

# Artifact, 31 Bumrush

My off the hook look, leaves my competitors shook  
No matter what groups you book, I still jam like Sam Cooke  
Took a whole click out and had the sound man flippin'  
Kickin' wicked freestyle to shit on niggaz with the writtens  
Check my computer type graphics, niggaz get they ass kicked  
Quick if they try to flip like ashes, I'm never passive  
As is, yo, you see the flow yo what happened  
Check out them niggaz rappin'  
The clap of the crowd be showin' me love like Cupid  
Loop it back, shit slams like I dished off to Shaq  
My crew stay strapped with battle raps on cap  
We ready to clap on chaps who make up half you sucker rap acts  
I'm intact with facts, MC's can't compete with these treats  
And Shawn JP with the beats, unleash  
Talents, balance, styles extraordinary  
With the vocabulary, no other buries  
We know schematics on rapper's theatrics  
Only a few can freak status, Artifacts techniques  
Can freak from here to Dalls, leavin' you to clean up  
Like Alice, shit's thick like smoke from out the chalice  
The weak we embarrass, showin' no pity on your city  
We either play you live or have you taped in like MIDI, who?  
The Brick City Committee comin' through a nigga soundest  
This round's for all our niggaz that didn't get down yet  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust from off the back of the bus  
The 31 bumrush crews we breeze through  
You don't know, you need to tell the sound man  
Don't touch nothin' but the EQ  
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Deafenin' lethal weapon steppin' with the props  
Seekin' through your sale racks and peepin' all mall cops  
In to win, tall like Paul Bunyan, the bass line's drummin'  
Meanin' that the notty headed nigguz comin'  
Lights, camera, act like you wanna bring the drama  
I make it hotter than all of Atlanta, ready to act up  
My Hooter ville upbringing is swingin' upon ya son  
Gunnin' for your under the name of Tame One  
Yo, eyes focused, lips ready to take it  
You'll choke on my skit, your dilemma is to quit  
Flip scripts, who's the winner takin' out all beginners?  
In an instant, my style's polished and stain resistant  
The E&J sipper blunt ripper nigga flips your bitch ass  
With better effects, we go to war like George Lucas  
Toucan Sam and we be the mister man simply put  
Your twelve inch could barely make a foot  
We got bombs, my momma told me no when I was younger  
But I told her, I don't cry on no shoulders, I'm a soldier  
Let me show ya, how we can rock a crowd like Ayatollah  
Check the folder, here we, go check it out right now  
Now you got the scoop, check the Guess troop low  
On the chest, niggaz still use the word fresh blessed  
You see the structure, builder, constructor  
Bust another with the skills that I muster  
Up touches you check the rhyme forte  
Artifacts, Tame One and MC El the Sensai  
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