Know the Rep

John Cena & Tha Trademarc

Y'all know the rep, yeah, listen
My name is Bumpy Knuckles, I write that fuckin' 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 fuck 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
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
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' and 1
You see me on the team dog you know the game's over
Stones on my wrist, and a chip on my shoulder

16's 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 F A C E 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
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 and 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?
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