

Kool Keith, A Chorus Line

Ultramagnetic

[Ced Gee]

Yo whassup yo

We in the Ultra lab man

We got this beat rollin man

We might as well start this Chorus Line, y'all with that?

[Tim Dog]

Word up, yeah let's do this shit man

Let's get on that

[Ced Gee]

Yo so how we gonna do this? Yo..

Matter of fact, you know how we gon' do it?

Yo Tim Dog, you lead it off, aight?

[Tim Dog]

Aight

[Ced Gee]

We gonna, yeah we gonna get out of here man

It's on you, take it my brother

[Tim Dog]

Ahhhhhhhh [edited], call me the hick that vicked

To lick the dick you spick, cause I'm too quick

I be appraisin, raised with the brave

I'm the headmaster and you're my slave

Metaphor master, rhymes are disaster

Have the class to, faster, call me the master

You wanna jet, project with a similie

But I'm so large I boned your girl Emily

Procrastinator, laid her, hate her, played her, sprayed her

You wanna be taught? Later

I'll control, get bold, uphold, re-fold

in tow.. cause I got so

many dollars, scholars, holler

Girlies wanna stop and talk but I walk

away, cause Dog don't lay

If rappers wanna play - go ride a sleigh

I'll compare and dare with a stare

You say where? I'm over here

Metaphor physical, rhymes are artistical lyrical mircales

difficult, to some terrifical

Hypothetically, alphabetically

Energetically, theoretically

No joke hardcore, rhymes will sting more

Dog will get more, yes yes yes y'all

I manifest protest and progress

Confess with reflex, cause I get cold sex

I can't believe how dope I am

Give me a pound, thank you ma'am

So whether you think that I'm just a myth

to rift to lift the gifts that itch the fifth

to shift the spliff that's in control to hold and fold

a bowl'll make you take and ache and fake

Whoooo.. hot damn I'm great

I'm on the Chorus Line

It's a Chorus Line (3X)

Yo Trev (yeah) bust your rhyme

[T.R. Love]

Hold the beat, stop the beat, drop the beat
Gimme a second, to think of
the dopest lingua, lyrical interest
The metaphor better for, if and in awe
before the score, want more then implore
the rhyme line fine, com-bine design
Redefine, intertwine
Down the line, see the sign, stop sign
Pause -- and let me enter your brain
Reachin the full circumfrence then maintain
to build, in which I equal to destroy
I'm like a twister tornado, you're just a toyboy
Made, manufactured by, Parker Brothers
You bought your rhymes, from another wholesale
Words are stale, up to bail
cause you fail, try to trail
My certain style, words and rhythm for connecting
Dissecting, interjecting, I'm collecting
Fiends, the way it actually should be know to me
Cause that's the way it has to be done for me
Mine, and everyone else around
You're unequal to the sounds of my ratio
My strength is mental universal power
For the hour I will rain like a shower
Nucleon, cause you be on, fatal
More than able, also capable
Of takin you out without a doubt
And with clout just a sissy, a sucker girl scout
I'll rewind myself and then begin again
Strike ignite and burn, just like hydrogen
Come again, as I intend to start to end
to go beyond, means of a titan
I'm fightin, releasing my fury to cause static
and shine, the superstar, reign supreme
T.R. the Lover has got to be
Dope and def, the best that never fessed
Unless you guessed the test, a threat in chess
Never mess up for my Chorus Line

Yo Ced, here's your rhyme

[Ced Gee]

Metaphor layer, kickin it righteous
Ced Gee's the hypest, man that might just
Rip into this, rap right through this
beat that's sweet to eat, I'm not new to this
Rappin with swing and, bein distinct man
Seein the waffle can, rap with me understand
the fact I sound def means that I'm buildin
I'm so dope I got rhymes by the million
The image maker breaker taker faker shaker
You rhyme like me, you shoulda stayed the
hell out the industry, cause that means you're jockin me
Your sweating me, getting me, telling me, you're not ahead of me
But that's not all, I just feel that I'm better than
cause I'm Ultra, and I'm a veteran
with rhymes, by the thous', stacks and piles
I'm a scientist, you say how
the hell can we ever trust, Ced Gee when he starts to bust
a rhyme with gale force, conducting with mega-thrust
To build or ill or kill or deal a fill the will
that make the people straight and still
To prance and dance and find romance and take the chance
to glance, while I still deal
rhymes that's powerful, witty and logical

Mystical just to show, what I know when I go
out, and move on the battle tip
You rhymes like [edited], you're a quick pick to stick
the type of hype I like to recite on - my Chorus Line

Yeah boy it's a Chorus Line
Ayyo Keith (yo) you know what?
It's your rhyme

[Kool Keith]

I'm crankin up with the rhymes, brain tanks need fuel
Sunoco, diesel rhymes are locked in, turbo
Combustion attitude, gratitude, increasing altitude
Levels, but changing latitude
It's very rude when you step on my path
I laugh and giggle, smile and grin my friend
my style within - holds the rights to win
Your brain I bend, like a pound of steel
Lethal power, to me you're weasel power
I'm overloaded with tons of diesel power
Contraction, you're not ready for action
Two hundred rappers a day, I keep waxin
buffin cleanin polishin, every act up
You wanna battle with me you must be cracked up
Stop the jokes the games you're playin
You never were sayin or payin, one bit of attention
to me my rhymes my clothes my hat my shoes
my shirt my tie, the glasses on my eye
I try, not to cry
Cause you're wack as ever, never better
Clever to pick up the mic, in any snow or rain
whether or not you tried to scheme or dream
a beam of life, but my lyrics are bright
like a satellite, with crystal ball knowledge
I got to college, attend to astrology, test
A million groups'll fess, I'm still the best
Kool Keith to impress
I'm like a heat ray, cookin up your brain
I like it well done, on the Chorus Line