

## The Coral

### "Bump Shit"

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[Chorus]

"Its the--  
Ill Plusta Phesto D.,  
O. Lindsey,  
T. Massey so whatchyou wanna be??  
Us!!  
Just peep the bump and thump,  
you ain't got no choice  
so throw your hands up!"

Opio:

You're stuck,  
crucified you'll lose don't try your luck,  
I'll cut 'em up  
run through and ruin mc's they can suck my dick  
the Hieroglyphic Kingdom bring em down to earth  
they're worthless worse since the beginning  
and I'm winning  
offending mc's they can't accept it  
inside he hide his fear of theory that shit was weary  
and I hear he dont be coming off the top  
he better drop and give me fifty  
cause if he dont shape up I take whats mine  
and at your title, what you write I'll demolish  
polish up your skills just forget all this  
call it quits it's overwhelming  
you keep failing to impress  
you're sluggish, I'll put a fake mc to rest  
I got pages for the courageous amazes  
fazes my opponent leave the microphone bic  
you're flow is basic, youll get erased quick  
stick to fantasizing  
you're wack and deny the fact that I win  
ease the pain, I still remain the king  
I sing a lullaby to nullify the lazy ass lame  
famous mc  
even a nameless mc gets unfriendly  
so we out to check em  
direct from O. Lindsey

A-Plus:

Why you gotta to do the kind of shit that I hate?  
I find your shit to be fake,  
your mind ain't fit to create  
Cease see you later, mack  
Accidents waitin to happen  
trying to fade the Adam  
They bags is broke when they attack him  
cause I play the mack,  
see that's an everyday thing  
you can peep these hoes jocking in whenever we hang  
I gets game from 'em, see hieroglyphics came from  
the  
east side of O.  
getting jocked when we try to go  
to these funk missions  
with a grudge written overnight  
rappers come wishin  
but Plus hold the mic and slap you with the bump shit  
them hoes jock me the most,  
wish I was there  
when them cowards jumped Donnie and Los  
we own all mics in the solar system  
you gets dropped when the Souls come reposessing  
props  
with the older wisdom  
and the beat it just drops and I hold the rhythm  
Souls of mischief is the coldest

[Chorus]

To all you crews thinkin we was weak as you  
well would you listen to a doozy,  
you're lucky that we dissapprove and frown  
at that candy coated cartoon clown shit  
we don't allow it, (naw that would make us some  
hypocrites)  
you scared yourself into popping lip and jest  
suckers saving face but catch it in the chest  
so just abate your haste  
To activate your \_\_\_\_\_  
cause he eat the best rhymer  
stop your crew up with jemima  
I got the tool just \_\_\_ of the drama  
Yo but that's madness, my shit's the bump  
If I didn't have hits, I'd persist to pump  
my mind to capacity till the shit just dump out on the  
sidewalk  
and only then would I sqawk

and babble nonsense  
ripping this shit long as I'm conscious  
and even in your dreams you'll fiend and follow it  
no paths you better quit 'for y'all and get with the  
vocabulary lunchmeats  
suckers smoke pads  
of something lack the gumption get smacked when we  
up in the house  
Niggas are fake  
they gettin baked trying to penetrate the inferno  
I surround the microphone wit  
cause to the highest degrees mc's marvel over me  
I never reconsider getting rid of them  
they perishing embarassing as the air gets thin  
I stare em in the eyes before I wear them in  
its no comparison to the immaculate  
you get ramshackled with the mic  
lanced with the javelin for rattling off at the lip  
(Get off my dick)  
But you can think what'f I stigmatized if you tried  
it's circumstantial  
you niggas are unadvanced with the mic  
in avalanche you don't have a chance just dance to  
the beat I'm notorious for bics  
niggas trying to come to grips but its  
inevitable you'll never know  
execution is your only resoultion  
so retrace your steps or face your death

[Chorus]

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