Ultramagnetic MC's, Catchin' Bodies

(Kool Keith) I come raw, wrecko, heavy on my tip-o Jumpin on the floor when you're hoppin on my D.O. Rappers know my game when I come in with the flame Fire, burnin, the technique of turnin From here to California to the edge of Mount Vernon I gets nice like Phil Rizzuto From the money store, can you take me on tour? You know my style like George, HEY STEINBRENNER I'm not losin of course, I'm a mind winner I work sweat, they wet, they stole bras And leave they funky panties in they girlfriend's cars You know my secret I rap, no type of singer R&B pop group, dizzy rock swinger I get ill like Bill and do it Cartwright Flaunt the flick and scare it's like fright night Yeah, I needed tokens for the train Standin on the platform, pokin in your brain While you try to be down, who you wanna be clown? I'm not the kid with the burgers, Ronald McDonald Or Mr. Drummond so mad, punishin Arnold I shoot a rhyme that score like Pete Marovich Down in Houston like Rudy Tomjanovich I jump quick and fly just like a rocket Tappin on your dome like a bell when I knock it I get hits like Joe, D-DiMaggio Playin rappers out like a little toy Casio Now the kid on the screen with whack soundtracks I stick right in they butt like metal thumbtacks Down like doormen, Lakers guardin Nixon While this style, EMI mold mixin

I keep stamina champ, when I rock So back off kid, I'm catchin bodies