31 Bumrush

Artifacts

My off the hook look, leaves my competitors shook
No matter what groups you book, I still jam like Sam Cooke
Took a whole click out, and had the soundman flippin
Kickin wicked freestyle to shit on niggaz with the writtens

Check my computer type graphics, niggaz get they ass kicked
Quick if they try to flip like ashes, I'm
Never passive, as is, yo you see the flow yo what happened
Check out them niggaz rappin

The clap of the crowd be showin me love like Cupid
Loop it back, shit slams like I dished off to Shaq
My crew stay strapped with battle raps on cap
We ready to clap on chaps who make up half you sucker rap acts

I'm intact with facts, MC's can't compete with these treats
And Shawn J P. with the beats, unleash
Talents, balance, styles extra-ordinary
With the vocabulary, no other buries

We know schematics on rapper's theatrics
Only a few can freak status, Artifacts techniques
Can freak from here to Dalls, leavin you to clean up
Like Alice, shit's thick like smoke from out the chalice
The weak we em-barr-ass, showin no pity on your city
We either play you live or have you taped in like MIDI (who)
The Brick City Committee comin through a nigga soundset
This round's for all our niggaz that didn't get down yet

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
From off the back of the bus, the 31 Bumrush
Crews we breeze through, you don't know, you need to
tell the soundman, don't touch nothin but the EQ
(repeat 2X)

Deafenin, lethal weapon steppin with the props
Seekin through your sale racks and peepin all mall cops
In to win, tall like, Paul Bunyan, the bass line's drummin
Meanin that the Notty Headed Nigguz comin

Lights, camera! Act like you wanna bring the dra-ma
I make it hotter than all of Atlanta, ready to act up
My Hooterville upbringin is swingin upon ya son
Gunnin for your under the name of Tame One

Yo, eyes focused, lips ready to toke it
You'll choke on my skit, your dilemma is to quit
Flip scripts, who's the winner takin out all beginners
In an instant, my style's polished and stain resistant

The E&J sipper blunt ripper nigga flips your bitch ass
With better effects, we go to war like George Lu-cas
Toucan Sam and we be the Mister Man simply put
Your twelve inch could barely make a foot
We got bombs, my momma told me no when I was younger
But I told her, "I don't cry on no shoulders I'm a soldier"
Let me show ya, how we can rock a crowd like Ayatollah

Check the folder (here we go check it out right now)

Now you got the scoop, check the Guess troop low
On the chest, niggaz still use the word fresh blessed
You see the structure, builder, constructer
Bust a, nother with the skills that I muster
Up touche you check the rhyme forte
Artifacts, Tame One, and MC El the Sensai

Chorus

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