

# Ultramagnetic Mcs, One Minute Less

"T-Minus one minute, mark and counting"

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"The firing will ? the sound

The ? will be armed, in just a couple of seconds from now"

[Kool Keith]

Yo, Ced, we only got a minute left

What are we gonna do?

[Ced Gee]

Word

Yo I'm gonna bust a rhyme, we out of here man y'know

We hit the road, y'now

and come back next winter, somethin like that

Aight?

[Kool Keith]

Cool

[Ced Gee]

Aight, let's do this

A minute left, to give you another rhyme

Thumping it, to keep you all on time

Kicking it, wit much rhythm and pace

To set my tone, follow the bass

Quickly, other rappers are annihilated

Designated, eradicated, suffacated

Like a cake that's set to bake

I'll take, mold and shpe

Scrape, like a butcher, I'm carvin

You're brain's starvin, I'm steady scarrin

A plastic garden, the crowd is chargin

And I'm dodgin, I'm livin large and

better then ever and clever to battle me never

Whether or not you rock alot or rhyme

To twist and shift the pitch to switch the gift to gab

To drop a dab of rhythm

Give em, a certified rhyme

That I use, confuse, clock the time to a point

A metaphysical radius

I'm Ced-Gee and all I have to say is this

Yo, I'm outta here, yo, I like to say wassup to my man CJ

Down at six corners, Red Alert, the Violators, the Jungle Brothers

The whole family, Afrika Bambaataa

My man Andy down at D&D

Yo, I'm outta here, peace!