Pete Rock, Mind Frame

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

[Freddie Foxxx]
Class is open.. come on in
All you wannabe-emcees sit down
It's Mister Bumpy baby..
Aiiyo Pete Rock, here we go again baby
We gon' do it 'til they learn the righty way
You ready to rock baby? Feel this

When nature imparts the mannest part, human nature To follow that nature it's called a way Cultivating that way is called education But for men to love itself it's called masturbation Bumpy talk about love they say it ain't right I told you niggaz what +I Luv+ on +First Family 4 Life+ As I move around the world acquire new lights New loves, new mics, new thugs, I'm still spittin' I'm not content with my life (Why?) Until I kill all my enemies, leave 'em bend with the knife That's what's wrong with these niggaz, they scared to fight So they think being a gangsta is bustin' guns on the mic In the streets you black, but at home you white At least like you like to think so - nigga Step into my mind frame it don't stop And I still keep the four pound hot-hot-hot Niggaz hungry on my block B, we try'na eat And it's them fake ass rap niggaz, we try'na see (Belie' that!) I know deep down is bothering me When a motherfucker think that he smarter than me (Who's that?) When he ain't a better charter than me (Come on!) And I do it on, rap below, and you'll never be HARDER than me I'm try'na teach you stupid ass niggaz how to rock Pete, Rock!

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx] [2x]
Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks") -> scratched by Pete Rock

[Verse Two: Freddie Foxxx] You can't do it like the can't be (can't be), follow what's in me Peace to the old time gangstas who sent me The energy to keep it moving, be one of the best and stick out my chest, like a true warrior I caught this nigga selling bootlegs He thought I didn't have a kind, while he was wrong, I shoot legs To see what's white and I was black He had a pen and a chequebook, I had 10 in my Mack If half these rappers did that, they probably stopped selling for a pad on the back and a plastique plaque, that shit is mad wack So here I come, back with another one, Bumpy outspoken While you niggaz out joking and playing a game I want a twelve inch piece of wax, ignite the flame The penalty of succes is being bought by people who used to diss you Money short, they won't hit you Stuck in beef they won't git you For they fuck you won't kiss you When you dead, six feet in the ground, they probably forget you To kick control is to take control They can never have the mind, the body, the soul

of a true emcee, E-M-C-E-E, F-R-E-D-D, F-O-triple X Disrespect, you be crippled next Yo Pete Rock, how many times we gotta tell 'em son?

[Hook: Freddie Foxxx] [2x]
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[Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx] I know you people think I'm angry, but I'm not Underground, but I'm hot All I got is the truth, and I give you what I got Some niggaz is true, old and tired, or young and stupid Hung a nigga with no patience, I shoot quicker than ?Quepitt? So put it in ya deck and dupe it, pass it on To see who Bumpy blast it on, remember me, and the wild shit I did When I bodied men and raised it kids, now they grown and it's on If I'm this kinda nigga when I'm livin', imagine the kinda angel I'd be And all the foul niggaz I'd see, great men can't be ruled My spirit is free, and I rip a whole in every fucking track, getting to me Pay attention, you niggaz is clausing mainstream Fishing through a wack song looking for a hot verse A hot word, or a hot phrase, you' record companies' livin' proof, crime pays Take you out nine ways and save ten, for your no-lyric ass, when you want to do it again And as long you keep it on wax I stay your friend But if you ever take it to the streets you never rhyme again I'ma the tester of the hard shit, not many pass Matter of fact, not many motherfuckers come to class 'Cause they know I'll be all up in they ass, like last night's dinner And Bumpy Knucks is the winner, yeah

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[Pete Rock scratches] "Lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks" -> Freddie Foxxx "Bumpy Knucks, Bumpy Knucks" ['til fade]

[FF] Class is over, get the fuck out..