

Bronski Beat

"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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