

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, 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 Psycho, alphabetical, street ministry Was 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 up All 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 ricochet Propelling 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 breeze I 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 creased Whatcha 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, 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 Bring 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, yeah Bring 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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