

# Ultramagnetic Mcs, Raise It Up

Intro: Kool Keith

Yeah... yo Don, gimme a little bit of that chicken  
That smooth chicken, a little bit of that gravy  
And I want some... old hot jazz biscuits  
With a little bit of that blues butter  
Bring in the snare

Verse One: Kool Keith

They never understood, many people were so slow  
My funky type of rhyme, and my style is psycho  
Complex wrecks wrecks, my style go X X  
I move around off beat, creatin more styles  
Showin white boys, other kids my black styles  
I kick lyrics like shoes right in your face  
Walk up on a car Jack of Spades, pluck the ace  
I get slow-er, down in, on in  
Flowin like I used to be on Critical Beatdown  
I drop styles on ears the public bite em  
Not many went to school, so the dummies wouldn't write em  
They say yo Keith, yo Kool, you usin big words  
I went to college, I'm even more stupid herb  
Back on the scene to put a lesson out  
Even if I have to pull a black Smith and Wesson out  
I grab a hammer stick a nail in that little crack  
Tame the monkey show the hummingbird how to act  
I get atomic, hypo-galactical  
Word to mom I'm in my own world  
Galaxy raised! Powerful

Chorus:

Raise it up (8X)

Verse Two: Ced G

Yo, yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego trip  
Yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego trip  
Now back in the days and we used to use elevation  
And then the people said "What's up, with UltraMagnetic?  
Yo they sound kind of crazy, Kool Keith is a psycho  
Ced G is a scientist, the lyrics are hyper"  
Creating a fusion, of sampling hits  
We all came down just to be distinctive  
Some rappers complex, but they can't see the music  
We show orchestration, and with funky prevention  
It was different and black, and it caused devastation  
Gotta new bag, signed a deal with Wild Pitch  
Now we're back on the street, with the flavor you missed  
So get with the program, Ultra hot off your real high  
I know I'm a real pro, like Michigan Fab 5  
Runnin and shootin, for me alley-oopin  
Is makin an album, with big distribution  
Promote it and hype it, make up posters then snipe it  
Raise it up!

Chorus

Interlude: Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, live from Flatbush Brooklyn  
I bring to you tonight, the Godfather Don  
From the Orphans...  
("Hit it!")

Verse Three: Godfather Don

Lookin down the barrel of a gun is no fun  
So for some, I rum-pum-pum and flip, like a tongue  
of young dragon, with the force and ten sacks of buddah  
To wax a crew of jacks and looters, even your hoe I shoot her  
In the face, with the mother-uffin bass  
Now taste the venom of the ish that I sent em  
And foes, that doze, I chew em like gristle  
Wipe my mouth with tissue, there's no issue

I'm first print, mint, check the wizard  
The force of my blast, blow em like a Tec in a blizzard  
Now what is it? Exquisite physics to stain your brain  
When they visit cardiovascular masterer, words are massacred damn  
I got beats rhymes tanks gats includin Ultra  
Check the loop, snoop low we do ya like a vulture  
Back in the days, there was just beef and knuckles  
Nowadays, a beatdown consists of some clips  
My oowop, rips with abandon at random  
Whiff, you be ghost, like Michael Landon  
When I bust amazing nuts you play the cut  
The Father's Ultra paid, I raise it... up  
Chorus: repeat 2X