

Bump

Spank Rock

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
Fuck you
Get me?

Dadadada

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

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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

My ghetto girls

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)