

# Ultramagnetic Mcs, Blast From The Past

it goes a lil sutink, like dis

hikory, dikory, dok

2many girls wona suk my cock, hectics ere so count dwn da klok get bare dough

like jenny from da blok, wot

cant test we coz my crews 2 hot, whos hot whos hot, whos not,

u manz r cummin off da plot, ow much talent on da mic ave u got wot,

coz wen im on da mic guna bus up da place gunna get da ladies shake da hips n

da waiste, guna get u prange guna make u wonna say grace, never wear glasses

never wear brace, i never walk round wid a mashed up face, hectic n breeza

givin u a taste, hectic n breeza pikin up da pace, so cum challenge we 4 a

lyrical race,

its da H-E-C-T-I to da C, im a lyrical dj so cum challenge me, dus gime da mic n

ill spit freely n ill bust u up on the m-i-c, easy peasy, like chilin in

jakuzi, lyrical bombs dat i drop are like an uzi, who she? she wanna sit on my

knee n call me sweetie but she goes on nasty n she smell like weee