

chorus

[BK] Yo O.C., are you ready to win the G?
[OC] The Gusto is comin home with me
Yo Bumpy Knucks, are you ready to win the G?
[BK] The Gusto is comin home with me
Yo O.C., are you ready to win the G?
[OC] The Gusto is comin home with me
Yo Bumpy Knucks, are you ready to win the G?
[BK] The Gusto is comin home with me
[both] Comin home with me (comin home with me) comin home with me
Rrrrahhhh!

Verse One: Bumpy Knuckles

Who got the hardest, MC style, ever created?
Who got celebrity, status, and is still underrated?
Who got them two glock nines that be black and nickel plated?
And I'll blow a nigga's chest out, to keep me motivated
My periphreal, sees MC's, that ain't nice with these
So all my new rivalries'll be, MC robberies
I got these niggaz shook like, Shake-N-Bake, cook like
I knock your punk ass out, wake you up, and I show you
what I look like, who's that MC, that thinks that he can fuck with
F-R-E-D-D-I-E, excuse me, Bumpy Knucks
I don't give a fuck, if it's friend or foe
This shit is my job to let you niggaz know so don't take it personal
When I stick this verse in you, I don't know what you gon' do
Even if you get your crew I'll walk through the stage
like it's Hoe Stroll Avenue, tappin on them pockets
Puttin tabs on your revenue, now dig this
It's mad niggaz that be thinkin they nice with they flow
It's mad niggaz that be frontin like they holdin some dough
It's mad niggaz that'll challenge me and after the show
They Don't Wanna Be Players no mo', like Joe
Niggaz try and come at me, with contemporary gangsta
fusion I'm smashin with the simple shit I'm usin
Bashin and bruisin, who's in charge, BUMPY
Step up in my face I leave your forehead LUMPY

chorus

Verse Two: O.C.

I bring the pain like a slice to your vein, fuck your fame
platinum and gold plate, don't hold no weight
I be that, prophetic soul drainer, ain't a motherfucker
in his right mind steppin in my ciphher tryin to take mine
From West coast to East I'm full-fledged
Bust the science, niggaz better know the ledge
O see all, I G off, enemy I spot you
Two rhymes to my one verse, you go first
You tasteless face it, I engrave my name in your scalp
like Damien, out for world domination
Don't get me wrong, I don't represent 666 figures
I'm just out to make figures
Who holds the threshold, to be the best
I crunch niggaz with my gold teeth like, vegetables
Carniverous deliverance, murder one nemesis
Like a virgin, I snatch your innocence
Talkin bank robberies when you rhyme, hold up
You turn pussy on the mic when I roll up
Coca-Cola, a fission like soda
While you say butter, I'ma say Mazola
Money folder hold a grudge cold like a polar bear
Thug niggaz what? Blowin up spots like a SCUD

Win the G.. win the G..
WIN THE G.. RRRRAHHHH!

Verse Three: Bumpy Knuckles

Who's that New York nigga left, that be nice like B.I.
G.I., niggaz can't see I, see why?
You new poppin niggaz, and you crew hoppin niggaz
Step up in my face, and Bumpy be, 2Pa-cin niggaz
If this bitch up in yo' heart, I'ma find it
If you think I'm talkin to you, then just rewind it
I got six shots behind this, even with a vest on
ya yellin, because I aim for the melon
I'm a felon, and I bet you never, been in a fight
Kinda like you really, never said shit on this mic
So if I diss a nigga hustlin that makes me a displayer
And if you buy my record twice, that makes you a two-payer/toupee-er
And if your girl like Donna Karan, that makes her a DK-er

And cause I hate your punk ass, that don't make you no playa
Without this record business shit you niggaz is broke as fuck
Smokin weed smokin woolies while I smoke your luck
And while your flow needs, medical aid
I just appear on niggaz shit, and I still get paid
Now where's my G nigga?

Verse Four: O.C.

What niggaz'll think they made of steel and wanna play brave?
Bitch MC's will find theyself in the grave
I make slaves of niggaz in ways never made
Voice like an Ox or better yet sharp as a blade
Intense the moment like sex when I'm bonin
Iller than Caligula brainwashed the Romans
I set it, let it be known, better beware, better be careful
Who dared to oppose my phenomenal flows, how dare you?
I smite your ass quick fast like Flash runnin past your ass
Niggaz'll end up with whiplash
But for the moment, I'm zonin, any opponents
I'ma cut it short right now, because this rap shit we own it

[BK] Come up off that cash nigga
applause