

# 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, introduc'in 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, spliitin 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)