

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Break North

{all samples cut by Moe Luv are from Star Wars}

&quot;Rebel base.. rebel base&quot;  
(Keith) Ahh yeah, party people LIVE in the place to be  
from the Civic Center in Boston, Massachusetts  
The world famous Ultramagnetic MC's comin hard  
(C.Gee) Word up!  
(Keith) Rockin for a standing room only crowd  
of fifty-five million, eight-thousand nine  
&quot;Rebel base.. rebel base&quot;  
(C.Gee) Like this!

(Kool Keith)  
I got a radio, small and yet portable  
Comfortable, with the sound in audio  
Kickin, high hats just tickin  
Spicy lyrics, and words finger lickin.. good  
But you know I could  
Beat on steel, break tons of wood.. down  
with a funky sound  
Square mixer, the record is round  
and turning, for the million I'm earning  
Shock the rhythm, and just keep learning  
this, that is supposed to  
Grab your ear, and have it move close  
to the speakers, so you hear me clearly  
I'm out yes, to damage severely  
You're very far, and not yet nearly  
expressing them, but you're messing them up  
Your bummy rhymes, I'm dressing them up  
for the battle win, like a snake I'm rattlin  
The red ball with the wooden piece paddlin  
MC's, stop the perpetrating  
And step off, release the mic and Break North  
North North North

(Ultra) It's like that y'all  
(C.Gee) Word  
(Ultra) It's like that y'all  
(C.Gee) Feel it!

(Ced Gee)  
I'm like a merchandise, a customized item  
Computer rapper for ducks who wanna bite em  
Stand back, watch the man recite em  
It took a minute a second for me to write em  
and type em and hype em and psych em, up  
Change my rhythm, before I get stuck  
in an altitude, beyond my own level  
I smack rappers, and send em to the devil  
on a bus, return em to dust  
I start infections, reduce em to pus  
I'm on that scanner, and brains I blow out  
To old bones, and skulls I throw out  
to the backyard, and yes the wackyard  
You need a pipe, there's the old crackyard  
Your last stop, it has to be the graveyard  
Peakin, Ced Gee I'm speakin  
I smell smoke, my tonsils are leakin  
words, in the right direction  
Add the beats with the lyrics perfection  
Stompin, the bass and highs, Break North

(C.Gee) Word up! Word - feel it!

(Kool Keith)

Well I'm rocks, like a chain to a link  
I wear black while suckers wear pink  
Now think, about my capital law  
I break domes, and speak in the raw  
I'm iller, a South Bronx killer  
I chop rappers, and throw em in the river  
Tastin, as I swallow your liver  
Here's your brain for your girl I can give her  
messages, clues from a murderer  
And if she's ugly, I never even heard of her  
telling, bugging detectives  
I wear a bag, four contraceptives  
and aluminum, wrapped in all foil  
I play a game, slick to be oil  
for the other roaches, MC's I boil  
and roast, mega degrees  
I swarm around with a thousand of bees  
Absorb earth and the honey from trees  
I'm the King Bee, my girl's the Queen Bee  
And when you're stung, you never even seen me  
vanish, Kool Keith here to damage, Break North  
North, North, North

Word up

Like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all!!!

Yeah, y'all better be ready for some guerilla warfare

&quot;Rebel base.&quot;  
&quot;Biggs, Wedge, let's close it up&quot;  
&quot;Biggs, Wedge, let's close it up&quot;  
&quot;We're goin in, we're goin in full throttle  
that oughta keep those fighters off our back&quot;