Chorus Line, Pt. 2

Ultramagnetic MC's

Can you funk with it?
Can you funk with it?
Can you funk with it?Rappers wanna step on the X, then go to shit
I got the mic in my hand and well equipped
Usin' my style for a firm set of action
MC's beware, the club windows I'm bashin'
Throwin' rhymes and bombs and some cocktailsYou better move quick but not slow snails
I get smooth on daddy and granddaddy
Why? 'Cause I'm the great grandfather
MC in motion, G as in go left
Rhymin' on off beat, the X is so death defyin'Super scrubs keep tryin'
You wanna bite like a pit? I'll be the lion
I'll chew your ass like monkies on wild kingdom
And look at birds and bees that come sting them
Time after time, rhyme after rhyme'Cause you ain't jack shit, not even a dime
A nickel and penny, a one dollar bill
How can you break wild and tell brothers to chill?
You ain't the man to move and stop the cannonball
No matter how you run hide, it's gonna land and fall
Straight on your brain, the X'll drop rocksLeave a rapper with mumps and chicken pox
Standin' still and stiff like a mannequin
Bloody Kotex and sweat and start panickin'
I'm dissin' rappers like Damon on Living Color
You need my help on the stage? I'm not your mother
Father, son, your pissy little cousinSuckers are crabs, I grab 'em all by the dozen
You think you're hard with them hats and all that black on
You're not scarin' the X, yo bring the wack on
I load the mic up and bust like a mack 10
While my DJ go wild, do a backspin'Kick 'em down, one two, flights of four stairs
This ain't no sample or break from Roy Ayers
I'm just a convict, skippin' the prison line
Yo, I'm on the chorus lineIt's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
Flipmaster, bust your rhymeYeah, my funkiest deep down from the underground
Down in the Bronx, this is the funkYo, melody change up, grip on the beat right
I come correct hit hard like a fist fight
I thank God for pavin' the ways
For writin' these dope rhymes and rappers I slaidI'm kickin' the rhyme gram as dope as I can and

To make you say god damn, Gee's got a hype jam
To crush a punk and make 'em beg for mercy
Because he's nothin', he can't touch meThe metaphor master has to blast ya faster
You wanna step in my way, then I'll smash ya
You see you're a bit slow, your flow's out of sync bro
You rhyme like a weasel, my rhymes are cock dieselSo step if you really feel cocky
And I'll flip and bash your skull like Rocky
Call you Bullwinkle, snatch your game plan
You played out son like Dudley Captain CavemanSet you down, explain you can't go far
You rhyme kinda country like some shit out of hee haw
Ced Gee and I'm flexin' my wrathTakin' rappers by one, cold bustin' that ass
So now you know exactly what's the time
I'm cold illin' on the new chorus lineIt's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
Yo, Tim Dog, bust your rhymeYo, man it's the man himself
The motherfuckin' illegal alien one
Yo comin' up next is Tim Dog
Yo, Dog, eat them motherfuckersComin' at cha with a funky rhyme that'll sure nuff catch ya
Get fat, get slow, get high, get low but you still can't blow
Rhythm is smashin' whippin' ass is a passion
Suckers that keep clashin' break 'em like glass and
You just shatterin'Fuck with Tim Dog, well, you know, you're not badder than
I'm rich and thick, you're cup of noodles
My rhymes are hardcore when you're rubber like doo doo
Step back, ease back and just listenI'm dissin' all suckers that keep wishin'
Rhyme and rhyme with the rhyme, bring another rhyme
Get another rhyme, bring a rhyme, let your mother rhyme
Steppin' to the A.M., steppin' to the P.M.Steppin' to the bus while I'm ridin' in the BM
You see me jettin' right by with the fly Latin girl in my ride
You gettin' jealous? You shouldn't be jealous
Let me ask the fellas, hey, fellasWhy is he jealous, jockin' me and my fly ride?
You really really really wanna get inside
You wanna riff but I got the gift that come swift
And ain't got time for that bullshitPulsate devastate and innovate
Suckers that think they're great I just mutilate
Tim Dog, comin' back with the rhyme
Fuckin' up shit on the chorus lineIt's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
It's a chorus line, it's a chorus line
TR, yeah, bust your rhymeI think, the track is very complicated
I don't know any place that will accept the track like this
We can't deal with that stuff, it's too tightBack again, comin' off on a hype track
The man is back again, 'cause it's like that
Black, matter of fact, in death react

Combat, motherfuckers don't want thatStyle, rip it up style, catch a fill it up style
Freestyle, so buck wild
I got the style you want to hear
Who's next? You better fearTR, the super star like a Czar
In control, by far
Cruisin' like a Benz or a Jaguar
Boss your Audi, like John GottiSo like my man whose name is
Make a move, I'll make you famous
And if you choose to step to this
You get next to this?Remember the Exorcist
I wrap rappers like my man named Bolo
Take out a city like Chernobyl
I'm greatly underrated, highly elevatedTo serve and destroy is how I demonstrate it
To keep grooves and move to soothe and prove
Fans and guests performers I amuse
To teach and reach, anyone or anybodyA fan will grab my hand and wants to join the party
I got skills and style for each and every time
On the chorus line

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