

Ultramagnetic MC's, Critical Beatdown

(Kool Keith)

Well I'm the equalizer, known to be graphic
I clear static, breakin up traffic
Move, while I enter the groove
I'm on top, and happy to prove
to wack MC's who claim to be better than
No way I'm frankly more clever than
all of you, each and every one, my son
Pay close attention
I take your brain to another dimension
Hold it, mold it, shape it
You got a knife, yes I wanna scrape it
up and down, sideways, any way I can
be rude to you
But I'll rap and be crude to you
And eat up, toy ducks I beat up
I am the oven your brains I wanna heat up
Mega, supersonic degrees
I come around, roasin MC's
with fire, to burn the toy liar
Raw meat, turn the flame higher
Cook it, like a fish I'll hook it
For any beat, it's time that I took it
right, correctly to the top
with the rhythm and as your head bop
I'm hype, for the critical beatdown!

(Ced Gee)

I'm attacking them, my job is stacking them
For every rapper, must I be smacking them
once, or twice in the face
With rough beats, producin the bass
that blow out, cause power to go out
Inner spark, I'm ready to blow out
like this, altitude level
Reachin forth, stompin every devil
in sight, you might just wanna bite
My illusions, mental confusions
You're a mark, skulls I've been abusin
Losin, any rapper who follow me
Your girl loves me, now she wanna swallow me
Back up, move on to the rear
When I'm on the stage should be clear
Speakin, goin ear to ear
Places far, ducks would appear
for the countdown, so you wait to rhyme
and twist, stuttering, uttering
Parkay, margerine, everything butter
and another thing, you shoulda been a Muppet
A toy boy, a fake scream puppet
I'm takin titles, and punks better up it
to me, Ced Gee on the mic, and I'm hype
for the critical beatdown!

(Kool Keith)

Here's the K, combined the double-O
Swing in the L, I'm ready to go
as Keith, Rap General Chief Executive
plus exquisite
Mandatory, capital statements
I am the teacher, preaching what makes sense
Class, you wasn't able to pass
For any germ or lice who come last
I'm boric, high computing acid

Get off the mic and won't you please pass it
to me, for a one-two check
Give me a pound and lots of respect
No hands, you dissapointing my fans
You on reverb, and talking to cans
Hello - how are you doing?
I come to wreck, and parties I'll ruin
with rhymes, pumpin up smoke
Diesel advances makin them choke
and cough up, the hard-headed I'll soften
spongee, then after that drink a ?
Roll the sess, the buddha with the ganji
Puff up, while I make tough stuff up
I'm Kool Keith, cold rippin MC's
I'm hype - for the critical beatdown!