

# 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"