

Turn Up the Bump

8Ball & MJG

Yea...

Get drunk and throw your cups up and smoke
It ain't Bob Marley if you don't cough and choke
All haters somewhere hatin cause they mad and broke
We had a whole club bouncin when they come to the show
We get buck and crunk and don't fake the funk
I don't pay for pussy, I don't hang with chumps
I got verses and words no peas or birds
My bitch still keep the 45 tucked in her purse
I got leather and wood sittin on some big ass shoes you not famous to the
Police, have your face on the news
Handcuffed and fucked my broad crying and screaming
Unloyal ass niggas out here lyin and schemin
Sent the bitches and henchman at the dough with them pistols lay it down
Nigga you know why they came to get you
Get rich or die tryin, live by the iron, you could shoot the sun down man
I'm still gon shine

Jump in my ride, turn up the bump, turn on my game and burn up some blunts
I'm a pimp for life I don't love a hoe, I keep some heat tucked down in my pants fa sho
Jump in my ride, turn up the bump, turn on my game and burn up some blunts
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A 300 is not a bentely, an apartment not a house, a geneva not a rolex, you know what I'm talkin bout
Don't you ever try to offer me your riches cars and clothes or bitches for cash
I'll whoop yo ass hoe
Untalented ass nigga I'm not havin it, don't make me pull a strap out this cabinet
I'm mjg so I'm more than a fantasy, you head strong girl but ya heart could never handle me
I ain't no killa ass nigga but I keeps a gun
I ain't the pimpinest one but still sleep with nuns
You niggas makin crazy money yea, So what?
Cause round here we already made the dough nuts
A picture of perfection, mawfuckas paint this
Don't make me have to kick my foot up in ya anus
I spit that pure, uncut, give it to ya real
That shit they kill with is nice as on suga hill

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The world love a gangsta, ain't no hoe in my blood
My dick get hard as a rock for big cash and bud
My niggas be on that white, my niggas be on that lean, my niggas be on them Shrooms, my niggas be on them beans
I got a dollar worth of dimes on the way to the crib
My old lady from jamaica cookin chicken and ribs
Super star in the ghetto, I got that work for cheap

16 bars of meth and a heron beat

Yeah yeah

You want a 16, you better put the dough in hand, cause I ain't answer it for nobody but Ed Mcman

And after he slide the check under the doorcrack, I put the pistol on him and make him bring some more back

This america we do anything to do you in snitch, plan, scheme, go hunting just to shoot a friend. Mj!

Tight I keep my eyes open, cause he was playin with me, that's how he died c hokin

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Jump in my ride, turn up the bump, turn up the bump, turn up the bump, turn

Up the bump, turn up the bump, turn up the bump, turn up the bump