

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Kool Keith Housing Things

(Kool Keith)

Well I'm sonically, high bionically  
for you dummies, ironically stupid  
What are you, Cupid?  
You steal my rhymes, and then you loop it  
Wrong! Back this way  
Follow me now, head this way  
into this, while I rap on through this  
For many germs, who never knew this  
switches, upside down  
Turn around, look in the mirror  
You rap catchers are makin a error  
Every inning, I'm back to the dugout  
You on the field, I'm ready to bugout  
like a manager, smackin up your team  
Male or female, ducks who dream  
of takin me, on the mic and makin me  
rack up, MC's I stack up  
Foreign precinct rappers need to back up  
quickly, I'ma rip your brain off  
Throw it down so the blood can drain off  
my hands, while I wave to a fan  
I'm Kool Keith, not a Bill or a Dan  
but a General, equal to a mineral  
Pushin a crowd, to keep on dancin  
I'm Housing Things

{Moe Love cuts up "Kool Keith"}

(Kool Keith)

Now I'm back, to continue my verses  
I'm never screamin loud with any curses  
Roughly, that a child can learn  
I teach kids, and ducks that burn  
with a flamethrower, and how do you show a  
a grass rapper, cut him with a lawnmower  
Twice, into golden wheat  
Ground the rest into moldin meat  
and cook em, til they all well done  
They not ready, they don't smell done  
like fish, it ain't my favorite dish  
I grab a steak and to battle I wish  
a Coke MC or Pepsi I'll sip up  
Drop your face and bring the other lip up  
Watch, while I stun and amaze you  
Kick out lyrics that truly'll daze you  
I'm your boss, the one that pays you  
Nine to five, all ducks are hired  
And when I come MC's are fired  
No pay, no way today  
You're an employer with nothin to say  
But I can say, one thing for sure  
I'm Housing Things

{Moe Love cuts up "Kool Keith"}

(Kool Keith)

I think it's pitiful, that you had taunted me  
Your girl sulkin, she wanted me first  
before you was thought about  
Back in the days, when I taught about  
science, the real construction  
No other solo team or production  
did that, or got with that

I play brain ball usin a bat  
to your skull, smack it out the park  
I rhyme bright, and you're in the dark  
with shadows, hallucinating battles  
To compel, the capital K, as in Kool  
Combined in Keith  
Rap metal is terminal chief  
and joy, squashin the beef  
on time. and my mic will stay on  
For any roach or germ who wanna pray on  
a weakness, but my uniqueness  
has a way to show that I'm slicker  
Creating rhymes, you have to be, quicker  
and versatile on the microphone  
I'm Kool Keith, cold Housing Things

And I'd like to say whassup to my man, Father Mashon  
And also my brother Kevvy Kev, Ced Gee, Moe Love, TR  
And my man I God, Paul C, Public Enemy and the Jungle Brothers  
Peace, I'm outta here