Da Bump

Cosmic Slop Shop

Original rude boi on your scene
Everybody light your blunts, get your smoke on
All you bitches drop your drawers witcha stinkin' ass
Just roll that weed, roll that weed
Just roll that weed, roll that weed
Aiyyo, yes, it's me the MC Grand Royal
You spittin' that 'Newcleus', I suggest you 'Jams on it'
I'm not a role model, I cracks the Beck's bottle
Smoke blunts, play pretty MC's as sex models
So inhale, exhale, what you smell?
Derail the frail blind MC off my trail
If he use Braille, see, I never been touched
Regulate the street tactics, then parlay in the cut
Lay back an' hit this, while I shit this
Flip this, get some ass flow at long distance
An' plus I pack nine inches in my britches
An' keep an instant lit for the funky ass bitches
Newark, New Jersey's on the map, comprende?
An' confrontations start from the blunts an' the Reme
An' if any MC out there wanna test
Call my boy, Poppa C to put a slug in your vest
Check, I walk around the street with the black tech nine
By the waistline, kickin' the hype shit
So turn the volume up a notch
An' watch the da bump, da bump, make your speakers pop
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Shit, I'm just one hip nigga
Shit is off the hook when my crew is in the mixture
What I deliver, over tracks an' rivers
Is makin' your lungs collapse an' quiver
It's the PPP foundation in your ass
We be the bomb like that Oklahoma blast
Then outlast a few clowns, sounds
Raps, stay bein' the mack like Dru Down
Ask me what I smoke an' I say, "It's the method"
Funk off the hook, I leave shit disconnected

What's the name of that town rollin' up trees?
Jersey smokin' up the bombazee
It don't stop, you better move slowly
I make that chest wet an' cosy
Then dip Lowkey like OG's
Then inject that antidote to make you O.D.
You know a better flower get the dough, G an' show me?
I bet you, I make 'em more pussy than Jonesy
And show 'em 'How High I am' just from the nosebleed
I keep it 'Naughty By Nature'
Kick that rugged shit that Maybelline could make-up, lace up
Yeah, Funk Doctor, represent one time
For all the blunt smokers smokin' weed
Let me hear you go ooh, ooh
Smoke lalala, smoke lalala
Let me hear you go ooh, ooh
Smoke lalala, smoke lalala
Funk Doctor got your ass locked down proper
Let me next blast derelicts, binaca
I'ma star at war, smoke blunts, don't Chewbacca
The head banger boogie for the marijuana shoppers
Lace the tracks with stacks of artifacts
Make the police arrest me for givin' the cardiac
'Cause I'm the shitter, head banger, non-quitter
Twenty blunt a day nigga, Landcruise whipper
I represent, commence to beat an instrument
Who's next to get that ass bent ten percent?
I make your boo pass off your jewels, you lose
'Cause I am so cool
React opponent, 'I got five on it'
Met some hoochie, now I got fifty-five on it
With two Coronas, I dominate my opponents
To the hardcore niggaz, keep on, motherfucker
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