

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Ain't It Good To You

(Kool Keith)

I'm like Cato, my rhyme's the Green Hornet  
You know you want it, rappers get up on it  
I flaunt it, throughout the metro-politan  
The world's my area  
Dance interior, fresh interior decorated  
A painted wall with rhymes  
that glow and show the biter slow reciter  
up who mighta tried to copy this style  
or change their ways, to wonder if you can  
take me out, on the microphone  
I'm strong like Benzine, I kill a fiend  
Rhymes in my tank, brains pumpin gasoline  
out, I use Exxon  
And any rappers wack, my mind checks on  
meters and gauges, crankin up lyrical engines  
Now I'm ready to roll  
On you and him, your whole crew  
Let's film it, now take two  
Watch the movie, your brain will be the star  
Thoughtless, when I take you far  
to the galaxy, and leave your domepiece  
in the hemisphere, now you're lost on Jupiter  
Your brain revolves around, you get stupider  
Tryin to think, where you're goin  
On other planets, rhymes are flowin  
through the Milky Way, quicker than warp speed  
Brains I feed with heatable rays  
Ain't it good to you?

(Ced Gee)

I'm a wise man, prophet of the bible  
You wanna try me, then I'm liable  
to go and flow and show, don't you know  
Edgar Allan Poe, could not write like this  
Mysteries, with a twist  
And I insist, to uplift my metaphor  
Slice dice and write, and make the brain sore  
for, you and him  
I kill a rapper, then begin  
to wrote and smoke you're chokin then provoke  
the joke the most, and walk around like notes  
programmed, you're equal to a dummy  
Them want rhyme? You do summies  
backwards, forwards, sideways  
Anyway, I say hold it  
Now you're in space, plus you're folded  
up, like molecules of matter  
Plus you scatter, you wish you had a  
chance to shake, recuperate, recreate  
the brain cells, I have ate  
Scraped, soak em in solutions  
Like Benzine, iodine producin  
student of Cee's, tryin to be, just like me  
Ced Gee, the Ultramagnetic  
A scientist, skilled with knowledge  
Once a God, years of college  
Accumulated, my wisdom and wit  
Thoughts float, ideas are legit  
to fit, the rhythm of the tempo  
Also, the music more so  
have to move groove soothe and lose you  
Now ain't it good to you?

(Kool Keith)

Once again my rhyme blows up enemies  
Wack MC's, across the nation on rotation  
You get the hype at the station  
Promotion, I put your brain in slow motion  
like lotion, and let it float in the ocean  
Then I drown it, your brain begins to bubble  
I bring trouble, hang with Barney Rubble  
in Bedrock, and watch another head rock  
Go through West to Washington and Ced block  
The Avenue, passin you, bashin you  
in your face, rhymes are crashin you  
on the chrome dome, swellin your Astrodome  
You're in an ambulance, I'm takin you home  
to complete the ways I'm on a mission  
I see your balls of clay with x-vision  
I'm a scientist, your satellites are weak  
They get dimmer every time I speak  
On my gryoscope you hope to seek the style  
that copacetically, bugs you out  
On the mic, Kool Keith in a spaceship  
Risin, not followin, plexin  
Muscle flexin, lyrics for connection  
Rhyme injection, rhythm perfection  
Brain selection, has protection  
My reflection, shines  
Triple times your eye, invisible  
I get by your brain  
Now ain't it good to you?

(Ced Gee)

Aiyyo Keith, how you say?  
Just another Boogie Down Bronx Ultramagnetic sure shot  
Done at the Ultra lab of course  
Mixed at D&D with my man Andy  
Yo, we outta here