

# Pump

## Bionic Jive

Are you ready for a brother  
With a mouth full of hand grenades?  
Watch a brothers tongue serenade  
With the grace of a razor blade over butter  
In the middle of a heat wave, peep ways Got a baby in every part of the city  
'Cause I'm street made  
Did you really want to clash with me?  
I'ma paint a picture sad to see  
Like a brother from a rope in an apple tree Did you really believe these ability's couldn't achieve  
Filling my pockets with the cheese and the broccoli?  
Watch you trippin' on some of that shit  
That be killing off the ozone mention my clique  
Now she don't want to put her clothes on You better recognize who to idolize over tracks  
Or catch a match to the batch  
Of the kerosene for the pay back  
'Cause the S.W. never play that  
I eliminate them till the moon fade black Never sentimental on an instrumental  
When it's complemental to the mental psycho  
Alpha, disco, quick to split your riddle  
From the max to the minimal Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeah Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump Terminal condition when the mic is in position  
To slit them from the solar plexus to the neck up  
Giving them a hemorrhage with the double concussion  
Propelling through my nemesis multiple combination In 3D images split a wig when a fool trip  
Never mind what your sipping on, what you trippin' on?  
Is it tricks or the rims on the Brougham  
Or the way my city get it gritty in your time zone? Monologue get mind blown, keep you ducking  
In the bushes when the infrared roam  
Turn up the volume and watch a poetical prophecy properly  
Rock the philosophy made for the rap game I paid dues, slayed crews for the rap game  
Drop flows and got chose for the rap game  
I'm suicidal off the cliff ready to dive  
What, what, what, come on Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahPump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pumpPsycho, alphabetical, street ministryWas it the night we dragged your hommie  
through the night club  
Made him fold up when he loc'd up  
Droppin' heat seekers to his dome  
Like a hot comb to his dome when he spoke upAll adversaries look away when the A to the K O M A C K  
Get to rippin' through the cable with the wrath of a bullet  
Bet your corner catch a ricochetPropelling parallel with the light speed laid back  
Like a knock kneed, eye to eye with the enemy  
While the telepathy proceed to achieve  
Blowing enemies to a realm in a calm breezeI shall rip it till my lungs cease  
Proceed spittin' game in the city streets  
And continue rippin' heads off of robeast  
Sincerely yours lack mack with the khakis creasedWhatcha trippin' on?Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha  
trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahPump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pumpBring it on, heat it up, let me see how you serve  
Damn if I ain't superb with it  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahBring it on, heat it up, let me see how you serve  
'Damn if I ain't superb with it  
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?  
Pump, pump, pump, pump

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