

# 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, Kool Keith, yo, tell 'em what's on your mind KOOL 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'mma 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 accumulate like dust  
Take out my duster, shine them up and  
Teach... them respect  
Hook 'em up just like a tape deck  
Mono or Stereo, 'cause I'm a real pro  
With a cameo, and not an afro  
This beat is funky, I'm not a nympho  
You know why?  
Then give the drummer some KOOL KEITH:  
Some rappers are ratin' us  
some are hatin' us  
Some are talkin'  
some debatin' us  
Critically, but physically my mind is  
Self-taught like a rap pro designed us  
A matter to burn MC's and toys with  
Flame, 500 degrees of  
Rhymes, that heat and cook and  
sizzle, your brain is on the grill at  
Nighttime, and what about the daytime  
I hear the wack ones, they get a lot of play time  
Saying they're wack and wastin' my airtime  
You're #2 and next in my spare time  
Another rhyme has to be controllin'  
And for your brain, it must have been stolen  
tookin', yes, taken away  
I'm on the court, and I'm fading away with a  
Jumper, I shoot a rhyme in your face  
Add the points while I rob the bass  
Incredible, come in three dimensions  
Parallel with the funky extensions  
I'm Kool Keith runnin' rap conventions on  
Time  
Now give the drummer some