

Pump

Bionic Jive

Are you ready for a brother
With a mouth full of hand grenades?
Watch a brothers tongue serenade
With the grace of a razor blade over butter
In the middle of a heat wave, peep ways Got a baby in every part of the city
'Cause I'm street made
Did you really want to clash with me?
I'ma paint a picture sad to see
Like a brother from a rope in an apple tree Did you really believe these ability's couldn't achieve
Filling my pockets with the cheese and the broccoli?
Watch you trippin' on some of that shit
That be killing off the ozone mention my clique
Now she don't want to put her clothes on You better recognize who to idolize over tracks
Or catch a match to the batch
Of the kerosene for the pay back
'Cause the S.W. never play that
I eliminate them till the moon fade black Never sentimental on an instrumental
When it's complemental to the mental psycho
Alpha, disco, quick to split your riddle
From the max to the minimal Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeah Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump Terminal condition when the mic is in position
To slit them from the solar plexus to the neck up
Giving them a hemorrhage with the double concussion
Propelling through my nemesis multiple combination In 3D images split a wig when a fool trip
Never mind what your sipping on, what you trippin' on?
Is it tricks or the rims on the Brougham
Or the way my city get it gritty in your time zone? Monologue get mind blown, keep you ducking
In the bushes when the infrared roam
Turn up the volume and watch a poetical prophecy properly
Rock the philosophy made for the rap game I paid dues, slayed crews for the rap game
Drop flows and got chose for the rap game
I'm suicidal off the cliff ready to dive
What, what, what, come on Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?
Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahPump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pumpPsycho, alphabetical, street ministryWas it the night we dragged your hommie
through the night club

Made him fold up when he loc'd up

Droppin' heat seekers to his dome

Like a hot comb to his dome when he spoke upAll adversaries look away when the A to the K O M A see K
Get to rippin' through the cable with the wrath of a bullet

Bet your corner catch a ricochetPropelling parallel with the light speed laid back

Like a knock kneed, eye to eye with the enemy

While the telepathy proceed to achieve

Blowing enemies to a realm in a calm breezeI shall rip it till my lungs cease

Proceed spittin' game in the city streets

And continue rippin' heads off of robeast

Sincerely yours lack mack with the khakis creasedWhatcha trippin' on?Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha
trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahPump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pumpBring it on, heat it up, let me see how you serve

Damn if I ain't superb with it

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump, yeahBring it on, heat it up, let me see how you serve

'Damn if I ain't superb with it

Pump, pump, pump, pump, whatcha trippin' on?

Pump, pump, pump, pump

Songwriters

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