

Funk Radio

Ultramagnetic MC's

Yeah, smooth in the groove
Yo, whassup, man, what's up?
What's goin' on man, what's happenin'? Yo, whassup? This is the one, Rhythm X, X Calibur
One, two, funk igniter plus
(Yeah)
Comin' at ya at thirty degrees, Farenheit
(Ha, ha) The heat is on your ears
Right now we gettin' ready
To get busy on W K R Funk Radio live
(We'll burn ya) With TR Love
(And Moe Love on the set)
And we talkin' to y'all from Los Angeles
Live on W K R Funk Radio, our own station See rappers don't know, I snatch a beat
I hear a beat, I catch a beat
The Rhythm X roll up, my style gets critical
Brain connects, computer rhymes get physical I walk low and howl with no afro
X with a bald head like Fidel Castro
Walk in a jam, with the mic and my girlfriend
While two girls are buggin', sayin', "Keith is my boyfriend" But I come back though, start the attack though
Add up some points like I'm playin' Nintendo
Now look at the game, I move step in first place
Leave 'em all blind for hard times and third base Back to bake 'em more, fizzle and burn though
But you can't see the record sizzle and turn though
Hittin' the top like a hot 45 Like "Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive"
Yeah, gettin' back into business
Rappers get back and do some physical fitness
Jumpin' jacks, sit ups and push ups Now pick up your brain
And come and lift up some heavy weights
Stupid, you're dumb, standin' still with dead weight
Rappers try to plex, I mark X
I stamp X and throw 'em another XX-tra Rhythm flow, X-tra metaphor
X-tra hype and dope, X-tra Cupid feet
X-tra body heat, X-tra brain power
X-tra cash flow, you soft cauliflower But I do get swift, change the pitch
If you got the rhymes and Hammer foots to dance with
Yo, let's get the dead party jumpin'
Rappers are crazy wack, and ain't sayin' nothin' While people are steady, sweaty tired and boring
Let me go on, steppin' to and flow on and so on
Turn the mic in my show on Please the crowd with some super dope hype stuff

Lyrical metaphor and some of that right stuff
 Shakin' your brain up, wakin' your brain up
 Confusin' your mind like a block or Rubik's Cube
 Think about it, you probably don't understand
 With a lower IQ, a weak brain, my man
 So listen up and go on back to school
 Fool, you ain't JackYeah, that's comin' live from W K R Funk
 With DJ Moe Love, TR Love
 We gon' bring it out by special request
 For TR funky LoveYeah, thanks a lot for that funky introduction Rhythm X
 I appreciate it, yeah, the phones are lightin' up crazy
 We want the 103rd caller to come in
 And win them disco pants in the contest
 Now if you ready for some more live hype stuff
 So here it isSome rappers can flow and rock off the slow jam
 Stay hype, continuously 'cause I know I can
 Rock off tempo, fast or even hyper
 Just like a sniper, pied microphone piperSmooth rough and ready, hardcore stayin' steady
 In the lane, rock 'n' roll ready on
 Any MC type wannabe like had to sound like
 Gots to be like, wants to look like, has to act likeNow you feel like
 You know you're perpetrating? Yeah right
 Come on, face it and then chase it
 You can taste it 'cause I placed itSmack in your face with five million lbs of bass
 Boomin' systems ads can't replace
 In fact all the rhythm is packed on tightly
 Days of thunder? Not likelyFact or fiction, while I got you schemin'
 You ain't ready, boy, I caught you sleepin'
 And searchin' for a dope style
 Combine to watch our freestyle, straight from the penileBuck wild, runnin' wild with the golden mic
 I'm like a flash, first you see
 Then you lose sight of the master TR, plan in hand
 Destroyin' a foe who's not in demandSo act now and for the fact now
 There's no doubt in my mind, I'll be rap now
 Come on, man, comeYo, MC's, you say you're comin' back?
 Huh, yo, you ain't Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack
 Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, yeah

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