Give the Drummer Some

Ultramagnetic MC's

one two, one two
Ultramagnetic's in full effect
we talkin' about givin' the drummer some
you know what, Kool Keith, yo, tell 'em what's on your mindKOOL KEITH:
I'm ready
And now it's my turn to build
Uplift, get swift, then drift
Off... and do my own thing
Switch up
Change my pitch up
Smack my bitch up, like a pimp
For any rapper who attempt to wear Troop's
and step on my path
I'm willing as a A-1 General
Rhyme Enforcer 235 on a rhyme test
Whatever group or vest in line
I put 'em all behind
Play MC Ultra as a warning sign of my
Skill, and what my mind deserves
I smell a grape in the duck preserves
And who deserves the right to be king of the screen
And shout wack poetry
What, are you buggin'
Germs that want to law me
Quit it, before I heat your ear off
Let your burn deduct another year off rappin'
For a face I'm slappin'
Gimme applause when hands start clappin'
Now give the drummer someCED-GEE:
Well I'm Ced
The Rhyming Force Delta
When I enter, you best take shelter
'cause I'm dope, and yes I will melt a
Anyone who tried to even felt a
Emotion, or thought that they could hang with me
I cut you up, because you are my enemy
On my stage, interfering with my radius
So step back, 'cause I'mma start to spray with this
Can, of Raid Spray

If you're a germ, filthy like AIDS, I'll
Clean, you up with heat
Vapors, scrubbin' and scrubbing
Like a mistake on paper, I'm rubbin'
erasin' you out like some ink
'cause you dirty, your rhymes are stink
Like garbage, I hafta put you in a Hefty
Or instead, should I just let thee
weak MC's accumulate like dust
Take out my duster, shine them up and
Teach... them respect
Hook 'em up just like a tape deck
Mono or Stereo, 'cause I'm a real pro
With a cameo, and not an afro
This beat is funky, I'm not a nympho
You know why?
Then give the drummer someKOOL KEITH:
Some rappers are ratin' us
some are hatin' us
Some are talkin'
some debatin' us
Critically, but physically my mind is
Self-taught like a rap pro designed us
A matter to burn MC's and toys with
Flame, 500 degrees of
Rhymes, that heat and cook and
sizzle, your brain is on the grill at
Nighttime, and what about the daytime
I hear the wack ones, they get a lot of play time
Saying they're wack and wastin' my airtime
You're #2 and next in my spare time
Another rhyme has to be controllin'
And for your brain, it must have been stolen
tookin', yes, taken away
I'm on the court, and I'm fading away with a
Jumper, I shoot a rhyme in your face
Add the points while I rob the bass
Incredible, come in three dimensions
Parallel with the funky extensions
I'm Kool Keith runnin' rap conventions on
Time
Now give the drummer some

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/