

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Mentally Mad ('97 Remix)

(Ced) □ With the power ammunition  
(Kool) □ bombs and hand grenades  
(Ced) □ are concealed  
(Kool) □ to blow your ? up  
(Ced) □ Distort your blood vessels  
(BOTH) □ WITH TREBLE, DISSOLVIN HUMAN SKIN  
INTO LIQUID, FLAMING ACID  
AS WE ENTER YOUR SKULL, CAUSE WE'RE MENTAL  
MENTALLY MAD!  
(Ced) □ Aiyyo Keith, I know you tired of all this  
(&quot;I'm tryin to tell you now!&quot;)  
But tell me son, how mentally deranged are you?

(Kool Keith)  
I'm like a sniper, when unloadin my gun  
I got the suckers paranoid and they're on the run  
to the next corner, while I shoot up a forest  
out of nowhere, bullets coming your way  
Just duck, grab your girl and sway  
I'm aimin, I'm searchin for the brain  
that I need to destruct any lyric combined  
as well as designed  
to behold, and tell the untold  
I'm crazy, destructive any radical  
I love static, I got a automatic  
If a sucker don't believe, touch my pocket  
padding, just feel the steel barrel  
Please look out, and watch your next cookout  
while I stake out, and find a person to rust  
cause I'm MENTAL, MENTALLY MAD!

(Ced Gee)  
Just like a timebomb, I blow up your arm  
Alarm -- check it  
And when a sucker ask to battle me, I'm very calm  
Manipulated plans, to blow away you germs  
a term, that I use like glue  
To confuse, plus move you  
more and more, to the level of a black hole  
in space, as I, proceed to erase  
and alleviate, furthermore dictate, my pace  
of pressure, which crush the human skull  
into mess, there's no contest  
I'm ?, and nevertheless I'm MENTAL  
MENTALLY MAD!

I'm MENTAL!  
Son, I'm MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTAL!  
MENTALLY MAD!

(Kool Keith)  
Well I'm a revolutionist, with skills to Malcolm X  
to improve my intellect, while another man checks  
my information, relayed identity  
I'm John Doe, and far for him to see  
I'm known as terrorist, well armed and dangerous  
I run committees, connect cities to cities  
and overseas, I'm movin quick as a breeze  
into a meeting, with flame I will be heating  
up the booby trap, while suckers take naps  
and go to sleep, I'ma sneak up and peep  
like a Tom, I'm here to blow up your arm  
with a rifle, me, I'm more trifle

I should be towers, call me the Eiffel in Paris  
London, even Rome  
I won't quit til I break off your dome  
cause I'm MENTAL, MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTAL!  
MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTAL!  
MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTAL!  
MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD!  
MENTALLY MAD! MENTALLY MAD! .. \*fades\*