Message from the Boss

Ultramagnetic MC's

[Kool Keith]
You wanna know my business? I got things to do
People to meet, people to see
Very important - matters to turn to
A waste of time for me to try to burn you
and talk a minute, you're not worth a conversation
I speak intelligently, with information
Goin and flowin and showin, you're still growin
adolescent -- with a childish mind
Your brain is small, plus it's hard to find
I need a microscope, to see a two-cent brain
that don't think, when they rob and steal
and rape and kill -- and murder their loved ones
Now put your brain in the guillotine
Slice it to cold cuts, you're goin nuts ? cell
You wanna low rate me?
You're better off in Hell, feel the flame
fire burn roast and toast
Let me hear you scald, while I brag and boast
I keep your brain on stand-by
Cause it's the message, comin straight from the BOSS![Ced Gee]
Your attention please, come on, let me try this
This beat is funky -- so I just
made up some rhymes that are hyper than hyperspace
Ced Gee will kick bass, eliminate
rappers who think quick slick with a few tricks
Can't be quick fixed if they try this
man, and, aiyyo, I have the right to be
on any stage and mic someone can pass to me
Cause, I'm in there, and I swear
I'm like Vladimir, no one bet-ter
step to me, get to me, or pes-ter me
Confess to me, guessin me
Adressin me, be less than me, or testin me
because, it only brings out the best in me
Soul, no - here's what you really need to do
Instead of battlin you need to really improve
our race, and every other race
Bring em together -- and let's face

the problems, that we need to be solvin
People are dyin, starvin, robbin
Bein discriminated from different jobs
and things like that so think about that
We have a tool to use that they call rap
So, yo, let's use it, not abuse it
And in the long run, we have improved this
situation and turned into a positive
They doubted this, so we're proud of this
institution we invented of course
That's why this message, is comin from the BOSS![Kool Keith]
Yeah Ced.. {*echoes*}Once again, I hear your garbage on my radio
Left to right, and comin through my stereo
I turn it off, go off without show-off
Blow off MC's who can't talk or read or write
or learn, stutter - I think you need to go ?RIFT?
But watch me shift
The smarter I get, the dumber you get
The better I get, the wacker you get
Ha ha hah, I gotta laugh - MC's are very funny to me
And on Easter, they're like a bunny to me
Hoppin around, without a education
Formation, results in occupation
Better skills, how to sign a application
for a job, but you'd rather be a slob
A parasite, eating corn off the cob
Beggin everybody, you got a dollar for crack?
I'll pay you back
Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday's here
Where's my money?
It ain't funny with a pipe in your face
For a fracture, last time the cops smacked ya
for hittin your moms and pops
You need a shake in your brain, adolescent
I'm a vet, you're juvenile, and driven wild, meanwhile
You look stupid and petty, and now senile
How's time in jail without bail?
Now you're up for sale, you're like a prostitute
Another man's wife, on the la-la tip
think about it again
Cause it's the message, comin straight from the BOSS!

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