

# Pump Ya Fist

DMX

Uh, ha, ha Pump ya fists like this, c'mon  
Pump ya fists like this, c'mon  
Pump ya fists like this, c'mon  
Pump ya fists like this, c'mon You're rockin' with the  
Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie  
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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie  
Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie Check it, I don't walk, I stalk, livin' foul like pork  
Shuttin' down underground streets of New York  
Hawk is what them niggaz call me, 'cause they all be  
Suckin' my dick and on my motherfuckin' balls, GI know the half, so I laugh with 'em  
A blood bath went I let the fuckin' raps hit 'em  
Full clip, but only half did 'em  
That's all it took, another crook, taking out over a dirty look I bag niggaz but niggaz that try and shot dead  
You're only takin' a fuckin' thing from me with hot led  
You know my style fagot, 'cause I'm always schemin'  
In jail, niggaz holdin' a sink screamin' Police, but you got no peace  
Yo, was that you big man, and a lot mo' grease  
All I gets is that, 'cause niggaz want none of this  
Back streets are like track meets 'cause I'll be runnin' this Pump ya fists like this, c'mon  
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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie I got a ball type of ill flow that still go for days  
Don't you know I could kill yo' ass in many ways  
Watch you die slow like as much as you blink  
Leave you in yo' crib till the neighbors know this'll stink You's a blood link inc, write my name on the wall  
Dog men X, def till the ball  
Jump niggaz call, beggin' for their life  
And I just fucked that bitch that you call your wife She life in strife and that's just how I want ?em  
In this fuckin' me see my man get upon ?em  
That's why I creep 'em, lay ?em, slide  
Takin' mad motherfuckin' holes on the ride Like the skin fly, like the Ferrari merkin', urchin  
Blast your ass 'cause, you're jerkin'  
My dick my reck, most buss the teck  
I'll fuck in yo' back, blast through your neck Pump ya fists like this, c'mon

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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie The way that I'll be flippin' niggaz can't understand  
Niggaz be like, ?Dog, I thought I was your man??  
You shouldn't have thought and that's what you get for thinkin'  
Think because I'm near you I wouldn't get you niggaz stinkin' I'm the only all spring of a bad beam  
Motivated by mad greed, I make the pad bleed  
A bad seed from a rotten apple  
Preacher talk shit get popped in the chapel Flavour like Snapple, you can all get some  
'cause it's all good in that hood that I'm from  
I be the nigga dumb, and do ?em real dirty  
Me and my peeps, oh my peeps is 7.30 Out to lunch for ever, won't be back  
Don't know how to act, so we attack in the back  
Mutherfucker, that's how that do  
That's how that do, that's how that do baby Pump ya fists like this, c'mon  
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Dog, diggie, dog a dang, a dang, diggie, diggie Go, go, go, yeah

Songwriters

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