

John Cena, Know The Red

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[Freddie Foxxx a.k.a. Bumpy Knuckles]

Hahahaha...

Y'all know the rep, yeah, listen

My name is Bumpy Knuckles, I write that f**kin flame
And kill for the right price I got a buckin name
My forty caliber too fresh, stuck in aim
We roll like 18 wheelers in the truckin game
I'm nice with mics there's nothin more I like
than to paralyze your left side and leave you all right
I be layin front of your crib with Tec-y all night
Tryin to get them 9 millimeters loaded up tight, listen
I'm like a Cadillac, I write a battle rap
so smooth contest you'll be out of that
Y'all know the beef is stewin, that Bumpy came to ruin
You may be signed but you don't know what the f**k you doin
I make aight hot, I make dope raw
And send you higher than a long Colt four-four
You know the only rap pimp that kept a ho poor
And slam a fool on his back and break the whole floor

[Chorus: Bumpy Knuckles]

A yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
We keep on, once the cops are gone
This is real street spit you best be warned
Tell your favorite MC the mic is on
A yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
We keep on, once the cops are gone

[John Cena]

Yeah, yeah

It's the J daddy, not Hov' or Jam Master
My mic is correct, but y'all know the hands faster

See you bitch rappers I'm attackin the pile
Y'all be cryin foul cause I'm hackin your style
I make sure you and your mans done
When I see y'all both drop, I'm the cat screamin And1
You see me on the team dog you know the game's over
Stones on my wrist, and a chip on my shoulder
Sixteens cashin in on another hot beat
Go cop me a drop with the butterscotch seats
And we better not meet, if we do you gon' see a change
Make sure you whole FACE gettin rearranged
We rollin up in the blacked out truck dog
It's Freddie Foxxx, now you deal with Corrupt Mob
It's gas on the fire, any time a track blaze
Squad known to beef up the Heat, just like the Shaq trade

[Tha Trademarc]

This my 9 to 5, this ain't no hobby cat
Copycat killers bite styles, my rhyme piles is heavy
Give me a beat, man I'll body that
Spittin that heat street raps man they nod to that
What you smilin at? You R&B, man that's hardly rap
You lost the beat, man you bought a map
Matter fact, here's my next rap, borrow that
Been off the street too long, I want my corner back
You ain't a player, you a armchair quarterback
You ride the beat like side streets on a flat
Don't play dumb, I know where you came from

You only seen slugs buddy after the rain come
Keep it subtle, Trademarc got you bitch
like babies suckin tits talkin 'bout mami let's cuddle
It's gon' be what it's gon' be, you duck down
A quiet cat with a violent rap, what now?

[Chorus]