

Mind Frame

Pete Rock

Class is open... come on in
All you wannabe-emcees sit down
It's Mister Bumpy baby...
Aiiyo Pete Rock, here we go again baby
We gon' do it 'til they learn the righty way
You ready to rock baby? Feel this

What nature imparts to man is called, human nature
To follow that nature it's called a way
Cultivating that way is called education
But for man to love himself is called masturbation
Bumpy talk about love they say it ain't right
I told you niggas what I Luv on "First Family 4 Life"
As I move around the world acquire new likes
New loves, new mics, new dubs, I'm still spittin'
I'm not content with my life (Why?)
Until I kill all my enemies, leave 'em bend with the knife
That's what's wrong with these niggas, they scared to fight
So they think being a gangsta is bustin' guns on the mic
In the streets you black, but at home you white
At least like you like to think so - nigga
Step into my mind frame it don't stop
And I still keep the four pound hot-hot-hot
Niggas hungry on my block B, we try'na eat
And it's them fake ass rap niggas, we try'na see (Belie' that!)
I know deep down is bothering me
When a motherfucker think that he smarter than me (Who's that?)
When he ain't a better charter than me (Come on!)
And I do it on, rap alone, and you'll never be HARDER than me
I'm try'na teach you stupid ass niggas how to rock
Pete, Rock!

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

You can't do it like the kid B, follow what's in me
Peace to the old time gangstas who sent me
The energy to keep it moving, be one of the best
And stick out my chest, like a true warrior
I caught this nigga selling bootlegs
He thought I didn't have a kind heart, he was wrong, I shoot legs
Cause he was white and I was black
He had a pen and a chequebook, I had 10 in my Mack
If half these rappers did that
They probably stopped settling for a pat on the back
And a plastique plaque, that shit is mad wack
So here I come, back with another one, Bumpy outspoken
While you niggas out joking and playing a game

I want a twelve inch piece of wax, ignite the flame
The penalty of succes is being bored by people who used to diss you
Money short, they won't hit you
Stuck in beef they won't git you
Before they fuck you won't kiss you
When you dead, six feet in the ground, they probably forget you
To get control is to take control
They can never have the mind, the body, the soul
Of a true emcee, E-M-C-E-E, F-R-E-D-D, F-O-triple X
Disrespect, you be crippled next
Yo Pete Rock, how many times we gotta tell 'em son?

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

I know you people think I'm angry, but I'm not
Underground, but I'm hot
All I got is the truth, and I give you what I got
Some niggas is too old and tired, or young and stupid
I'm a nigga with no patience, I shoot quicker than Cupid
So put it in ya deck and dupe it, pass it on
To see who Bumpy blast it on, remember me, and the wild shit I did
When I bodied him and raised his kids, now they're grown and it's on
If I'm this kinda nigga when I'm livin', imagine the kinda angel I'd be
And all the foul niggas I'd see, great men can't be ruled
My spirit is free, and I rip a whole in every fucking track, given to me
Pay attention, you niggas is closet mainstream
Fishing through a wack song looking for a hot verse
A hot word, or a hot phrase, your record companies' livin' proof, crime pays
Take you out nine ways and save ten
For your no-lyric ass, when you want to do it again
And as long you keep it on wax I stay your friend
But if you ever take it to the streets you never rhyme again
I'mma the tester of the hard chin, not many pass
Matter of fact, not many motherfuckers come to class
Cause they know I'll be all up in they ass, like last night's dinner
And Bumpy Knucks is the winner, yeah

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

Knock-knock-knock, come on in
This is my house, reign again
Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again
It's some suckaz in the game we in
("Bumpy Knucks")

"Lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks"
"Bumpy Knucks, Bumpy Knucks"