

## **Messiah J & The Expert "Bloodrush"**

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To be specific,  
My prolific talent  
Is too terrific.  
Two tone, too technical,  
Too crude, too cryptic.  
It's too critically,  
Lyrically apocalyptic  
My sick, quick, shit,  
Sticks to notepads like pritt stick.  
It's mad, sadistic,  
Mystic, persistant.  
I'm keepin' M.C.'s quiet,  
Like a library assistant.  
Witness the intricacy,  
Preditably you're sick of me.  
Swiftness and trickery,  
Messiah take the mickery.  
Habitually, check the dictionary for lethal,  
Explained is my name,  
Dash, no match, no equal  
No catch, rappers hide in dark corners.  
I'm makin 'em sweat,  
Like Jo Brand inside a sauna.  
Call the ambulance,  
Call time, it's all over.  
The Experts beats are putting D.J.'s in comas.  
M.C.'s on stretchers, the architect induleges,  
Paramedics scramblin',  
Checkin' necks for pulses.  
Forget the bullshit,  
We're only rich in talent,  
I'm rescuing the heads  
Like I'm fuckin' Mitch Buchannon.  
There's only one way to stop me rappin',  
It's call Dr. Brown,  
Travel back to '81, don't let me happen.  
Stop my crew jammin',  
Mind and body slammin'.  
I speak knowledge,  
I ate the whole fuckin' salmon.  
C.C.'s too deep,  
Too dope for understandin'.

Hip-Hop had three wishes,  
An' now you're lookin' at 'em.

I'm on a bloodrush, I'm on a bloodrush.  
With every word,  
I rhyme, I push.  
I'm on a blood rush, I'm on a bloodrush.  
With every pen, pad, mic I touch.  
I'm on a bloodrush, I'm on a bloodrush.  
I'm on a rush, a rush,  
I'm on a bloodrush.  
I'm flippin' out as such,  
I need chrome to crunch.  
Bloodrush, bloodrush,  
Bloodrush, bloodrush.

I overdid it,  
I O.D.'d on venom & adrenaline.  
The medicine that's pumping me up,  
Like an amphetamine.  
We heard the orchestra,  
We were strung out,  
We sent for 'em.  
From Earth to Pluto,  
I'm workin' neu voux's to veterans.  
You know the better men,  
You know who's wreckin',  
You know the name,  
You know you're lovin' every second of this.  
How many times am I gonna have to say this?,  
C.C. are not great,  
C.C. are the fuckin' greatest.  
God bless us & save us,  
If we're not in your playlist.  
You must be comatose,  
Or be listening with your anus.  
I'm sick of sayin' this,  
Hope this beat makes me famous,  
I'll battle for my city,  
Like Romulus did with Remus.  
Takin' it to the pages,  
With scripts to make 'em sacred.  
I speak the truth,  
Till it's stripped & shaken naked.  
And take it from me,  
The competition will be wasted.  
You'll need a tongue, lung,  
And self-esteem replacement.

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Bloodrush, bloodrush,  
Bloodrush, bloodrush.

It's straight-forward,  
Gimme the mic, I'm made for it.  
Reported, that's what divinity & faith ordered.  
The more that I rhyme,  
The more M.C.'s in frustration.  
I'm blazing through the rest of em',  
In need of resuscitation.  
The mention of my name,  
Menaces your arch nemesis.  
Checkin' more beats than a fuckin' heart specialist.  
Generating gems since genesis.  
The general.  
The opposite gender,  
Genuflect at my genitals.  
Gemini, wants to put me & the mic together.  
My tongue is movin' faster,  
Than beefy dykes in leather.  
The clever mind.  
Rap skills, you couldn't measure mine.  
I'm takin' you to spoken nirvana.  
M.C.'s nevermind the contest,  
Cos I was made to shake fakes,  
And heads are goin' up & down,  
Like Ricki Lakes weight.  
I wait for nowt,  
M.J. I'm breakin' out.  
Sound systems are left shakin',  
When my tape is taken out.  
From North to South,  
East to West,  
I'm bein monitored.  
You're begging me for more,  
As my tongue twists like Oliver.  
I'll make it clear with this rhyme that wrote though.  
I won't be off stage til the mic is in my chokehold.  
The vocal trip from Soho to Kyoto,  
I'll blow for blow, show 'em all,  
For an Oranoko.  
You wanna battle?  
Well that's a no, no.

You're only so-so.  
You'd be loco,  
To test the virtuoso,  
Colloseus M.C.,  
Bout time you cut your loses.  
The bosses, excavating from remains like in Konosis  
I'm digging up the fossils,  
Of M.C.'s from the mosses.  
Accompanied by broken microphones in the process.  
Turn to artifacts,  
Anyone, any description.  
Irish, French, American.  
Fuck it, Egyptian.  
I'm blowin' up.  
You're like a land mine survivor.  
Cos you've no legs to stand on,  
Coming up against Messiah J.  
Lemme lay down the law,  
So call me Marshall.  
You said you had skill man,  
You couldn't rap a parcel.  
I kill the bass drum,  
Rhyming until the place thumps.  
The 'A' stuff,  
Send fuckin' tremors to your tastebuds

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