

## 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")

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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?

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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

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