Kool Keith, Keith N Bumpy

(feat. 'Bumpy')

[Kool Keith]
See.. you play around too fuckin much
(How many people you got hurt?)
You ain't learned your lesson yet
(You ain't learned your fuckin lesson)
You still playin and fuckin around
That's all you doin, you playin fuckin around
Youse a little bitch..

Youse a bitch-ass nigga, smack your fuckin skullies off
You niggaz ain't learned a fuckin lesson yet?
Count your blessing yet, publicity got you mixed up
And Keith's fucked your whole million dollar aura
Clean cut or thugged out, I don't give a fuck
Niggaz with that champagne shit
Fuckin with me, you'll earn a job in the cleaners
givin motherfuckers a permanent crease
We don't do Entertainment Tonight, Rosie O'Donn-ell
Piss on niggaz like you and take your video models
straight to Church's Chicken, and fuckin McDonald's
Fuck all you glamourized faggot niggaz
Y'all on some real hardcore, maggot niggaz
Catch you in the gridlock in New York City traffic
Hit you in the face with a rock tied up in a fuckin sock
Tell the cops, I'll chase you with a mac-10
Follow your Range Rover with stockin caps
for seventy-eight more fuckin blocks
Watch ambulances and paramedics take off your paragon down
Remove your fuckin mop; take your body pieces
in a fucked up van to a Mexican chop shop
Fuck a bitch-ass bodyguard, bunch of niggaz squealin
Cancel your important meetings, we can do this
Broad daylight, just me and you in a fuckin Jamaican restertaunt
"Who da fuck ya tink you are mon, what ya fuckin doin?
You don't know the FUCK I am" - load three four five clips
Fuckin magazines, I'll show you the fuckin bomb
Ya bloodclot, catch you niggaz in Quadrasonic or Sony
Platinum Sounds, who is it Bill?
Who's fuckin around with Crazy Tony?
All that bullshit, walkin around with - hard packs
You motherfuckers carryin backpacks
That's right, with your hooded parkas
You motherfuckers suck dick and you're phony

[x4]
Y'all do y'all shit in the studio
We bring our shit to your face!

['Bumpy']
My mental is sinister, I run shit like a prime minister
You still breathin motherfucker? But now it's time to finish ya
Blood sport, I heard you on life support
but I'ma make sure that you don't take the witness stand in court
Afternoon, I'ma creep up in your room, past the goon
'fore you (??) ba-boom, and I'm sendin yo' ass to the moon
Another motherfucker bite the dust from the lust
to live plush, and he died quick - from the rush
Now I'm Southbound, fuck the 6, take the Greyhound
Any cat cross the line can't hide it's goin down
I got connects with tecs and white boats and jets
Think I'm playin motherfucker? Let me know who next
Silence and not loud, pick you off in the crowd

Now your shorty growin up in the world as a fatherless child
Everybody choose the fuckin way that they wanna play
Just remember one fuckin day that that ass gotta pay
Cause fuckin with my gravy is like rapin my little baby
And you still wouldn't be safe if you joined the fuckin navy
You must be crazy, thinkin yo' ass can get Swayze
but the only fuckin thing you gon' be doin is pushin up daisies
And it won't faze me, cause real gangsters raised me
Ghetto diamonds praised me and thugs slug just craze me
I know it sounds strange, but it's part of the game
I control bitches brains, when they suckin on my sugar cane
My fame came before money you fuckin dummy
Bitches callin me 'Bumpy' while my dick is in they tummy
But if you cross the line, you won't be able to find
they motherfuckin head, they limbs or they spine
So all you bitch motherfuckers better respect mine
if you plan on bein here to see the fuckin sunshine
(BLAOW!) BLAOW! With one in your spine
Keith N 'Bumpy', put one in your spine