

The Pump

Joe Budden

Ooh, yeah

And he still got Jerz on his back, taha

Just to clarify, 2-0-1

9-7-3-9-0-8

Let's go (Joey)

Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh you think it's a game? Oh you think it's a game?

Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh you think it's a game?

Niggas think it's a game?

I think not nigga (oh you think it's a game?)

Turn my vocals up (still regular)

It's, it's, it's (Joey) it's what?

Hold up

Spittin' that new school

And I ain't changin' the game, I'm just givin' it new rules

Straight from Jerz, it's that kid

And the whole hood was hype about ya album 'til we heard that shit, yup

Stay in ya lane, y'all fold, that's plain

As paper, nah, it's paper plane, nah, we ain't the same

Play Ashton, and punk me losers

And I'll dot ya face up, now you Punky Brewster

Light-years ahead and beyond, scratch that

'Cause I'm light-years ahead of my comp, scratch that

It'll take 'em like 'yeah', light-years to comp

And even that right there's a comp, now think about it

Niggas got lip, but it ain't no problem

I'll get clips that look like it ain't no bottom

Dudes run around like a heartless

'Til I go and get the Maggy, not Marge's daughter

Niggas ain't nice, y'all are garbage all year

And I'm done with this game, here's a cartridge for ya

See him in a hoop, boys blowing ears all hard

Two forty's on his lap, not the sports bar

Industry spazzin' at ya, Interscope's rockin'

Warner is now Def Jam and Def Jam's Arista

Speakin of, try to jerk me, well

Come back a buck fifty, not first week sales, nigga

Is this what you want?

Guys and ya metaphors, I'm tired of metaphors

Rummaged through your mixtape, I said 'em all

So as far as these new rappers? I bred 'em all

Gave 'em style to run wit', but now it's done wit'

That sounds old Joe

If niggas can't tell that I'm the best then they hatin', tryna clown ol' Joe

Or they PC prolly download slow, but

Keep talkin' 'til a John Doe spot 'em

Or you hit a nigga with the long nose like Blossom

Iron ain't a thing, I'm always by myself

Never no security, and I ain't in a gang

Know the bloods, know the crips, vice lords, and latin kings

Respect they theme, but I know blue and red make green

And I'm about a buck, I don't give a fuck

I'll beat Remy in battle, all you bitches with luck

Fucks, I got that ignorant shit you like

But Clue keep censoring the shit do right

Top of the gun slide, recline and revolve 'em

Rebuke and you'll have ninety-nine problems too

Truce? Wanna hit me on the cell, I'm T-Mo'
Or sleep with the fishes, you can help find Nemo
It's armies on the strip, and it's wars on the streets
So cop some'in' that help you be all you can be
Ya heard?

This easy, man. This shit is way too easy
I do this shit almost like for a sport, man
Rap circles around niggas, man, easy. Matter fact, nah, let it run