

Mobb Deep, Bump that

Feat - 50 Cent, Noyd

[H] Yeah

[50] Yeah

[H] It's real, it's real

[50] Yeah

[H] Got 'em

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Bump that - niggaz try to stunt on my clique
Then when I get on that shit, I bring it to 'em
where they pump at, 12-gauge Mausberg
No shell in the head 'fore you put in work
You gotta pump that - you done hit a nigga with it
and you runnin, the police is comin, take my advice nigga
Dump that - this is serious, these rap niggaz
I'm just havin fun with it, 50 Cent, Havoc bump that

[50 Cent]

My son asked, "Daddy why you carry a gun, you ain't a cop"
I looked at him and said, "Sometimes you gotta shoot or get shot
Wanna go to show-and-tell and show the class my glock?
Show 'em the clip, show 'em the beam, show 'em how Daddy lean"
In the convertible Jag, 22-inch mags

For a high school dropout, shit, that ain't bad
I'm ain't a Blood or a Crip, I'm doin my own thang
G-UNIT! Shit, I done started my own gang
I don't go that funny dance, I don't throw gang signs
But I'm a gangsta to the core so I stay with a nine
You think all I do is rap, then you don't know me good
Have Smurf hangin out the sunroof to light up yo' hood
Man, Carlito ain't never seen Blanco comin
But if he did, you think he woulda started runnin?
And I move with them Doublemint Twins, and two macs
I'll leave you flat your back - BRRRAT! Take that

[Chorus]

[Noyd]

Uh-huh, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo
My life story is that gangsta thing, packin that thing
Iced out diamond rings; fuck linen
It's Timbs and jeans, puffin cigars, stuff it with greens
What's fuckin with Queens? Nuttin and not a thing
We kings of rap, with shanks and gats, knuckles and bats
Get at me, you want beef, come correct
Stunt on any nigga in my clique-ah, you get clapped
We sick, so quick, you be layin on your back
Cause we don't give a fuck nigga, we love to dump
You don't wanna get jumped, better turn yo' music up
And bump that - cause we comin with them guns black
And cause of the hoodrats, know where your home's at
Fuck that, this is for my niggaz in the hoods that
slingin them blue caps, smokin that chronic sack
Get that paper, watch for all haters
Snitches and them bitches and them inside traders
Nigga fuck that

[Chorus]

[Havoc]

Yeah, yeah

If you trippin with my niggaz 50 and Noyd
If anybody ask me nigga them my homeboys
When it come to drama know we pack them big gats
(We got a ton of slugs) Bitch, and it's like that
We them thirsty ones, no mask, we stick cats
I never handcuff a ho, I let you whip that
Let my money bubble, live off the kick back
This midnight shit is serious, where your kids at?
These streets too dangerous to let them roam

I done seen the gulliest of 'em, cry for home
Like a fish out of water, they gasp and shake
I'm a friend of the jooks and the dukes and the duct tape
Like a Down South nigga I won't stop 'til I'm "skraight";
Walkin up the street, testin out my heat
Uh-huh.. and as you stand in disbelief
When it comes to the slugs I ain't cheap
Nigga you know I..
[Chorus]