

Ultramagnetic Mcs, 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