

# Dumpin

## Psychopathic Rydas

"Yea you got the album, now meet Bullet, Foe Foe, Cell Block, Full Clip And i'm Lil' Shank, diss' Psychopathic Rydas motha' fucka'"

Cut'em all out when ya bust is found  
Pop, pop, biggity bop, that be the sound  
Low down wit' the master hump (bump bump!)  
Buckin' wit' the master Pump (dump dump)  
Jump, jump go 'da town when the Rydas on  
Pump, pump go the bucket with a dawg of his own  
At your funeral your dead, but that aint nuttin  
Best bet badass Bullet be Dumpin'  
From the East-side out to the Southwest  
Psychopathic Rydas puttin' slugs in your chest  
Bitch, nobody move heads down!  
You don't wanna see me clown, mother fucka!

Psychopathic Rydas Dumpin'  
Psychopathic Rydas hey! (2x)

We doin' ride-by's, on freestyle bikes  
I hit a wheely on a motor, bustin' out on site  
I give a f\*\*k bitch, talk shit and get clipped  
Knock your fuckin' teeth through your lip (yea!)  
Actin' wild as f\*\*k, cuz' my jam came on  
"And you know thug niggas gotta sing that song!")  
I got 18 shot's , (buck buck), and I won't miss once  
All black trucks with the bumps  
Shootin' out the window, every single time the wind blow  
Blazin' up another bag a indo  
Foe Foe be the alias  
Run up on you bare, bitches, so you scared of us (Westside!)

Ima pull my trigga', and peel yo' cap  
My money runnin' low and I needs my sack  
Yo' 6-4 is bumpin' and I needs me a ride  
Lean to the right lane and then i'll slide  
Lay yo' ass out on the cold cement  
Before I dump in that ass ima scream, I said "See ima Ryda!"  
(Overlap) (Full Clip)  
Oh see, mu' fuckas like me  
We don't give a f\*\*k, it's like "what what!?"  
You wanna come steppin'? then i'll hafta see ya  
Leave ya open an burnin' like a case of gonorrhea  
From some old dirty bitch that you was humpin  
And pumpin like my gauge bitchass, we dumpin'!

Stick your mother fuckin' hands up  
Got to have mine cocked, close your eyes i'm finna dump  
Commin' out the register wit' all that green and cheddar cheese  
To bad you seen me, nigga please  
Move fast, bloody cash on the floor...gotta  
Make my way to the fuckin' door...gotta  
Make my way to the hideout  
Who dunnit? yea they tryin' to find out  
Now, i'm on the street, wit' my swerves  
Cops, tryin' to catch cuz' i'm on the swerve  
But ima clever mother fucker never catch me

And if they come my direction they gone' catch these Dumpin'!