

Artifact

"31 Bumrush"

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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 sound man 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 JP with the beats, unleash
Talents, balance, styles extraordinary
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 embarrass, 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
soundest
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 sound man
Don't touch nothin' but the EQ

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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 drama
I make it hotter than all of Atlanta, ready to act up
My Hooter ville upbringing' 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 Lucas
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, constructor
Bust another with the skills that I muster
Up touches you check the rhyme forte
Artifacts, Tame One and MC El the Sensai

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