twisted
It's a lot of niggaz I'ma bring it too and it's listed
I hope he try to stand up and show me you live
That makes my dick hard, and I get all sweaty inside
'Cause I know this little nigga wanna prove he ain't a sucker
But he fucking with a bad motherfucker, it's Bumpy Knux

[Chorus] [2x]

[Verse 3: Freddie Foxxx]

The magazines - I like to meet my reviewer
Take his ass to the sewer, and show him what it's like
Tryna come up on this mic, how to struggle, how to fight
It's like tryna find an ass on a Chinese woman
In the dark, black night I got the double Tech
As if I was in the cigarette smoke

and skinny white women they play my record
I been +Hot+ since +97+, way before that
Now I come back, and niggaz still bitchin
You can't even snatch a chain no more, niggaz snitchin
A lot of niggaz is just pots in the kitchen like congressman Wrangle
Mister Bo Jangle with fucked up ankles
The blacks start suffer while the white start spangled
Banner and we don't play on MTV
The fuckin record company is ownin all the MP3
And the bootleg factory, I got niggaz saying "Bumpy too black for me!"
It's the truth nigga, I see, but you blinded by glitter
And you got a little cheddar what's made your pussy game better
While you need mic nice lessons nursery rhymen
When all a nigga want is a car and a hurt me diamond
He'll do anything for anybody
And suck a dick like he MC Lewinsky
I'm the nigga that you can't see, don't ever get it fucked up
All you sucka ass niggaz will get Bump knucked up

[Chorus] [2x]