

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Funk Radio

(TR Love)

Yeah

Smooth in the groove

Yo whassup man, what's up, what's goin on man, what's happenin'?

(Kool Keith)

Yo whassup this is the one, Rhythm X, X-Calibur

One two, funk ignitor plus (yeah)

Comin at ya at thirty degrees.. farenheight (ha ha)

The heat is on your ears

Right now we gettin ready to get busy on W-K-R-Funk Radio live!

(We'll burn ya!) with TR Love (and Moe Love on the set)

And we talkin to y'all from Los Angeles

Live, on W-K-R-Funk Radio, our own station

See rappers don't know, I snatch a beat

I hear a beat, I catch a beat

The Rhythm X roll up, my style gets critical

Brain connects, computer rhymes get phsyical

I walk low, and howl with no afro

X with a bald head, like Fidel Castro

Walk in a jam, with the mic and my girlfriend

while two girls are buggin, sayin, "Keith is my boyfriend!"

But I come back though, start the attack though

Add up some points, like I'm playin Nintendo

Now look at the game, I move step in first place

Leave em all blind for hard times and third base

Back to bake em more, fizzle and burn though

But you can't see the record sizzle and turn though

Hittin the top like a hot 45

Like, "Ahh - ahh - ahh - ahh - STAYIN ALIVE, STAYIN ALIVE"

Yeah, gettin back into business

Rappers get back and do some physical fitness

Jumpin jacks, situps and pushups

Now pick up your brain, and come and lift up some heavy weights

Stupid you're dumb, standin still with dead weight

Rappers try to plex, I mark X

I stamp X, and throw em another X

X-tra Rhythm flow, X-tra metaphor

X-tra hype and dope, X-tra Cupid feet

X-tra body heat, X-tra brain power

X-tra cash flow, you soft cauliflower

But I do get swift, change the pitch if

you got the rhymes and Hammer foots to dance with

Yo, let's get the dead party jumpin

Rappers are crazy wack, and ain't sayin nothin

While people are steady, sweaty tired and boring

Let me go on, steppin to and flow on

and so on, turn the mic in my show on

Please the crowd with some super dope hype stuff

Lyrical metaphor, and some of that right stuff

Shakin your brain up, wakin your brain up

Confusin your mind like a block or Rubik's Cube

Think about it, you probably don't understand

With a lower IQ, a weak brain my man

So listen up, and go on back to school

Fool.. you ain't jack

Yeah that's comin live from W-K-R-Funk

with DJ Moe Love, TR Love

We gon', bring it out, by special request

for TR Funky Love

(TR Love)

Yeah, thanks a lot for that funky introduction Rhythm X  
I appreciate it  
Yeah the phones are lightin up crazy  
We want the 103rd caller to come in  
and win them disco pants in the contest  
Now if you ready for some more live hype stuff  
So here it is..

Some rappers can flow and, rock off the slow jam  
Stay hype, continously, cause I know I can  
rock off tempo, fast or even hyper  
Just like a sniper, pied microphone piper  
Smooth rough and ready, hardcore stanyin steady  
In the lane, rock'n'roll ready  
on, any, MC type wannabe like  
had to sound like, gots to be like  
wants to look like, has to act like  
Now you feel like.. hmm  
You know you're perpetrating? Yeah right  
C'mon face it, and then chase it  
You can taste it, cause I placed it  
smack in your face, with five million lbs of bass  
Boomin systems ads can't replace  
In fact all, the rhythm is packed on tightly  
+Days of Thunder+? Not likely  
Fact or fiction, while I got you scheamin  
You ain't ready boy, I caught you sleepin  
and searchin for a dope style, combine to watch our  
freestyle, straight from the penile  
Buckwild, runnin wild with the golden mic  
I'm like a flash, first you see, then you lose sight  
of the master TR, plan in hand  
Destroyin a foe, who's not in demand  
So act now, and for the fact now  
There's no doubt in my mind, I'll be rap now  
C'mon on man, c'mon!  
Yo, MC's, you say you're comin back?  
Huh, yo, you ain't jack.. jack.. jack.. jack.. jack..

(Kool Keith)  
Jack.. Jack.. Jack.. Jack..

(TR Love)  
Yeah, ha hah, ha hah, ha hah..