

Ultramagnetic Mcs, Chorus Line Pt. 2

[Kool Keith]

Can you funk with it? (3X)

Rappers wanna step on the X, then go to shit

I got the mic in my hand and well equipped

Usin my style for a firm set of action

MC's beware, the club windows I'm bashin

Throwin rhymes and bombs and some cocktails

You better move quick, but not slow snails

I get smooth on daddy and granddaddy

Why? Cause I'm the great grandfather

MC in motion, G as in go left

Rhymin on off-beat, the X is so death-defyin

Super scrubs keep tryin

You wanna bite like a pit? I'll be the lion

I'll chew your ass like monkees on wild kingdom

And look at birds and bees that come sting them

Time after time, rhyme after rhyme

Cause you ain't jack shit, not even a dime

A nickel and penny, a one dollar bill

How can you break wild and tell brothers to chill

You ain't the man to move and stop the cannonball

No matter how you run hide, it's gonna land and fall

straight on your brain, the X'll drop rocks

Leave a rapper with mumps and chicken pox

Standin still and stiff like a mannequin

Bloody Kotex and sweat, and start panickin

I'm dissin rappers like Damon on Living Color

You need my help on the stage? I'm not your mother

father, son, your pissy little cousin

Suckers are crabs, I grab em all by the dozen

You think you're hard with them hats and all that black on

You're not scarin the X, yo bring the wack on

I load the mic up and bust like a mack 10

while my DJ go wild, do a backspin

Kick em down, one two, flights of four stairs

This ain't no sample or break from Roy Ayers

I'm just a convict, skippin the prison line

Yo, I'm on the chorus line

[Tim D] It's a chorus line

[Ultra]