

# Bumbell (feat. Tech N9ne)

## Yukmouth

[Tech N9ne] (Yukmouth)

Regime killas, ah

What the deal

(It's that lethal)

What's poppin

Regime niggas in this motherfucker for the one nine nine twist bitch

(Uh, that regime shit)

Regime shit, yeah

(Done deal, bumbell)

New millennium rhymers nigga

(What, Tech a nina)

The bumbell

Where the fuck you at

(Up in this bitch)

[Yukmouth] (Tech N9ne)

Uh, what uh, introducín two of the regime's finest

(Regime) Tech a nina

And Smoke a Lot himself

(Smoke a lot, bumbell)

Let's serve these niggas with the straight shh, uh nigga

(In your back bitch)

Fuck that, I'm tired of not being of the bungalow shit

This bumbell for you nigga

[Yukmouth]

It's bumbell bumbell, that's straight rapid fire

That override your amplifiers and the woofers

Your bass tube hook ups shut the fuck up with wires cooked up

Niggas stash my tape like gats in the bushes, it's that lethal

It'll probably have you killing people, for real

Cops say it's illegal to have a Yuk tape in your possession

Niggas keep going to jail for 11, 350's and 211's

187's, concealed weapons, all the above

Tear the fuckin club up with my nigga what

[Tech N9ne]

That Tech N9ne nigga, lyrically blind niggas on the grind

All the time you will find I spiritually define nigga, rhyme killa

I'm the purer from Missouri-a

Quick when I rip shit trip this animalistic, fuck Ace Ventura

By the power of my dead niggas I'ma ride this like a rollercoaster

Ain't nobody fuckin with my niggas I'm the killa representin Cosa Nostra

So bust like you're supposed to

We guaranteed this gon sell 'cause this shit's the bumbell nigga

[Chorus: (Tech N9ne)] X 2

(Ba bum)

This shit is heated (Ba bum)

Your shit's deleted (Ba bum)

And when you need it (Ba bum)

We drunk and weeded

As long as this rap shit sells

Us niggas with figures we keep releasin the bumbell

[Yukmouth]

Bitch I can make ya ?ven? (Ba bum)

Make ya ?land? (Ba bum)

Make the fans (Ba bum)

Gang related dance (Ba bum)

I can make the hood (Ba bum)

Make your ?Kim Wood? (Ba bum)

Make your stereo (Ba bum)

Make calico (Ba bum)

They dumpin on us, clunk clunk go the trunk

Grab the pump, bang my shit when you in the mist to funk

Or get shit crunked

When shit jumps, I'm the theme music

Like thorazine, the fiends cling to it

I didn't mean to do it

The music made me do it, it made me loose it

Got my mind playin tricks

Now my nine can't stop sprayin shit

Until the nigga lay in a ditch

And when I played this shit it blew my speakers out

Looked out the window I saw dope fiends and tweakers out in the  
middle of the street doing the electric slide, you shoulda peeped it out

It got me geeked out, hustlin makin scrilla

After every word I got to say nigga

Like what's up nigga?

Let's smoke this blunt nigga

Oh, yesterday got caught, got fucked up nigga

You bumpin Yuk nigga?

Oh that's the bumbell

[Chorus] X 2

[Tech N9ne]

We're now listening to the sounds of Tech N9ne

I don't need no medication, I just packs my crispy flows

Endo, rum and fornication, jammed up for why'all filthy hoes

That nigga named Tech N9ne is a motherfucker on Gang Related  
Hater's gotta respect mine or the next time get strangulated  
Rap A Lot summoned me, I told em that I had a gun in me  
Loony as a nigga want to be, kindly get the fuck from front of me  
Sleepin with a black cat in my lap, spliitin poles daily  
Under a lot of weight and on a bus on a broken mirror don't faze me  
They say Tech when I rap you wouldn't be alive  
Fuck that, I got niggas lettin em go for tweleve five, bumbell's live  
We bringin heat to the game, deep when we came  
Niggas fucked up and put they feet to the flame  
Got that (ish) if you want it, gives a (uff) I'm a flaunt it  
That (haaaa) got niggas thinkin I'm hunted, the bumbell

[Chorus] X 2

[Tech N9ne] (Yukmouth)

Yeah (Live and direct)

KC meets Oakland, Oakland meets Houston, a killa mixture  
(Bumbell) Bumbell (What)

Tech N9ne (Regime shit)

Ish, uck, nigga

What you want to do

Regime crew

Like that nigga

Me and Yuknouth up in this motherfucker puttin this shit in your back

For the one nine nine twist

You know what I'm sizzlin?

You know what I'm sizzlin?

You know what I'm sizzlin?

Regime killas!

(Thugged out, Yukmouth)

Songwriters

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