

# Da Bump

## Mr. V feat. Miss Patty

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  
Aiiyyo, 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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