

# 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 cocktails You 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 monkeys 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 rocks Leave 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 cousin Suckers 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 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, it's a chorus line  
Flipmaster, bust your rhyme Yeah, my funkiest deep down from the underground  
Down in the Bronx, this is the funk Yo, 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 slaid I'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 me  
The 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 diesel  
So 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 Caveman  
Set 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 wrath  
Takin' rappers by one, cold bustin' that ass  
So now you know exactly what's the time  
I'm cold illin' on the new 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 rhyme  
Yo, man it's the man himself  
The motherfuckin' illegal alien one  
Yo comin' up next is Tim Dog  
Yo, Dog, eat them motherfuckers  
Comin' 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 listen  
I'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, fellas  
Why 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 bullshit  
Pulsate 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 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, it's a chorus line  
TR, yeah, bust your rhyme  
I 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 tight  
Back 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 that  
Style, 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 fear  
TR, the super star like a Czar  
In control, by far  
Cruisin' like a Benz or a Jaguar  
Boss your Audi, like John Gotti  
So 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 elevated  
To 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 anybody  
A 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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