

# Ultramagnetic MC's, You Ain't Real

(Moe Luv scratches an N.W.A. sample (originally Curtis Mayfield?) saying the word "niggaz" over and over)

Brothers wanna know, what's goin on about the 4-1-1  
on the group, and so on and so forth  
So what you talk for, you know what I came for:  
a motherf\*\*kin ground war!  
Talkin that same old style  
Same old song, same old thang  
Sweatin yourself, you're gettin busy yo  
Huh, but you still can't hang  
I'd rather rip, and still the flip trip  
On the mic grip and hit, and then trip  
into I never ever miss.. yo  
You still ain't shit  
Thinkin you're all that, you've got  
the rep and props but you still can't rap  
Wanna talk about a wannabe, never gonna be  
ever gonna be, who's gonna see  
Come near here, come here child yeah  
I got flavor, style -- compare  
(Moe Luv cuts: "hold the beat, stop the beat, drop the beat")  
Yo, you can't compete  
You wanna steal my voice, steal our sound  
Steal my beats, you wanna f\*\*k around  
I don't play son, shorts do I take none  
You need help better call 9-1-1  
or the Beatles, or Susannah  
Drink you up like a cup of Tropicana  
juice, I got more, flowin like a river  
Yeah, style's what I give ya  
Shakin em, keep fakin em, make make makin em  
Takin em, bakin em, no mistaken em  
Dope, hyper, raw def MC  
Wanna talk about a man, yo who is he  
or she, you got nerve to even talk that  
What about that, yeah, what's up with that  
rumor talkin, we can't make a hit  
We've been makin hits while you've been suckin dicks  
around the town, lookin for a hardcore deal  
Yeah - you ain't real!

"Niggaz" ☐ Yeah, you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ Yeah -- you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ You ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ Yeah -- you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ Who are you? You ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ Yeah, you you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" ☐ Man..  
"Niggaz" ☐. get out my FACE!!!

(Kool Keith)

Yeah, motherf\*\*kers wanna blast  
I keep rhymes in store for they ass  
They ain't got the style to kick no shit  
I bust rhymes and heat and just blow shit  
out, let me ask one question  
You think I fell off? Well come test then  
You ain't the man to stop the Big X  
F\*\*k around become ?? ?? next  
Yes -- shit is gettin wild  
Very wild, slick and much wild  
But watch when I come with the Rhythm X shit  
Then after that, motherf\*\*kers wanna quit

Whether or not, you like it or not, you're wack it's true  
Your whole crew sound doo doo  
I keep tissue to wipe the first face  
I'm like a team that stays in first place  
Winnin, like the motherf\*\*kin Giants  
You got rhymes to kick? Then drop science  
math, english, f\*\*k it I said it  
Yo Ced, come and grab the mic

(Ced Gee)

Yo let's begin with a phrase that's quite hype  
I'll control with soul Gee get right  
Into the mix like a DJ spinnin on  
The crowd is buggin, rememberin "Bring it On"  
The phrase that stand to all that wanna try  
to step to the Gee get roast and I wonder why  
Hmmm, like Arsenio Hall said, I think  
you rhyme like butter you're soft and you're quite stink  
Tryin to perpetrate, sayin you're hard right  
You hit money grip you're fake like a bad night-mare  
with Freddie, you know you're not ready  
You sound immature, like a amateur petty  
Yeah (you ain't ready)  
to step on the stage, get hit with the rhyme jab  
Just like the Flintstones, I'll break like Bam Bam  
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! -- I'm smoke ya  
You slept on the Gee, better yet, true Ultra  
But now we're back and, MC's we're slappin  
We're givin no slack and, because you're wack and  
yeah.. you ain't real!

"Niggaz" □ Yeah, you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" □ Yeah -- you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" □ Yeah, you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" □ Who are you? You ain't real!  
"Niggaz" □ Yeah, you you ain't real!  
"Niggaz" □ Man get out my FACE!!!