

Can't Stop The Bumrush

Masta Ace

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
(Here it come, here it come) --> Run-DMC
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