

# 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] next Yes, 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 quit Whether 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 place Winnin', 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 mic Yo 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 stink Tryin' 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 petty Yeah  
(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 bam I'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 real Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you ain't real Niggaz, who are you? You ain't real  
Niggaz, yeah, you you ain't real  
Niggaz, man get out my face

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