Funky (Remix)

Ultramagnetic MC's

[Keith] Yo whattup Ced? This beat is funky
[C.Gee] Word up Kool Keith you know why this beat is funky?
Cause I ain't havin it no other way
[Keith] Word
[C.Gee] So bust this, yo Keith
I want you to rip this beat apart, it's on you[Kool Keith]
I keep stamina, for a beat that's rocketable
For you wack MC's, it's jocketable
Bite the notes and quotes, analysis
Home pissed as I disrespect you obedients
But my rhymes correct you like a switch
to a small mistake
I wax all of you, and leave your ears to ache
You need Excedrin, Anacin, medicine
And for your brain, what better sin stupid
Now you picked your choice
You didn't win now you're seein my voice
in the flesh, step out your radio
No illusions, back in stereo
So here we go as I step on to you
I never knew you but my rhymes go through you
like acid, I burn your whole suit off
I'm Heat Miser, and you're Rudolph
For any date and time you wanna square off
My rhymes are clippers, they cut your hair off
the back the sides the top above your brain
below your skull, I step to you
cause you're plastic, my mind is solid steel
I make your domepiece spin like a windmill
Slow, I think it's time to go
I'm not havin itWhattup Trev? I'm not havin it
I'm runnin the universe about right now[TR Love]
Yeah? Yo Ced Gee, what you got to add to that?[Ced Gee]
I tell a crowd of rappers, I need a whole stadium
The Kingdome, an arena or palladium
Step off, while I walk on stage
with the rhyme missile, cold blowin your ass up
For better safety, leave your mask up
Musically, I'm like lye in your face

I drown meters with tons of bass
You can't take it, the funkier I make it
With brick walls, you can't break it
Toy boy, you beat the Noyd
I be a Jetson, smooth like Elroy
Blastoff, I pull your cells out a socket
A twelve gauge with rhymes I gotta cock it
I'm deep fryin, chicken MC's who fell off
Recruited as a boy scout
And now the sissy, becomes a girl scout
Tryin to rip and lift and shift style to mines
on the wack-ass beat
I get unique, write rhymes for your feet
to shuffle, watch your shoes scuffle on down
to the funky rhythm that I give em
Ced Gee on the mic, I'm not havin it
Word up, I'm not havin it man
I'm fed up with all this nonsense goin on[TR Love]
Yeah I see a lot of things gettin out of hand out here
So Keith, get it off your chest[Kool Keith]
I'm not that average rapper, nobody's equal
And for the biter, his beat will
grow and grow and grow, til he finds out
He's not a pro-fessionally,
up to par, with myself
No comp', I like to battle myself
by myself, compete again myself
Score myself, on these weak ass charts
How can a fool say he's on the top?
Eight million rappers, my rhymes stop
with lyric bombs, the wack ones drop
like snowflakes, they turn to cornflakes
My voice shakes, causin earthquakes in Michigan
parts of New York
For local rappers, ducks who tryo to hawk
on the avenue, my rhymes are international
Covering, worldly smothering
I'm brain bustin, so take a Bufferin quick
until your knots start to heal
and go down, and feel OK
But like my son, you still obey
certain laws, a major is a factor
I pull your skull out, move it with a tractor
Diesel power, crushin MC's who try to
talk and mix and change and bite the lyrics

of a master, I'm Kool Keith, I'm not havin it

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