

# Heltah Skeltah, Ultimate MC

(feat. Saukrates)

&quot;The-the Ultimate MC, what?&quot;

[Rock]

Ha, Al Catraz, who that, some call him Rock  
Yo, one shot'll make you Jump like House of Pain or Kriss Kross  
Playin hopscotch, I got the mach' baby  
Even when I was small, I still hit crazy hard like a 3-80  
And I hate these fakin MC's, please  
Flee or your temperature drop more degrees  
Then a five presenter dressed in a young ass jacket  
In the winter, wit no independent casket for this rap shit

[Ruck]

Behold the pale horse, I see death in your future  
Wit thoughts connect, it's best to step 'fore I shoot ya  
Back in the days, I knew Ruck would Ruck  
Couldn't wait that long so I jacked Michael J. Fox  
Since the death of the Delorian, I been best performin in  
Coliseum and stadiums, holdin the war palladiums  
Ain't no funny vibe from this 25 year old  
Ultimate MC, test me if you hold

&quot;The-the Ultimate MC, what?&quot; [x4]

&quot;The-the Ultimate&quot;

[Saukrates]

Chemistratin street ruckus wit my nouns and verbs  
Hated the real muthafuckas wit a thirst for words  
Meditate wit me dude, alone in my own zone  
Come and get high, my shit's homegrown  
Bionic, hydroponics, I rap til I'm blue like Sonic  
Deliveries, monotonic, but my style's octophonic  
I hate to say, but you weak and your styles prosaic, man  
If rhymin was fightin, I be Tyson  
And all ya niggas better think, cuz right now ya runnin wit sphinx  
Cuz you're weak son, I take my time to teach one  
Of the meet one's, or reach one  
Illamatic rap addict, on some death of Caesar dramatics  
It's never fluke yo, so don't panic  
You can go to any other planet, and any weather you can run  
But can't run forever, so whatever

&quot;The-the Ultimate MC, what?&quot; [x4]

&quot;The-the Ultimate&quot;

[Saukrates]

(Feelin it, ya niggas give a peep, in my manuscript)  
I'm the muthafuckin pimp, the microphone is my b-i-itch  
And you the John about to make a nigga r-i-ich  
Now get wit this, funk arithmetic  
If you outside make a sw-i-itch, and step inside the ab-y-yss  
Nigga come ill, don't tr-i-ip, say it again  
You the John about to make this nigga r-i-ich  
Man, my finger pump it, hard to res-i-ist  
Find you nitch, nigga, hold that, my trigga finger start to i-i-itch  
(Diggin your ditch) Yea I'm on the mound wit a butane fireball  
Better duck the wild p-i-itch, I'm sick wit it  
You will never fly, you're a ostr-i-ich  
Uh, be on ya back like a rash, I'm the i-i-ish  
Bank is, bank is closed, for my skrilla for the n-n-ni, rip-rip it

&quot;The-the Ultimate MC, what?&quot; [x4]

&quot;The-the Ultimate&quot;