

## Master Ace

### "Can't Stop The Bumrush"

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Here it comes  
[Run-DMC] (Come on everybody)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Come on everybody)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Come on everybody)  
Here it comes  
(Come on everybody)  
The bumrush

[VERSE 1: Master Ace]  
Strike up the band and hear the plan  
Of the Master man as I stand and cast a  
Shadow on MC's, you're small like fleas  
Can't get with these rhymes, so please  
Step back, no need to act  
Retarded, cause once I get started the impact  
Is thorough, Brooklyn is the burrough  
Find a fly cutie and squeeze all over her, oh  
Snap, she tried slappin, then guess what happened  
Jumped all on it when she saw me rappin  
And rockin, g's I'm clockin, knees I'm knockin  
Ease, freeze, put a sock in  
Your rap, cause you ain't crap  
Talkin 'bout you're dap  
Yellin and swellin when you really need a slap  
To the grill, yo, you better chill  
Rhymes start to pour, you don't need a refill  
Will, you ever sweeten up your skill?  
Your rhymes are sour like dill  
Ill, take em back to the drawing board  
Cause they're wack  
I place your rhymes in the sack  
I slept and I slept and you kept tryin to mack?  
But you ain't nimble, Jack  
Tried to jump the candle but you can't handle  
The flame, you got burned and learned that the name  
Master Ace turns heads to his heart  
Anyone tries to flam gets barred  
Or get scarred, yo, it's odd  
Believin that you're even? (Ha! ) Now which card

Did I pull, I keep rhymin till you're full  
Then I wear you out just like a wool  
Sweater, itchier than ( ? ) winter  
You can't prevent the go-getter from scorin  
Suckers I'm floorin, cities I'm tourin  
No, I'm not a pimp but I still got em whorin  
(Amazin) to any occasion I'm a riser  
I'ma suprise a crowd like a geyser  
And gush, take your wack rhymes and flush  
Cause yo, you can't stop the bumrush

Yeah, here it comes  
[Run-DMC] (Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it kiddy-come-come)  
The bumrush

[VERSE 2: Master Ace]  
Never am I done, but suckers keep tryin to flip  
Yo, drip-drop the spatula, zip up your lip  
And things, kings, I never knew one  
But one never knows, do one?  
Get into one, rhyme at a time  
That's cause I'm ready to climb  
To the top, I never stop  
Then go like a slow-movin object  
Provin I kept no rep  
I simply take a step  
All of those that slept are in jep'  
And, this here bumrush is planned  
Action Posse in effect, understand?  
Mister, for your tongue here's a twister  
I came with a girl but dissed her  
Bad, she made me mad  
Into ever fad, and style in the pile, so I had  
To treat her, like a child and seat her  
Had to Baker like my name was Anita  
Damn (What?) Guess what, the girl tried to flam  
(Word?) So I made her feel like gramm  
Cracked her stale and dry  
But I didn't smack her, I winked my eye  
And said, "Yo peace, geese, hit the road  
Hop along, Cassidy, make like a toad  
And croak," yo, the girl broke  
Pulled out a shank and then tried to poke  
(Nah...) That's when she went too far  
She tried to go all out like a star  
And shine, I went for mine  
This kid was on a trip, so in line

Is where I put her, then I told her to hush  
Cause yo, you can't stop the bumrush

Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it kiddy-come-come)  
The bumrush

[DJ Action cuts up]  
(Here it come, here it come, here it kiddy-come-come)

[VERSE 3: Master Ace]  
Fly girls I adore, others I ignore  
When it comes to joints it's points I like to score  
Layin down the law, just like a judge in court  
You got a grudge, you got taught  
A lesson, never half-step in this profession  
Especially if it's somethin that you're fresh in  
Stop messin, you're playin games like the Reds  
Money I'm earnin as I'm turnin your heads  
Bring on your crew, I ride em like sleighs  
Then I play em out just like they was Keds  
So go get your Freds, your Barneys too, and then soon  
Every cartoon in your crew'll be a goner  
Cause once I get upon a  
Brother, I smother, yet you front like you wanna  
Come, you young bum, you little crumb  
You're from the slum, come, you must be dumb  
If you ever thought you were clever, I say never  
Your rap floored, standin on the trap door  
I'ma pull a lever to my dungeon  
You're fallin you're callin, you're small and  
Deep into the hole I watch you plunge in  
Poor child, I grin, then I smile  
While you're bein eaten by a crocodile  
You lost, you're done, it cost ya, son  
Eatin mush, cause you can't stop the bumrush

Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it come, here it come)  
Yeah, here it comes  
(Here it kiddy-come-come)  
Bumrush

[VERSE 4: Master Ace]  
I'm malicious, vicious when it come to a duel

And any titty who gets witty, I pity the fool  
Cause you get smacked up, if you act up  
You get traction, Action's got me backed up  
I'm kinda slim, but never hear the ladies complain  
I'm slinky trim, I'm wicked but I never inflicted any pain  
Cause I'm chill, I do with ease  
In fact, the only ones I hurt was the ones that like to flirt  
and tease  
Please, that's for strippers  
(Cinderella...) take off the glass slippers  
And the gown, please don't frown or make a sound  
(Lay down) on the bed or on the ground  
I like the bed and I like the arms bound by the head  
And now it's time to pound  
Fill my mouth with the big juicy rounds  
Flesh yes and put my hand across her mound  
Her curly hair, yeah, now you hound like a pound  
I use the pillow, so the screams can be drowned  
Then you smile cause you came to my town  
Master Ace was the one that you found  
To make your face red, like Steady Pace said  
(Yo, her face look flushed)  
I said yo, she can't stop the bumrush

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