

Ultramagnetic MC's, Don't Be Scared

No matter who you are, or what your age may be
if you want to achieve permanent, sustaining success
the motivation that will drive you toward that goal
must come from within

{Moe Love cuts and scratches}

(Ced Gee)

Check it out, one time
My tricky tricky style is so cocky I knock you out like I'm Rocky
And then I'll bet you the world, plus some loot, on the point
A licky lethaler rapper cause my rhymes are like potion
I think he burn like ?, to put your mind in slow motion
Simply, it's done, like makin a bungee
You lick it or roll it a sticky spark with the fellas
Let's contact Quinton, they call him the chief
Plus I'm votin destruction, on suckers they're nerds
Take their style toss it up, then add effects like a reverb
Take it and match it, cause the flow is exceptional
The Washington Congress, the House and Congressional
professional, call it geronimo
Frequencies on the mickie, watch your girl give a hickie
Now you're flippin the ill way, diluted with ?
The Horsemen style is to flow so rapid
Ricky run like a faucet, like ??
Costello so mellow, like a pen with Othello
Shicky shapin a Hamlet, tricky bowl thicky Jell-o
Hell-o, goodbye

Don't be scared, pick up the mic (3X)

(T.R. Love?)

My flow is wicked, rough and rugged like Wilson Pickett
Stick it, the funky kinetic can FLOW, cause I can dig it
Check it check it as I wreck it, niggaz never respect it
I was always neglected, intellect be so respected
A sharp shooter, blowin niggaz up out the frame
You can't maintain, my domain, too insane
I have centrifugal terrifical styles
Difficult styles, wire be bitin bark, chewin for miles
I'm like Houdini the Great, I'm too magnificent
Incredible shit, to make motherf**kers bug
Now niggaz is sick, shootin up your town, blowin up your city
as I stalk walk hawk, that shit ain't pretty
Really, silly, better step off

Don't be scared, pick up the mic (5X)

(Kool Keith)

I got the pickup truck ready, lookin for Satan the Devil
Yeah, bugged crazy off another, level
I boogie woogie on down and catch mad wreck
Load the calico check, come in high tech
MC's jump up quick, you get your ass kicked
Mad sick, used to hang with Charles Manson
Cut up any foot, if I saw it kept dancin
I smeggle smack em, briggle briggle break em
Catch em with the Hefty bag, walk away and take em
MC's look in the mirror, see they nightmare
The bugged kid, bald head, f**k it I don't care
I get frantic atomic, pull your rectum out
Change your brainframe, butt pull your spectrum out
I get retarded and raw like Razor Ruddock
You don't wanna try the X, aww, fukkit

Let me, show you, my style, this style
F**k that, na na na nah, not this style
Yes yo, who dat? Yo wait, yo I'm comin down
Hee hee hee hee! Come and battle me clown
Juggle three balls, my balls, feel good
You bet I have your girl on my dick, sister write me a letter
MC's know they all deaf, they on the back burner
I step straight to your crew like mad Truck Turner
The crazy man with grenades in the projects
Back up punk, remember X X X

Don't be scared, pick up the mic (4X)

(????)

Check it
It's my time with the rhyme, for the minor comin harder
Pull a burner blast your ass at the line
Racist, faces, spaces, braces, ????
I'm sprayin mace in your face
I'm tradin places with the power to knock, your ass unconcious
I'm monstrous, I ? and I romp, cause I stomp, cause I want this
Not so fast kid yo, I did a mad bid
You won't last kid yo, I whup your ass
then vacate the premises, ?? of the Genesis
??? motherf**ker can you step to this
Can you handle the vandal the man on the force
through the scandal snuff your ass like a candle
Well it's my rate, the high rate, the fly rate
Since I rate, cause I rate, cause I make, you gyrate
to the raw rappin cause it's all that it's all that
It's raw Jack, and it's time - to go to war Jack
So don't waste my time
Let the bassline kick yo' ass with the chorus line
A checka wreck a record, check-o-wreck
I guarantee to rock shock shock the place with most respect

Don't be scared, pick up the mic (8X)