

Bump (Bobby B Homegrown mix)

Kottonmouth Kings

(Intro):

Creep, creep, I'm on the creep
The creep for the kind bud
O.C. late night, rolling in the v-dub
Sick of scraping resin so I'm looking for a sack
All I learn, I'll head for burn
BSO's got my back
Right on, right on brother, blaze on
You better rip that shit, rip it
It's that 1605 shit, real hunnington beats
Backyard fucking, garage style(Chorus):

Bump, bump, bump

That's the sound of the fifteens while they're hitting in my trunk

Said bump, bump, bump

We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck(Verse) Saint Dog:

Well I'm that kid that the bitches talk about

Saint's what they shout, you got all the clout

A day in the life of a Kottonmouth King, 1605 (fool pass me the thing)

Now the stereo is off, I sway, push play

You hear humble gods from a mile away

All the heads are bobbing because the base is bumping

D-Loc is mumbling, (I got a little something)

Well he passed me a hornet and I took a sip

Sparked up a bowl and I took a rip, trip

Came to halt at an intersection

Turned up the music at my discretion

D-Loc in the back said what do I see

A jeep full of freaks just staring at me

D-Loc was right, they were in a range rover

Looked over my shoulder, I pulled them all over

They got out the car and stepped to my side

I said, hello ladies let's take a ride

I'm Saint Dog, that's D-Loc the man

Daddy X is the one that's driving the van

So climb on in and don't be shy

We're gonna close the doors and let the games be fly

Once again I said it, my name's ST

It's just another day of a P-T-be

Come on, come on(Chorus)x2Saint Dog putting it down for suburban pride(Verse) Saint Dog:

I was living my life on a nine to five
 Up early in the morning trying to survive
 Chump change, it's a shame, with no education
 No inspiration, no destination,
 But now my occupation is to do what I like
 Keep the crowd moving and rock the mic
 Because if I don't rock it, then another sucker will
 And if you don't jock it, then I can't pay the bills
 Trick Daddy X threw me out on stage
 Said Saint, represent for the underage
 Same damn year, my face is up and raised
 Got that ring in my nose labeled sixteen gauge D-LoC:
 No Saint dog, I hunt ducks with a twelve gauge
 And when I'm on the stage, yes I get get real blazed
 Get me on the court my skills will put you in a maze
 T-T-T-twicking a twine all day
 Come on, come on (Chorus)x3 D-LoC's on the mic, rip rip shit up (Verse) D-LoC:
 It's the unpolitical, psychoanalytical,
 Undefeated Champ that will stick you fool
 My style is crazy, not wooka wakka lazy
 If you chill with me I'll be sure to (blaze thee)
 Plant you in the ground, let you drift like a daisy
 That shit's in my system makes my life kind of hazy
 My momma, my poppa, I think I should tell them
 The J got's my head, and fucked up my cerebellum
 It's about time to compute your math
 Because my beats keep bumping like a seismograph
 See I've tripped before, but never like this
 Straight to my mind, put my brain in a bliss
 I won't fake the funk, when I'm smoking on a skunk
 That forty bowl evil got my peacock drunk
 And like Micky Mantle, I can switch my stance
 I'm a supercharged baller that's electrically enhanced
 My flows are silky soft, like I'm writing them in lotion
 And I'm a lyricist, that's poetry in motion
 To each town, to each house, I cause mass commotion
 ?????? take it all for my potion
 Farewell to all and to all goodnight
 I'm leaving these ??? out all night
 Wait wait wait you said ??? that shit will suck you up
 Get off the ??? and rock the bump
 Come on (Chorus)x1 Biotch!

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