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 stationSee 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 physicalI 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 baseBack 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 45Like "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 upsNow 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 cauliflowerBut 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 onPlease 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 CubeThink 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/