# The Prodigy, Give The Drummer Some

(Section 1 at 3:28)
(Intro)
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