

## Bump This Shhh

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Everybody got a song that they want you to hear  
Spittin' overload of emotion just to get in your ear  
Before I listen, you already know what you like  
You don't be falling for the flavor of the mainstream hype  
He's back, and I don't want your promo tape  
And even if it's shrink wrapped, homeboy I'm straight  
I'm on my own, a choosy motherfucker myself  
And I don't settle for the first record to fall off the shelf  
So don't tell me what to listen to, or tell me what to like  
Don't tell me that it's banging off the hook and hella tight  
Your opinion matters to you (come again?)  
Your opinion matters to you (okay)

Bump this shit right here  
When you're at with's end and you still don't give a fuck 'cause you love it  
Bump this shit right here  
When you got fired on your job, on your day off, what the fuck?!?  
Bump this shit right here  
When you're stuck in a traffic jam, bumper to bumper, for 3 hours  
Bump this shit right here  
Cause you found out your love, was loving somebody besides you

I don't want your money, I just want your mind and your ear  
You don't want to hear my shit well bitch it's fine, give it here  
Fuck up out my face, let the music bump  
All playa haters shut the fuck up  
We ain't even got through the intro and someone pissed  
Cause this shit don't sound quite exactly how they expected it  
Open up your closed mind and you might see  
'Cause you care about the music if it set ya soul free  
Don't tell me what to listen to, don't tell me what to like  
Don't tell me that it's banging off the hook and hella tight  
Your opinion matters to you (come again?)  
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Bump this shit right here  
(Turn it up ya'll)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Till your windows crack)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Let me see you jump)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Up with the bump, bump)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Turn it up ya'll)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Let me hear the bass bump)  
Bump this shit right here

(Turn it up ya'll)  
Bump this shit right here  
(Till you're dead and you ain't got no air left in ya lung)