Feelin' It

Ultramagnetic MC's

Yo, whattup Ced Gee, this beat is hype, I'm feelin' it
Word up, Kool Keith, yeah, yeah
Yo, Moe Luv, tell 'em one more time how Kool Keith is feelin'
You've got the feelin'
Word up, I like that, one more time, one more time
You've got the feelin'
Aight, yo, Keith, bust this, tell 'em how you really feelNow here's a funky beat, my rhyme is updated
For soft ducks, I played it once, a biter jumped on it
Girls got stupid, freaks humped on it
And from the back, I pumped on itMostly, with skill, top finesse
East to West, but I guess, I'm right
While others are wrong
Tryin' to teach and usin' my song
Along, with your wiggedy-wackStay back, get back, sit back down
And think about it, whenever you're dissin' me
You are the roach, the six legs wishin' me
And pushin' me, steadily onMetaphor, better for, psychin' more
On my tour, brains are sore
I'll be sure, I'm fresher
So tell me how I duck, wack rappers aroundIn town, never wearin' no boots
Toy Bally, sharkskin' suits
Rip a story,and threw his auditory
Canal Street is my territoryFor gold glory reachin' my hand
To smack rappers and makin' 'em stand outside
Waitin' for me to tell them my secret style
And show them how really it's doneMy son, now I'm back to you
And if you're bad I'll smack you too
A glass of rhymes, shattering
Now you're cut up, say what up?
Shut up, 'cause I'm feelin' itYo, that was dope, you've got the feelin'
Whattup, Trev I'm runnin' America about right now
Whassup with Ced Gee, you've got the feelin'
Yo, Ced, you ready to get on and tell 'em how you feel?Yeah word up, bust this, man, I'ma do this
You've got the feelin'
I might as well go do this right?
Definitely man
Aight, do itHello, I'm back again, it's Ced Gee, the champion
Of knowledge and wisdom over all topics
I'm the chief, the general prophet

Topping, all the ducks who are delirious
About rhymin', I'm more seriousLike this, with twists as changes
I took time and rearranged this
Style like how versatile you ask me now wow
I'm like the movie, you seen on TVI'll be numerous but believe me
I'll chop you up, bash your brain, rotate your liver
Then I'm gonna give ya, a fresh rhyme, maybe
Sealed and delivered by me, the manufacturerStraight out of Attica, I come after ya
And if ya run, I have to damage ya mentally
By using my mind, choosing adjectives
Hard to define in rhymesA dictionary wordpiece from the Brainiac
I blew your domepiece open, hopin' you'll say to me
"That was dope," like an anatomy operation on the turntables
Slicing nerds with verbs, fully enabledEquipped, with a white handkerchief
To wipe away the germs who wanna hang with this
Ultra smoker, dope man, no joker
With the line I wrote and I quote them, 'cause I'm feelin' itYou've got the feeling
I feel it, one more time, man
You've got the feeling
Just another Boogie Down Bronx sure shotYou've got the feeling
Word up, 4-3 Mission posse in effect
You've got the feeling
To my man Tim SouthfieldMy next door neighbor
Hollywood House family
Oh the whole 9 crew, Dexter, everybody
Brother Kevvy Kev, brother KevKeith, Brother Kevvy Kev is in effect
Yo, Calvin, what's up?
Jungle Brothers, Violators, the whole family man
London
We out

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