

# Know The Rep

John Cena

Hahahaha...

Y'all know the rep, yeah, listen

My name is Bumpy Knuckles, I write that fuckin flame  
And kill for the right price I got a buckin name  
My forty caliber too fresh, stuck in aim  
We roll like 18 wheelers in the truckin game  
I'm nice with mics there's nothin more I like  
than to paralyze your left side and leave you all right  
I be layin front of your crib with Tec-y all night  
Tryin to get them 9 millimeters loaded up tight, listen  
I'm like a Cadillac, I write a battle rap  
so smooth contest you'll be out of that  
Y'all know the beef is stewin, that Bumpy came to ruin  
You may be signed but you don't know what the fuck you doin  
I make aight hot, I make dope raw  
And send you higher than a long Colt four-four  
You know the only rap pimp that kept a ho poor  
And slam a fool on his back and break the whole floor

A yes yes y'all, and you don't stop  
We keep on, once the cops are gone  
This is real street spit you best be warned  
Tell your favorite MC the mic is on  
A yes yes y'all, and you don't stop  
We keep on, once the cops are gone

Yeah, yeah  
It's the J daddy, not Hov' or Jam Master  
My mic is correct, but y'all know the hands faster  
See you bitch rappers I'm attackin the pile  
Y'all be cryin foul cause I'm hackin your style  
I make sure you and your mans done  
When I see y'all both drop, I'm the cat screamin And1  
You see me on the team dog you know the game's over  
Stones on my wrist, and a chip on my shoulder  
Sixteens cashin in on another hot beat  
Go cop me a drop with the butterscotch seats  
And we better not meet, if we do you gon' see a change  
Make sure you whole FACE gettin rearranged  
We rollin up in the blacked out truck dog  
It's Freddie Foxxx, now you deal with Corrupt Mob  
It's gas on the fire, any time a track blaze  
Squad known to beef up the Heat, just like the Shaq trade

This my 9 to 5, this ain't no hobby cat  
Copypat killers bite styles, my rhyme piles is heavy  
Give me a beat, man I'll body that  
Spittin that heat street raps man they nod to that  
What you smilin at? You R&B, man that's hardly rap  
You lost the beat, man you bought a map  
Matter fact, here's my next rap, borrow that  
Been off the street too long, I want my corner back  
You ain't a player, you a armchair quarterback  
You ride the beat like side streets on a flat  
Don't play dumb, I know where you came from  
You only seen slugs buddy after the rain come

Keep it subtle, Trademarc got you bitch  
like babies suckin tits talkin 'bout mami let's cuddle  
It's gon' be what it's gon' be, you duck down  
A quiet cat with a violent rap, what now?

[Chorus]