

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Give The Drummer Some

&lt;INTRO&gt;

one two, one two

Ultramagnetic's in full effect

we talkin' about givin' the drummer some

you know what, Kool Keith, yo, tell 'em what's on your mind

KOOL KEITH:

I'm ready

And now it's my turn to build

Uplift, get swift, then drift

Off... and do my own thing

Switch up

Change my pitch up

Smack my bitch up, like a pimp

For any rapper who attempt to wear Troop's

and step on my path

I'm willing as a A-1 General

Rhyme Enforcer 235 on a rhyme test

Whatever group or vest in line

I put 'em all behind

Play MC Ultra as a warning sign of my

Skill, and what my mind deserves

I smell a grape in the duck preserves

And who deserves the right to be king of the screen

And shout wack poetry

What, are you buggin'

Germs that want to law me

Quit it, before I heat your ear off

Let your burn deduct another year off rappin'

For a face I'm slappin'

Gimme applause when hands start clappin'

Now give the drummer some

CED-GEE:

Well I'm Ced

The Rhyming Force Delta

When I enter, you best take shelter

'cause I'm dope, and yes I will melt a

Anyone who tried to even felt a

Emotion, or thought that they could hang with me

I cut you up, because you are my enemy

On my stage, interfering with my radius

So step back, 'cause I'mma start to spray with this

Can, of Raid Spray

If you're a germ, filthy like AIDS, I'll

Clean, you up with heat

Vapors, scrubbin' and scrubbing

Like a mistake on paper, I'm rubbin'

erasin' you out like some ink

'cause you dirty, your rhymes are stink

Like garbage, I hafta put you in a Hefty

Or instead, should I just let thee

weak MC's accumulate like dust

Take out my duster, shine them up and

Teach... them respect

Hook 'em up just like a tape deck

Mono or Stereo, 'cause I'm a real pro

With a cameo, and not an afro

This beat is funky, I'm not a nympho

You know why?

Then give the drummer some

KOOL KEITH:

Some rappers are ratin' us

some are hatin' us  
Some are talkin'  
some debatin' us  
Critically, but physically my mind is  
Self-taught like a rap pro designed us  
A matter to burn MC's and toys with  
Flame, 500 degrees of  
Rhymes, that heat and cook and  
sizzle, your brain is on the grill at  
Nighttime, and what about the daytime  
I hear the wack ones, they get a lot of play time  
Saying they're wack and wastin' my airtime  
You're #2 and next in my spare time  
Another rhyme has to be controllin'  
And for your brain, it must have been stolen  
tookin', yes, taken away  
I'm on the court, and I'm fading away with a  
Jumper, I shoot a rhyme in your face  
Add the points while I rob the bass  
Incredible, come in three dimensions  
Parallel with the funky extensions  
I'm Kool Keith runnin' rap conventions on  
Time  
Now give the drummer some