

# Bump

ZS

Creep creep, I'm on the creep creep for the kind bud  
O.C. late night, rollin' in the V-Dub  
Sick of scrapin' resin so I'm lookin' for a sack  
All I learn, I'll head for burn  
BSO's got my back  
Better rip that shit, rip it  
Yeah, this is that 1605 shit  
The real Huntington Beach backyard fuckin' garage style  
Bump, Bump, Bump  
That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk  
Said Bump, Bump, Bump  
We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck  
Well I'm that pig 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 bing)  
Now the stereo is off, I sway, push play  
You hear Humble Gods from a mile away  
All the heads are bobbin' cause the bass is bumpin'  
D-Loc is mumblin'... (I gotta little somethin)  
Well then he passed me a Hornet and I took a sip  
Sparked up a bowl and I took a rip, trip  
Came to a halt at an intersection  
Turned up the music at my discretion  
D-Loc in the back saying, "What do I see?  
A jeep full of freaks just staring at me."  
D-Loc was right they was in the Range Rover  
Looked over my shoulder, I pulled 'em all over  
They got out of 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 S-T  
It's just another day of a P-T-B  
Bump, Bump, Bump  
That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk  
Said Bump, Bump, Bump

We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck  
Saint Dog putting down for the suburban pride...  
And I was livin' my life on the 9 to 5  
Up early in the morning trying to survive  
A 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  
'cause if I don't rock it then another sucker will  
And if you don't jock it then I can't pay the bill  
Trip Daddy X threw me out on stage (Hey!)

Said Saint represent for the under age  
Same damn year, my face is up in rays  
Got that ring in my nose labeled 16 gauge  
Nah, Saint Dog, I hunt ducks with a 12 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 amaze  
T-T-T-Tickin a twine all day  
Bump, Bump, Bump,  
That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk  
Said Bump, Bump, Bump  
We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck  
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Said Bump, Bump, Bump...

D-Loc's on the pipe rip rip's it up!  
It's the unpolitical, psychoanalytical  
Undefeated champ that will stick you fool  
My style is crazy not wooka waaka 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 shits in my system makes my life kinda hazy  
My momma, my poppa I think I should tell them  
The j got to my head, it fucked up my cerebellum  
It's about time to compute your math  
'cause my beats keep bumpin' like a seismograph  
See I've tripped before but never like this  
Straight to my mind put my brain on a bliss  
I won't fake the funk when I smokin' on da skunk  
That 40 bowl evil get my pink eye drunk

And like Mickey Mantle, I can switch my stance  
I'm a supercharged baller that's electrically enhanced  
My flows are silky soft... like I write and my lesson  
And now a lyricist, poetry in motion  
To each and to each I cause a commotion  
Cops smellin' money takin' off with my portion  
Farewell to all and to all good night  
I'll leave ya these ????? out all night..  
Wait, Wait, Wait you said ????? that shit will suck you up  
Get off the ????? and rock the bump  
Bump, bump, bump,  
That's the sounds of the 15's while they hittin' in my trunk  
Said bump, bump, bump  
We're the Kottonmouth Kings and we don't give a fuck!  
Biatch!

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