

Bumbell

Yukmouth

[Tech N9ne] (Yukmouth)
Regime killas, ah
What the deal
(It's that lethal)
What's poppin
Regime niggas in this motherfucker for the one nine nine twist bitch
(Uh, that regime shit)
Regime shit, yeah
(Done deal, bumbell)
New millennium rhymers nigga
(What, Tech a nina)
The bumbell
Where the fuck you at
(Up in this bitch)
[Yukmouth] (Tech N9ne)
Uh, what uh, introducín two of the regime's finest
(Regime) Tech a nina
And Smoke a Lot himself
(Smoke a lot, bumbell)
Let's serve these niggas with the straight shh, uh nigga
(In your back bitch)
Fuck that, I'm tired of not being of the bungalow shit
This bumbell for you nigga
[Yukmouth]
It's bumbell bumbell, that's straight rapid fire
That override your amplifiers and the woofers
Your bass tube hook ups shut the fuck up with wires cooked up
Niggas stash my tape like gats in the bushes, it's that lethal
It'll probably have you killing people, for real
Cops say it's illegal to have a Yuk tape in your possession
Niggas keep going to jail for 11, 350's and 211's
187's, concealed weapons, all the above
Tear the fuckin club up with my nigga what
[Tech N9ne]
That Tech N9ne nigga, lyrically blind niggas on the grind
All the time you will find I spiritually define nigga, rhyme killa
I'm the purer from Missouri-a
Quick when I rip shit trip this animalistic, fuck Ace Ventura
By the power of my dead niggas I'ma ride this like a rollercoaster
Ain't nobody fuckin with my niggas I'm the killa representin Cosa Nostra
So bust like you're supposed to
We guaranteed this gon sell 'cause this shit's the bumbell nigga
[Chorus: (Tech N9ne)] X 2
(Ba bum)
This shit is heated (Ba bum)
Your shit's deleted (Ba bum)
And when you need it (Ba bum)
We drunk and weeded
As long as this rap shit sells
Us niggas with figures we keep releasin the bumbell
[Yukmouth]
Bitch I can make ya ?ven? (Ba bum)
Make ya ?land? (Ba bum)
Make the fans (Ba bum)
Gang related dance (Ba bum)
I can make the hood (Ba bum)
Make your ?Kim Wood? (Ba bum)

Make your stereo (Ba bum)
 Make calico (Ba bum)
 They dumpin on us, clunk clunk go the trunk
 Grab the pump, bang my shit when you in the mist to funk
 Or get shit crunked
 When shit jumps, I'm the theme music
 Like thorazine, the fiends cling to it
 I didn't mean to do it
 The music made me do it, it made me loose it
 Got my mind playin tricks
 Now my nine can't stop sprayin shit
 Until the nigga lay in a ditch
 And when I played this shit it blew my speakers out
 Looked out the window I saw dope fiends and tweakers out in the
 middle of the street doing the electric slide, you shoulda peeped it out
 It got me geeked out, hustlin makin scrilla
 After every word I got to say nigga
 Like what's up nigga?
 Let's smoke this blunt nigga
 Oh, yesterday got caught, got fucked up nigga
 You bumpin Yuk nigga?
 Oh that's the bumbell
 [Chorus] X 2
 [Tech N9ne]
 We're now listening to the sounds of Tech N9ne
 I don't need no medication, I just packs my crispy flows
 Endo, rum and fornication, jammed up for why'all filthy hoes
 That nigga named Tech N9ne is a motherfucker on Gang Related
 Hater's gotta respect mine or the next time get strangulated
 Rap A Lot summoned me, I told em that I had a gun in me
 Loony as a nigga want to be, kindly get the fuck from front of me
 Sleepin with a black cat in my lap, splittin poles daily
 Under a lot of weight and on a bus on a broken mirror don't faze me
 They say Tech when I rap you wouldn't be alive
 Fuck that, I got niggas lettin em go for tweleve five, bumbell's live
 We bringin heat to the game, deep when we came
 Niggas fucked up and put they feet to the flame
 Got that (ish) if you want it, gives a (uff) I'm a flaunt it
 That (haaaa) got niggas thinkin I'm hunted, the bumbell
 [Chorus] X 2
 [Tech N9ne] (Yukmouth)
 Yeah (Live and direct)
 KC meets Oakland, Oakland meets Houston, a killa mixture
 (Bumbell) Bumbell (What)
 Tech N9ne (Regime shit)
 Ish, uck, nigga
 What you want to do
 Regime crew
 Like that nigga
 Me and Yuknouth up in this motherfucker puttin this shit in your back
 For the one nine nine twist
 You know what I'm sizzlin?
 You know what I'm sizzlin?
 You know what I'm sizzlin?
 Regime killas!
 (Thugged out, Yukmouth)