

# 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 off I 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 me Flash 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 Webster The 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 weak They 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 this Stop 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 dusty And 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 facts Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger  
Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger Now 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 Twins Funky 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 jerk With 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 Superman Pullin' 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 Trix To 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 elastic You learn new jack, step back and be wack  
You know what time it is boy and every mic I smoke  
Bust the facts Yes, yes y'all  
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Let's rock, get bigger Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger  
Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger Later 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 boy Bongo 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 catch DST 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 the Mario 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 luck The Casanovas was maxin' all schemin' 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 kiss So 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  
Bust the facts Innovative  
Let's rock, get bigger  
Yes, yes y'all  
Innovative

Let's rock, get biggerYes, yes y'all

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Songwriters

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