

The B.U.M.S. "It's A Street Fight"

Visit "[It's A Street Fight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's a street fight!
It's a street fight!
[D-Wyze]
Hit hydro on the saddle never lost in a battle
Movin silent with the night so all you hear is my shadow
Stayin calm while the stress factor builds in my palm
If I decide, to drop the bomb, "Yoga flame!" like
Dhalsim
No time for slackin, I'm attackin like the Greenpeace
Smushin your grillpiece, until the red juices release
Servin brains with rice, spillin blood over ice
Caught you peepin my moves, like Marcia Clark
on O.J. video highlights, you better straighten up and
fly right
I know fakes like gold miners know pyrite
You know the profile, first, let your competition compile
Then watch me flip out, maniac killer style
We can get down, with the forces of gravity
"Sonic boom!" like Guile, cave in your chest cavity
Ice Ice, baby too cold to hold
Got the power like Balrog to make your body explode
[E-Vocalist]
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! I got the
mad crazy hard hittin kicks like Ken
Mad punches like Sway flows, the evil spits red phlegm
No more, no other shall surpass the fate
I've taken my destiny, it's death by temptation
So all bow down, all many crews, all many legions
so it's "Tiger uppercut!" that's my main reason so ahh
Leave me alone, let The B.U.M.S. see light
I live an everyday life, but still down for the Street Fight
"Move your body like you move your hands
and I'm sure you can move your feet" (repeat 2X)
[E-Vocalist]
AWWWWWWW! Watch out, you mighta met your match
Out here, training's like minimal, reflects keep you on
contact
The flame bursts from deep within
Thoughts of one survivor, mad murder, meditation
Step into my arena and brothers don't even act right
Anyhow, anyway, somehow they're gonna Street Fight

Who's the Grand Supreme standin in this bloodstream
You keep, a stance like Ryu, and throw fire that's green
It's ah, so amazing that I slam like E. Honda
E-Vo flips like Chun Li, the lightning spits like Blanka
Who's the next opponent, I can do this all night
It's not the money or rep, I'm just down for Street Fight
[D-Wyze]
"Ta-dak-da-ya-KICK!" on your face so make way
The mad man with the fighting instincts that bust y'all
pay
Targetting pressure points, provoking stress fractures,
the
Street Fighter factor crack ya necks like a chiropractor
Mad intense, sweatin blood through my pores
Combatin predators, usin my fists to settle scores
No gats in my trunk, Street Fighting's for real
United States, China, Russia, India and Brazil

Visit [The B.U.M.S.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.