

# Ultramagnetic MC's, Ultra Reunion

(Kool Keith)

Example one - master magical magician  
hold position, enter the club with competition  
The Great Bartholomew, my spirit follow you  
Hand back the track, smellin smoke off the vinyl wax  
My approach is silent, quiet like a roach  
My solo voodoo is here, Zapp with kazoo  
What can you do when the funk comes behind your crew  
Like Greyskull, Skeletor the bus is on tour  
Kool Keith with Indian Chief Sahara  
Holdin the flashlight, shavin cream in the mirror  
Like Yogi Berra, big Yank count bank  
Movin work out the country, you think I'm Big Hank  
Forty-eight waist with bass, all in your face  
I be there, in the atmosphere, super underwear  
My cape aluminum, light up crews when I'm booin em  
Feedback, mistaken, like Crazy Legs  
I be breakin, rap on my back, you caught the steam  
While you smoke crack, that song word P

Chorus: repeat 4X

We know how to win, Ultra again  
Ced Gee, Kool Keith, re-un-ion

We know how to win..

(Ced Gee)

Check it  
I bring light to every order  
I'm smooth as hell, my record sells cross the border  
So don't you tell me what I need  
Cause I like to be, all that I see  
However you take it, it could be arranged simplistic  
Mad beats son, I know that you with it  
Plus you know I'm spittin cheeba  
You can quote that son, while I go call Anita  
I'm like the high setter, the ready to buy getter  
I like the fly sweaters, honey lips is wetter  
I cruise around the world, uhh  
collectin fancy pearls and sexy girls  
The umm, the ahh, umm the ahh  
Ahh yeah son, I originated that  
and that's a fact, product skills mad fat  
The black on wax need to be brought back  
the right way, the hype way  
The way that MC's used to rip the mic way

Chorus

(C.Gee) □ So won't you kick that son?

(Keith) □ Yeah..

(Kool Keith)

Even compressed, I snap back like Aquaman  
The Boogiemán, lookin down at the city  
Nuclear bombs, Band-Aids, hurt your arms with quickness

(Ced Gee)

Check, check.. check  
Up in the ghetto I rip up mad parties  
I rock the bells, lyrics kick like Bacardi

(Kool Keith)

Witness ill, reel to reel, change like weather  
Penetratin plether, for goose feather  
Acrobats get waxed, we run road like Mad Max  
Security, Wells Fargo, I go  
loco, express best, who stress test me  
Let's move on him

Chorus (fades)

(Kool Keith)  
Yeah, feel my bassline..