

Ultramagnetic MC's, Yo Black

(Kool Keith)

Bobbito's in the house!

I gotta say one thing, y'all been great playin the real shit
Y'know, all this radio shit, this flower shit you be hearin
All this la-la-la and this, TLC condoms on your eyes and all that shit
I'm not with that..

Yeah! You listenin to the sounds, of the one, Rhythm X -- the man
I'ma show you how to get wreck
The right way, not the wrong way
Watch me when I do this, pay attention

Check it out

Shut up! Step back! That picky-packy-wacky rap
Your old flow is over and your rhyme style is over with
In fact, big head, yo take it as a bigger diss
I come walk in your show like David Berkowitz
Make you think you swimmin like that homey Mark Spitz
How can you put up a fox, against an ALLIGATOR
I chew your crew one by one, like a Now or Later
I make a heavy man light, turn a black kid white
Bust a rhyme in they rectum, squeeze it tight
I wreck shop like Rock the Ricky Wrecka
Crush-a, stomp-a, nother, brother
I make MC's go, "Heyy hoe hey y hoe"
Look at me now, whassup? HEY JOE!
You say you bad but good, but soft as oakwood
Perpetratin wild when you're comin from NO hood
I wipe your style like doo doo, when I beat ya
Treat ya like an old Bible rhyme in school, teach ya
Like my son, did your mother tell you?
Pee pee's on the rise, why the X gotta smell you?
You know me, I know you, you droppin lyrics
on the record that's spinnin that smell like doo doo, yo get back
I rock styles on top, another Funky child
I kick a rhyme so swift, and make your girl smile
You better go off and think, cause I'm your father

Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack (5X)

Check it! One two, you don't wanna step to
crazy psycho patient from the Bronx, comin at you
I get hyper and deep, funky freaky flex
Bust my style, get wild, flow like Rhythm X
People know they wack, in fact, I'm comin back black
Bustin stupid styles on you clowns with the maps out
You say you good with the mic, man I wonder why
You think I'm sleepin? But y'all was gone beddy-bye
Rappers on my D-head, quick to stick in New York
Everywhere I go hoe, never ridin I walk
You think you fly and don't try, yo lick the penis B
I ride a rhyme to Mars, and go to Venus see
Take you on a trip and make you bug out, seek out
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday whole week out
Check it, watch it, back up, slow down
The same way you blow up, I make a rapper go down
I make you quit rap, and try to get with Bobby Brown
Slide and glide, Boogie Down like James Brown
Never will I say I, watch me when I do that
When I grab the mic and rock, watch them say "Who dat?"
I know my tongue is long just like a lizard
Can you drop the mic - respect the funk wizard
I know you breakin your neck, to hear the X stuff
Back to burn, yo Sam, yo ain't the X rough

I look at millions of groups and tell em get back

Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack (4X)

Third rhyme, see who rock and move and spread the rumors
You rappers been played like suede Puma's, yo bust it
I kick a style so rugged, they're makin' wet
Change they panties and bras, and make a dollar bet
Never will I stop it, got the target on your anus
Your preschool style, kindergarten not the same as
I rock, you can't, this ain't your place to be
I make you cry kid, cover your face to me
I'm not the one, fairy tale like Patti LaBelle
My job is easy when I'm draggin' em down to hell
You know my story when I'm throwin' you off the cliff
Them jelly rhymes on the table with Skippy and Jif
I see these suckers better find another game plan
I never heard of you stupid! What's your name man?
Don't try to come back, we cut your hair bald B
Jump on my tip, when you're takin' a fall G
You see the style is mine, but can the X flow?
I make your fans get wild, and boo your next show
Kick it when I feel it, the X style reveal it
Don't try the "bee-bee-bo" flow, rap on no track
I give you more than some comp, I give you no SLACK
People know I wreck, did that kid - get the message?
I drop the rhyme, aim a missile in your rectum

Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack (8X)