

Ultramagnetic MC's, I'm On

(Kool Keith)

Well I'm entering, a style that's rappable
To keep you moving, feets tappable
Fingers snap, hands are clappable
Kickin, to the ultimate sounds
And every record, it spins around
and rotate, while the rhythm motivates
I pause once, then I hesitate
like this, twist then change it
Another rhyme I have to rearrange it
for, an easier flow on
And this rhyme I can start the show on
After you, I'm ready to go on
Damage, and properly manage
house arenas, then take advantage
of MC's, rhyme duck wannabe's
You need rhymes? No not none of these
So keep goin, yo stop beggin please thank you
like a baby I'll spank you
A rap inmate, you know that I'll shank you
hard, dead in your ear
So you can hear every rhyme that's near
and far, like the Northern star
Cause I'm on..

(Ced Gee)

I come hard, boostin my stamina
Skills until my rhymes are full and damage ya
with action, causin distractions
I'm the center, the main attraction
Taxin, ducks I'm waxin
I'm Ced Gee, and true to five maxin
Attackin, smackin em serious
into a coma, and more furious
with anger, I treat you like a hanger
Hang you up, grab your girl and bang her
hard, hard and hard
Like John Leslie, a porno star is born
You know what I'm sayin?
I keep goin while the others are prayin
that I, cut, this, rhyme, short
In order, so, they, can +Break North+
Far, out of my range
Dodgin scanners, repulsive rays
I gave, so give me some praise
Better yet -- another raise is due
to the man that's hyper
I hit this beat, just like a sniper
Shooting, aiming at a target
I never miss them, call me a Sargeant
A Corporal, a General, a higher rank
My rhymes are sharp, just like a shank
blade, cutting through boxes
I do it good so I might as well rock this
party tonight, live and outta site
Excite riot, light and do it right
I'm on..

(Kool Keith)

I'll take a second, but now that I'm wreckin
don't play me close, and keep checkin
your background, and how you sound
Dissin me, at one point pissin me
If you're a girl, another crab kissin me

Yeah, what's wrong with that?
So what I made another song with that
incredible, skill to be vital
Hand it back, I'm housin that title
Snatch, now who's the champ again?
I said a rhyme, and blew an amp again
for you, deep in your brain
I write Kool let Keith remain
stuck, inside your domepiece
And later on, you're gonna need a chrome piece
shield, to protect your mind
I work hard puttin parts in line
to assemble, rearrange your afro
You are the toy, made by Hasbro
Trying, the dominant moves
Pick up the wack, and count the grooves
I'm on..

(Ced Gee)
I'm like a sparkplug, made by Champion
I speak loud, I blew a cranium
with highs and bass, sputtering words and syllables
Here's the format, from the general
speaker, Ced Gee will only teach ya
Bite my aims, and you'll get weaker
Noticin, the way I keep pace
with fast tempo, pumpin style that shakes
you like Jason
Friday the 13th I'm makin again
Par 16
I said a rhyme that made you scream
I'm on..