You Ain't Real

Ultramagnetic MC's

[Unverified]Brothers wanna know, what's goin' on about the 4-1-1
On the group, and so on and so forth
So what you talk for, you know what I came for
A motherfuckin' ground warTalkin' that same old style
Same old song, same old thang
Sweatin' yourself, you're gettin' busy yo
Huh, but you still can't hangI'd rather rip, and still the flip trip
On the mic grip and hit, and then trip
Into I never ever miss yo
You still ain't shit
Thinkin' you're all that, you've gotThe rep and props but you still can't rap
Wanna talk about a wannabe, never gonna be
Ever gonna be, who's gonna see
Come near here, come here child yeah
I got flavor, style, compare[Unverified]Yo, you can't compete
You wanna steal my voice, steal our sound
Steal my beats, you wanna fuck around
I don't play son, shorts do I take noneYou need help better call 9-1-1
Or the Beatles, or Susannah
Drink you up like a cup of Tropicana juice
I got more, flowin' like a river
Yeah, style's what I give yaShakin' 'em, keep fakin' 'em, make make makin' 'em
Takin' 'em, bakin' 'em, no mistaken 'em
Dope, hyper, raw def MC
Wanna talk about a man, yo who is he or sheYou got nerve to even talk that
What about that, yeah, what's up with that rumor talkin'
We can't make a hit
We've been makin' hits while you've been suckin' dicks
Around the town, lookin' for a hardcore deal
Yeah, you ain't realNiggaz, yeah, you ain't real
Niggaz,yeah,you ain't real
Niggaz, you ain't real
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't realNiggaz, who are you? You ain't real
Niggaz, yeah, you you ain't real
Niggaz, man
Niggaz, get out my faceYeah, motherfuckers wanna blast
I keep rhymes in store for they ass
They ain't got the style to kick no shit
I bust rhymes and heat and just blow shit outLet me ask one question

You think I fell off? Well come test then
You ain't the man to stop the Big X
Fuck around become [unverified] nextYes, shit is gettin' wild
Very wild, slick and much wild
But watch when I come with the Rhythm X shit
Then after that, motherfuckers wanna quitWhether or not, you like it or not, you're wack it's true
Your whole crew sound doo doo
I keep tissue to wipe the first face
I'm like a team that stays in first placeWinnin', like the motherfuckin' Giants
You got rhymes to kick? Then drop science
Math, English, fuck it I said it
Yo Ced, come and grab the micYo let's begin with a phrase that's quite hype
I'll control with soul Gee get right
Into the mix like a DJ spinnin' on
The crowd is buggin, rememberin', "Bring it On"The phrase that stand to all that wanna try
To step to the Gee get roast and I wonder why
Hmm, like Arsenio Hall said, I think
You rhyme like butter you're soft and you're quite stinkTryin' to perpetrate, sayin' you're hard right
You hit money grip you're fake like a bad night-mare
with Freddie, you know you're not ready
You sound immature, like a amateur pettyYeah
(You ain't ready)
Tto step on the stage, get hit with the rhyme jab
Just like the Flintstones, I'll break like bam bam
Bam bam bam bam bamI'm smoke ya
You slept on the Gee, better yet, true Ultra
But now we're back and, MC's we're slappin'
We're givin' no slack and, because you're wack
And yeah, you ain't realNiggaz, yeah, you ain't real
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't realNiggaz, who are you? You ain't real
Niggaz, yeah, you you ain't real
Niggaz, man get out my face

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