Bump

Typical

Honey, honey see me
Behind my Game Boy
I got game girl
It comes easy
Let go your shoulders
My popsicle it's so sweetsie
Turn back that spark
Don't hesitate
And you believe me
Ya bitch believe me

Bump

Bump (Hey there you go, there you go, fine by...)

Bump (Too much rump in the trunk)

Bump (It's rainin' it's pouring, the little girl is snoring)

Bump (Typical)

Bump (Rump in the trunk)

Bump (Rump in the trunk)

Bump (Typical)

Now mingle shake from every angle
Re group the hood
Gonna start by the spangle
Like Karma Sutra
I hit from every angle
Free to speak from this place
Cos' your thought's so tangled
What's that look on you face all miniscule
Want me to stand still
But your whole crew's tangled
Cut them off shangle
Dangle

Dadadada

Fuck you Get me?

Come straight from the hood

Gonna keep my music

Colour/rock/rap/punk confusion

It's too confusin'

I do what I like

So what I pop is called it's called Spank Rock

Right from the middle

That's right Spank Rock

From the bottom to the middle to the middle to the top

The hottest mother fucker in the whole damn block

Do my thing and the girls watch

Honey, honey see me Behind my Game Boy I got game girl It comes easy Let go your shoulders
My popsicle it's so sweetsie
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Hell you can date me, hate me, take me down to the bitch's show (Lets rock) And I'd even let you hold my hand so the whole damn world can know (If you can want my time we can unwind) The real old rock and roll Things get better yet And like it said let me know when you're ready to go I just be here with my feet up free Rollin' this meat up Me and my Marci ain't changin' We just stayin' the same age While you spritzin' and teasin' I'll just catch up on my reading Push up on work Button down shirt Bad ass mother fuckin' cool jerk

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Hey yo it's me and Spank Rock We always poppin' it hot He gets the ladies in line I got you ridin' my jock I keep it dirty, not like Fergi Ain't the Black Eyed Peas This shit ain't happy I'm trashy, boastful bitch MC My rhymes are painful and fresh My pussy's tastin' the best I'm face scratchin' weed snatchin' If you're ready to step Cos' I'm a throw down kinda bitch I don't play around See I cut the fuck up And I knock the fuck down Pussy pounders have got my back They all over the place You can't get it so you sweat it We keep that shit laced Two one five triple eight We never slip it on the beat Can't help it if we roll We get the players in heat

Take it, take it grab your man up like a thief My ghetto girls
Hate it, hate it grab you bitches on a leash
My ghetto girls
Shake it, shake it break it like a dime piece
My ghetto girls
Fake it, fake it if that dick ain't sweet

See I roll my Dutch thick I can spit my verse quick Don't trip on this philly shit We keeping' it thick

We got the fly by on the hustle and grind And if you get us at the right time You get it from behind In just Chanell pumps And throw my legs up And if you ready you can get it anytime you want I'm the midnight dropper I'm the body rockin' rocker Workin' tight all night Yo I'm never getting tired Just a dirty little grin When you digger dig it in How the bitches think of this When you stickin' it in Track your system When we sippin' Thinkin' when we dippin' Like you looks when I be drippin' Think my shit is straight addictin'

Or in the bathroom break you off in the bed
Thigh squeezin' puss teasin'
Cock rockin' your head
See I like my ass sassy
I keep my man happy
Cos' I ride like Kelly Bunty, yo I keep that shit, nasty. Nasty...

Bump, bump-bump

Nasty...

(Typical)