

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Two Brothers With Checks (

Yeah this is a story about two brothers with big big checks  
and pretty white Cadillacs; and they was fly from the South  
So check it out..

(Ced Gee)

My wicky wicky style is unbearable for this world and the planet boy  
I swing at the store, buy a lunch, play LaCroix  
Supercat chasin rats, with chemicals at the bottom  
I'm givin gold with enzymes, connections I got em  
One thing, two things, like ? blow Casey  
Recto and Smekto, go get my boy Luce (LET'S GO!)  
Let's see Babe Grim and his exoskeleton  
He's pitchin a fastball, you swing and you miss  
But seven times away clown, you're smellin the piss  
drippin offa your forehead, rollin down to New Mexico  
You're caught in a bid troop, you thought you was flexible  
X-able, Montreal Expos  
Hypodermic you turn it, you pick it up and you learn it  
Now you're chillin with zinc as it kicks with the sodium  
Pele came down just to sign some autographs  
He laughed and he left, went to El Segundo  
For cheese and some bacon my Philadelphia steak 'em  
I got a hole in my pants, I said, "Asalaam alaikum"  
Got a new jacket was breakin out to the trainin camp  
I danced and danced and danced and danced  
and danced and danced and danced.. then I sat on the toilet!  
Wrote a rhyme and then ordered, now I'm spinnin and winnin  
Got the girlies up on it, cause I'm kickin and stickin  
Finger-poppin and lickin, can you do me a favor  
Can you go get the chicken - as you see we're a legion  
When we roll we're just easin, up to Egypt and Pakistan  
There's never no treason, cause we're -- "treated with respect";

Chorus: Ultramagnetic MC's

Two brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly  
San Francisco, Harvey

{repeat chorus 3X}

(Kool Keith)

Drivin from Cooperstown, swingin like Don Han  
Rhythm X in the batter's box  
Thurman like Munson, left while I swing right  
and change courses and dialogue  
Regional Atlanta, Alabama Savannah  
I kick a rhyme like a ball to Indiana  
Missouri, Kentucky, like Dent, call me Bucky  
Rogers I'm nice, I float in space wild  
Dr. Smith, I'm dope, yo watch Sparky Lyle  
As I throwback a spitball, my slider and check back  
The stadium's packed rope, the people should get back  
and walk to the plate, yo Jerry Grody, pause  
Swing swing swipe! I get MC's on my third strike  
My hot dog is done, I'm in the dugout, check it  
I know I wreck shop, tip-top, heads bop, heads drop  
and many rappers get senile  
Back to the plate, see the catcher, pitcher  
You in the audience man, you be the fan  
Like Supercat, Don Don Dada  
I play the field in New York, and hit Jamaica  
Like Giants I roll like San Francisco, Harvey  
No time for rats with cats in Bristol playin  
I'm makin moves.. yo man..

{repeat chorus 4X}

(Ced Gee)

Yea yea yea yea yea yeahhhhh..

"Alright, you win, I'll take you to Fair Lanes  
Just turn off the heat! Aowwwwwwwawowwwwww!!"

(Kool Keith)

Ha ha ha ha hah!

(Ced Gee)

Yo, now I'm stylin profilin troop like I'm rip-rarin Cadillac  
We got big checks in our banks on the street, yeah

(Kool Keith)

Pickin up, swingin that bat like Joe Morgan  
Catchin that beat like Ray Fossey, Oakland  
Cashin them checks up at the Chemical

(Ced Gee)

We might cash em in Oakland, San Francisco whatever  
Pick up honies in Cleveland, with the game so damn clever

(Kool Keith)

As I roll like I'm Charlie Hough, kickin that ball down  
The crowd is wild, need the gas for a mile

(Ced Gee)

So let's roll out and catch em, fire points by the parrish  
Make a record like this, as we drive through the city

(Kool Keith)

Ci-ty, ci-ty, ci-ty, ci-teeeeeee..

(Ced Gee)

Cause we're

{repeat chorus 7X}