Bust the Facts

Ultramagnetic MC's

Here's a little story that must be told
Ah yes, yes y'all and you don't stop
Here's a little story that must be told
You're listenin' to the sounds, of the best MC, in the world
Kool Keith, go off and go offI got a flier in my hand, Bambaataa with Cold Crush
The place is packed, with Johnny Wa and Rayon
Lovely ladies smellin' sweet, with a lot of Avon
Jazzy Jay by my side, Charlie Chase behind meFlash and Theodore, super cuts that blind me
Catch a Groove is the rhythm, spinnin' back and forth
From the East and the Valley, swingin' back up North
Towards the South Bronx, Euceda Park and WebsterThe speakers are pumpin', power bass is thumpin'
With the Ultra mega amp, keepin' pep up, jumpin'
From side to side, the double meters will peak
They had some good MC's, a lot of them, they was weakThey no style with no metaphor, no voice to speak
Melle Mel had the best rhymes, rankin' with Caz
Kool Moe tried to get down but I made him sit down
With that metaphor quickness, you bite and you bit thisStop and go turn, see the flame and go burn
To ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Seven years later toy you still crusty crust
Your old rhymes are rust, very dirty and dustyAnd under your arms you're kickin' power and musty
Get out of my way, and let the rhythm path roll
Let me run up the charts, freak a rhyme turn gold
While you're listenin', I throw a buzz in your ear
Bust the factsYes, yes y'all
Innovative
Let's rock, get bigger
Yes, yes y'all
Innovative
Let's rock, get biggerYes, yes y'all
Innovative
Let's rock, get biggerNow swing your partner around, dosey-dosey
Like musical chairs and ring around the Rosie
The party you pace see, Kool Herc with J.C.
The Herculoids battle, The Disco TwinsFunky rhymes with break beats, the DJ spins
For the L Brothers, steppin' right in the scene
Mean Gene was maxin', Rockin' Rob went to work
While the tables would turn, the old needles used to jerkWith the belt drive, Technics and B-1's
With the orange light shinin', the red on D-1's
Direct drive and Nova, I'm chillin' with G.L.O.B.E.

Mr. Biggs and Pow-Wow, Monk and SupermanPullin' out that Olde E, that funky funky 40 ounce
Ikey C from Cosmic, the bass bottom bounce
Red Alert in the booth, the T-Connection to mix
Silly rabbit you know my style has TrixTo go on, to the next line, to the break of dawn
While I move up step, to the early early morn
With a hip-hop drink and some rhyme popcorn
Never smokin' or sniffin' or ever jokin' or riffin'Because it's time to plex more, and rhyme fantastic
Donald Rock and Whipper Whip, neither rapper was plastic
Back in the days, you had to be so sarcastic
To stretch out a rhyme and make it double elasticYou learn new jack, step back and be wack
You know what time it is boy and every mic I smoke
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Let's rock, get biggerLater on at the Boys Club, while Tom excel
I got a name for your brain that surely rings a bell
Patti Duke had the nice hands, swift with Billy Boy
Playin' James Brown records, you stupid you silly boyBongo Rockin', hard where the rhythm go
You fake and pass, Busy Bee give and go
To the AJ Scratch, a funky beat that matched
With a two-second break, that was hard to catchDST was mixin', slicin' with his elbows
Freakin' the wheels, loopin' rhymes, here we go
To the master faster, speed up and go faster
Turn my JVC to mega power and blast theMario tape, yes The Disco King
With the b-side The Funky Drums, no new jack swing
Happy rappers with polka dots, were bound to get stuck
You had the Zulus the Nine crew, you're pushin' your luckThe Casanovas was maxin' all scheamin' to duck
You had The Black Spades, plus The Savage Skulls
Gang bangin' was over, neither crew is exist
They got a job and a wife, a pretty woman to kissSo on the rhymes kept rollin', straight up into disco
Eddie Chiba was sweet G and back up to Cisko
And freakier Islam, with the Great Love Squids
Spinnin' high-top beats, can you check it, you dig
Kool Keith out smokin', my lyrics are hot
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