

## Bracket

### "Ultimate MC Rush"

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[Chorus : KRS-One (sampled)]  
the ultimate MC rush

[Rockness Monsta]  
Alcatraz, who dat, they call him Rock  
My style 'll make jump like House of Pain  
And Kris Kross, playin hopscotch, I match baby  
Even, when I was small, I still got crazy  
Hard like a 3-80, and I hate these fakin' MC's (C's), flee,  
(flee)  
Flee for your temperature drops more degrees  
Than at 5% address and a young ass jacket in the  
winter  
Boy, don't wind up in a casket for this rap shit

[Tawl Sean]  
But, hold the build horse  
I see death in your future  
When thoughts connect  
It's best to step, for I shoot ya  
Back in the days, I knew Ruck with Rock  
Couldn't wait that long  
So, I jacked Michael J. Fox  
It's the top of the podium  
I've been blessed  
Preformin in colliseums and stadiums  
Holdin the war paladiums  
Ain't no funny ride  
From this 25 year old  
Ultimate MC, test me if ya want

[Chorus x5]

[Saukrattes]  
Demonstrate so street ruckus with my nouns and verbs  
Tamin the real mother fuckers with a thirst for words  
Meditate with me dude, alone in my own zone  
Come and get high, my shit's homegrown  
Bionic, hydroponics, I rap 'til I'm blue like Sonic  
Deliveries, planatonic, but my style's optophonic  
I hate to say it, but your weak and your style's mosaic

If I was rhymin, I'd be Tyson and all y'all niggaz betta think  
'Cause right now, y'all's runnin' wit' snakes  
'Cause your weak, son, I take my time to teach one  
Of the meak ones, to reach, illamatic rap addict  
On some deffer ceaser dramatic, it's never fluke, yo  
So, don't panic, you could go to any other planet  
In any weather, you could run  
But, can't run forever, so whatever

[Chorus x5]

[Saukrates]

Feelin it, y'all niggaz take a peak at my manuscript  
I'm the mother fuckin pimp, The microphone is my bitch  
And you the john about to make a nigga rich  
Now get with this funk arithmetic, if you outside, make switch  
And step inside the abyss, nigga come ill, don't trip  
Say it again, "you the john bout to make this nigga rich"  
Man, my finger pumpin hard to resist, find an itch  
Nigga, hold that, my trigger finger start to itch  
Diggin yo D, I'm on a mound with a butane fire ball  
Better duck, the wild pitch, I'm sick with it  
You were never fly, you and alls critch  
Be on your back, like a rash from the itch  
Bank is, bank is closed for the skrilla  
For the nit, rippin pros up, what

[Chorus x5]

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