

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