Super Luv

Ultra

Tamika Jones]"Yo, what's up I'm Tamika Jones from 'Keep it Real' Magazine, and I'm about to enter the minds of two of the most controversial rappers of one of the most underrated rap groups of all time, the Ultramagnetic MC's. First, Kool Keith, why in your songs do you always refer to the words anal and rectum? And why do you always use the words doo-doo and pee-pee?"[Kool Keith]"Because that's what the whole fucking rap industry is. Besides, I have other words like gorilla, parakeet, giraffe,and also.....monkey"Your crew got high blood pressure, you still bite on pork chops
As I strike in your area, shut down close your shops
Your style is greasy, so what your hair is nappy peasy
I wet your brain and tie your penis to the two train
Drag you down the tracks, spray paint like artifacts
With the rest of your crew, tied and smeared with dog doo-doo
You know my trash bags are packed, lick my nut sacs
Emcees are still wack, on the new smell like mildew
When you rhyme the mic steps from the socket and
You could never be classic, your rappin skill's plastic
Gimmicks is your plan, strategy is stop your marketing
All that hard and mean look I'll get your ass kicked
Your steelo's undercover, corny on the real brother
Pistol whupped like a bitch, get smacked by your pimp
Keep that mop down, just like your album sound
So save that cartoon shit for Saturday
Everything is booty
You flop, no niggas bound to make my head bop
Don't fuck with me
Between your legs you sport a cootie
[Tamika Jones]explain this to me?"
"Holy anal catastrophe Kool Keith, that's fucking amazing! But I think your fans will want to know how you'll accomplish this. Can you
[Kool Keith]With the A1 6600 phone detector
Y'all can't tap my shit, eavesdropping in the projects
Missiles dropped, your narrow hard times stories flop
Hush town, your staircase becomes a mental town
I'll throw grenades and blow your rectum out your fucking block
Your elevator stopped, your bubblegum sitting below
Cover your peephole, wires reach bombs in your window
I thought so, your verbal shit wasn't fucking pro
Go flush your toilet, crack the bowl, see the fucking bomb

Iranian arab with muslim bells on my face
Three seconds flat your fucking chest splatters in your palm
Skeleton bones, I stash bazookas in the chicken place
Uptown bronx with cheese traps for you fucking mouse
My helmet's from haiti, infrared's at my house
Federal tax bullshit I light your real estate
Suck my nuts with dual tube night vision goggles
Raw in to stop (?), your asshole's tied to a milk crate
Biological agents blew Waco Texas
Dynamite's packed in trunks, alarms on your Lexus
Suck my dick for real, my 44 mag is steel
I'll catch you out there, your crew'll have grey hair[singing]
"Super luv, super luv, baby, super luv, superman, superman luv, lois lane, superman luv, superman

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