

**Abidin Zainal****"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 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 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 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, constructor  
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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