

# Give The Drummer Some

## Ultramagnetic MC's

One two, one two  
Ultramagnetic's in full effect  
We talkin' about givin' the drummer some  
You know what, cool Keith, yo, tell 'em what's on your mind[Cool Keith]  
I'm ready  
And now it's my turn to build  
Uplift, get swift, then drift  
Off, and do my own thing  
Switch up  
Change my pitch up  
Smack my bitch up, like a pimp  
For any rapper who attempt to wear Troop's  
And step on my path  
I'm willing as a A-1 General  
Rhyme Enforcer 235 on a rhyme test  
Whatever group or vest in line  
I put 'em all behind  
Play MC Ultra as a warning sign of my  
Skill, and what my mind deserves  
I smell a grape in the duck preserves  
And who deserves the right to be king of the screen  
And shout wack poetry  
What, are you buggin'  
Germs that want to law me  
Quit it, before I heat your ear off  
Let your burn deduct another year off rappin'  
For a face I'm slappin'  
Gimme applause when hands start clappin'  
Now give the drummer some[CED-GEE]  
Well I'm Ced  
The Rhyming Force Delta  
When I enter, you best take shelter  
'cause I'm dope, and yes I will melt a  
Anyone who tried to even felt a  
Emotion, or thought that they could hang with me  
I cut you up, because you are my enemy  
On my stage, interfering with my radius  
So step back, 'cause I'ma start to spray with this  
Can, of Raid Spray

If you're a germ, filthy like AIDS, I'll  
Clean, you up with heat  
Vapors, scrubbin' and scrubbing  
Like a mistake on paper, I'm rubbin'  
Erasin' you out like some ink  
Cause you dirty, your rhymes are stink  
Like garbage, I hafta put you in a Hefty  
Or instead, should I just let thee  
Weak MC's accu

Songwriters

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