

Ultimate Rush

Saukrates

Hi
Alcatraz
Some call him Rock, yo
One shot'll make ya jump like House of Pain or Kriss Kross
Playing hop scotch
I got the ?marks? baby
Even when I was small I still get crazy hard like a 380
And I hate these fakin MC's
Please
Flee before your temperature drop more degrees
Than a five percenter
Dressed in a young ass jacket
In the winter boy
Don't end up in a casket for this rap shit.

Behold the pale horse
I see death in your future
When thoughts connect
Its best to step before I shoot ya
Back in the days I knew Ruck would rock
Couldn't wait that long so I jacked Michael J. Fox
Since the death of the DeLorean
I been best performing in
Coliseums, and stadiums
Holdin in ?more? palladiums
Ain't no funny vibe from this 25 year old
Ultimate MC test me if ya bold

The ultimate MC rush (4x)

Demonstrate on street ruckus with my nouns and verbs
Hated the real mahfuckers with the thirst for words
Meditate with me dude
Alone in my own zone
Come and get high
My shits homegrown
Bionic, hydroponics
I rap
Till I'm blue like Sonic
Delivery's monotonic
But my style rocks the phonic
I hate to say it
But you're weak and your styles prosaic
If rhyming was fighting I'd be Tyson
And all y'all niggas better flee
Cause right now you're running with Spinks
Cause you're weak son
I take my time to teach one
Of the meek ones, who reach one
Illamatic rap addict
On some death of Caesar dramatics
Its 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.

The ultimate MC rush (4x)

You'll admit
Y'all niggas can't compete
With my manuscript

I'm the muthafuckin pimp the microphone is my bi-i-itch
And you the john about to make a nigga ri-i-ich
Now get with this funk arithmetic
If you outside make a swi-i-itch
And step inside the aby-y-ys
Nigga come ill, don't tri-i-ip
Say it again
You the john about to make this nigga ri-i-ich
Man, my finger puppet hard to resi-i-ist
Find your niche, nigga hold that
My trigger finger starts to i-i-itch

Digging your ditch

I'm on the mound with butane fireball
Better duck the wild pi-i-itch
I'm sick with it
You would never fly
You an ostri-i-ich
Be on your back like a rash
I'm the i-i-ish
Bankers bank is closed
No more scrilla for the ni-i-i
Wi-i-ife or his kids?

The ultimate MC rush (4x)