

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