

# Bump

## Spank Rock

Bump

Typical

Honey, honey see me  
Behind my Game Boy  
I got game girl  
It comes easy  
Let go your shoulders  
My popsicle it's so sweetsie  
Turn back that spark  
Don't hesitate  
And you believe me  
Ya bitch believe me

Bump

Bump (Hey there you go, there you go, fine by!)  
Bump (Too much rump in the trunk)  
Bump (It's rainin' it's pouring, the little girl is snoring)  
Bump (Typical)  
Bump (Rump in the trunk)  
Bump (Rump in the trunk)  
Bump (Typical)

Now mingle shake from every angle  
Re group the hood  
Gonna start by the spangle  
Like Karma Sutra  
I hit from every angle  
Free to speak from this place  
Cos' your thoughts so tangled  
What's that look on you face all miniscule  
Want me to stand still  
But your whole crew's tangled  
Cut them off shangle  
Dangle  
Fuck you  
Get me?

Dadadada

Come straight from the hood  
Gonna keep my music  
Colour/rock/rap/punk confusion  
Itâ€™s too confusinâ€™  
I do what I like  
So what I pop is called itâ€™s called Spank Rock  
Right from the middle  
Thatâ€™s right Spank Rock  
From the bottom to the middle to the middle to the top  
The hottest mother fucker in the whole damn block  
Do my thing and the girls watch

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Hell you can date me, hate me, take me down to the bitchâ€™s show  
(Lets rock)  
And Iâ€™d even let you hold my hand so the whole damn world can know  
(If you can want my time we can unwind)  
The real old rock and roll  
Things get better yet  
And like it said let me know when youâ€™re ready to go  
I just be here with my feet up free  
Rollinâ€™ this meat up  
Me and my Marci ain't changin'  
We just stayinâ€™ the same age  
While you spritzinâ€™ and teasinâ€™  
Iâ€™ll just catch up on my reading  
Push up on work  
Button down shirt  
Bad ass mother fuckinâ€™ cool jerk

Honey, honey see me

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It comes easy  
Let go your shoulders  
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Hey yo itâ€™s me and Spank Rock  
We always poppinâ€™ it hot  
He gets the ladies in line  
I got you ridinâ€™ my jock  
I keep it dirty, not like Fergi  
Ainâ€™ the Black Eyed Peas  
This shit ainâ€™ happy  
Iâ€™m trashy, boastful bitch MC  
My rhymes are painful and fresh  
My pussyâ€™s tastinâ€™ the best  
Iâ€™m face scratchinâ€™ weed snatchinâ€™  
If youâ€™re ready to step  
Cosâ€™ Iâ€™m a throw down kinda bitch  
I donâ€™ play around  
See I cut the fuck up  
And I knock the fuck down  
Pussy pounders have got my back  
They all over the place  
You canâ€™ get it so you sweat it  
We keep that shit laced  
Two one five triple eight  
We never slip it on the beat  
Canâ€™ help it if we roll  
We get the players in heat

My ghetto girls  
Take it, take it grab your man up like a thief  
My ghetto girls  
Hate it, hate it grab you bitches on a leash  
My ghetto girls  
Shake it, shake it break it like a dime piece  
My ghetto girls  
Fake it, fake it if that dick ainâ€™t sweet

See I roll my Dutch thick

I can spit my verse quick  
Don't trip on this Philly shit  
We keepin' it thick

We got the fly by on the hustle and grind  
And if you get us at the right time  
You get it from behind  
In just Chanell pumps  
And throw my legs up  
And if you ready you can get it anytime you want  
I'm the midnight dropper  
I'm the body rockin' rocker  
Workin' tight all night  
Yo I'm never getting tired  
Just a dirty little grin  
When you digger dig it in  
How the bitches think of this  
When you stickin' it in  
Track your system  
When we sippin'  
Thinkin' when we dippin'  
Like you looks when I be drippin'  
Think my shit is straight addictin'

Or in the bathroom break you off in the bed  
Thigh squeezin' puss teasin'  
Cock rockin' your head  
See I like my ass sassy  
I keep my man happy  
Cos' I ride like Kelly Bundy, yo I keep that shit, nasty. Nasty!

Bump, bump-bump

Nasty!

(Typical)

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