

# Ultramagnetic Mcs, 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 motherfuckin 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 fuck 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"