

# Ultramagnetic Mcs, Poppa Large

I get in shape and do my physical fitness  
Your head's numb, so your brains a miss this  
Pick 'em up, eat 'em up, pick 'em up, beat 'em up  
Pick 'em up pimplehead, pick 'em up picky  
I roll wit globs and I come real sticky  
Ripping the mic, I plug it up in your ears  
Crazed and brewer. I'm coming out like beers  
Like Rheingold, Miller, Coors, and Buds  
I'm a eat 'em wit popcorn and treat 'em like suds you duds  
Coming out the wick wack, wicky, wickable wack  
Black jack, that's a fact, writing exact behind your back  
The funk rhyme to master, blaster  
Kicking up in a brainstorm, rainstorm  
Rap storm, rap form  
Rap time, rap rhyme  
Rap class, I'm here to fail and to pass  
To continue, from the more, hype tip  
I roll and rock, rock and roll  
Jazz and pop, rhythm and Blues  
Dance and fusion, pain confusion  
Look at the lights, what a night on the town  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast(4x)  
Now I'm back to funk, freak the funk  
Hype the funk, swipe the funk and all that junk  
I get busy on 'em, communicate wit the world  
Man, woman, a baby boy and a girl  
Poppa large looking out the pawn shop  
Taking stroud while your face and arms drop  
Stop, look, learn to read, learn to write  
Learn to talk, learn to walk  
And watch your step though, I'm hype and ripe though  
Kleptomaniac, my rhyme is psycho  
A Ricky Ricardo, a Guy Lombardo  
Sporting a ragtop, an El Dorado  
Step into Hollywood, I'm screening the boulevards  
The rhymes is gain type, I'm ready to pull it's card  
Jack or Ace, King or Queen, call me the deuce  
I'm pouring LA juice  
Hitting the top, feeling the rim  
Getting a trim, I never rhyme like them  
On and on, on and on, on and on  
Until the break of dawn  
I go overtime, rock the mic in nighttime  
Daytime, switching off to Primetime  
Specifically, strolling back in the west time  
Rock the funk wit the mic in the east rhyme  
Hype and dope, hype the frame, the mic is smoking  
Yo, I ain't joking  
Rhyme to kill, rhyme to murder, rhyme to stomp  
Rhyme to ill, rhyme to romp  
Rhyme to smack, rhyme to shock, rhyme to roll  
Rhyme to destroy anything toy boy  
On the microphone  
I'm poppa large, big shot on the east coast(4X)  
You're dripping sweaty, coming hard on your neck  
As I flow and grow from head to toe  
Seeking a style like John Mcenroe  
Dissing 'em all, serving them wit the mic stand  
Like Prince and Michael coming out wit a big band  
The crowd is loud, you can pay as teh manager  
Run wit the money, I pull the trigger and damage ya  
Boom, taking life more serious  
I may sound lyrical and very mysterious  
Rhymes are grip tight, no grams to kill more

A son of Sam, how could I begin more  
Grabbing the mic, you see the dark and shadows  
You're in living hell, the funk, pound to pound  
The funk ignited, hands are writing, brains dividing  
I'm coming out in sighting  
Like I'm Blackula, a better man than Dracula  
Spectacular and not irregular  
In fact you are speaking unpopular  
Rhymes are moved and you can't be stop wit the  
Beat as it goes to the rhyme that flows  
Like a coke in a straw burning up in your nose  
That's a bad habit, stepping out on stage one  
Drop the mic, come and turn to page one  
Look at the master, my range is higher  
My lyrical burns, your brain's on fire  
Poppa Large, big shot on the east coast(8X)