

## Pump

Merkules

Fallin', fallin', fallin', we ain't fallin' for the sneak  
Hear a lot of talking but they jocking for the reach  
They gon' switch up on the low, never hit you in your face  
Hit you in your face, never hit you in your face

Nah I never been a fan of the wackness  
Been around the world with a map and an atlas  
All the mumble rap is a massive distraction  
You ain't Sway you ain't have all the answers, nah!  
Everything I see you do is run of the mill  
But fuck it you feelin I'm killin' like I'm Buffalo Bill  
Been through the thunder and hell, I got my act together  
So I dare you to name somebody who's rappin' better  
I betcha won't, til you can't, til you should, but you couldn't  
Cause I'm dope, I'm the man, got the kush and my hoodie  
Got a scope and a lens and a bush fulla bullets  
With my finger on the trigger I can push til I pull it  
I came outta my mom with a mic attached  
It's like I siphon gas and then I write these raps  
And all these other cats bite like a Tyson match  
But you can find me on the web like Spiderman  
I'm comin' to kill em, these mothafuckas suck, I'm the realest  
The whole freshman cover is number one on my hitlist  
And you get punched in the grill, cause I run it like fitness  
I see your girl front row tryin' to suck on my didick  
I said NO!  
They pump us up they used to try and punk us out  
My team is dressed for a funeral we don't fuck around

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They pump us up (they gon' pump us up)  
They pump us up (get them numbers up now)  
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They pump us up (get them numbers up now)

Why they wanna see me in the dirt, wanna see me fail?  
Once they hear the work we gon' see the cell  
Watch 'em change like chameleon  
Pump the brakes, y'all fuckin' fake don't wanna see me with

I be the general with the flow  
I used to be minimal with the dough  
They be jealous, subliminal  
When they all on my genitals  
When I flip it and hella reppin' the MO  
Now they know when really ready to blow  
And I look at the women havin' the glow  
But in the very beginning  
They never thought of me winning  
We see the haters be grinning within' my show  
I was walkin' up a hill in C mid boost  
Coughin' up the real and grievous juice  
Lookin' at suicide

Stupidity, you decide  
Fakin' it wasn't the way 'cause he went truth  
Tecca beat 'em down, pound for pound  
Winnin' em all over, town by town  
The clown with sound was down, but found  
Now the Nina's world renowned and crowned  
I was forbidden yeah  
Had a rough time gettin' there  
But instead of wishin' a nigga was grittin'  
So now I'm spittin' yeah  
Now they all wanna listen here  
But a whole lotta hissin' there  
They wanna hold a nigga back and I put the gun up on a track imma kill it wh  
en on a mission yeah

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