Raise It Up

Ultramagnetic MC's

Yeah yo Don, gimme a little bit of that chicken
That smooth chicken, a little bit of that gravy
And I want some old hot jazz biscuits
With a little bit of that blues butter
Bring in the snareThey never understood, many people were so slow
My funky type of rhyme, and my style is pyscho
Complex wrecks wrecks, my style go X X
I move around off beat, creatin' more stylesShowin' white boys, other kids my black styles
I kick lyrics like shoes right in your face
Walk up on a car, Jack of Spades, pluck the ace
I get slower, down in, on in
Flowin' like I used to be on Critical BeatdownI drop styles on ears the public bite em
Not many went to school, so the dummies wouldn't write 'em
They say yo Keith, yo Kool, you usin' big wordsI went to college, I'm even more stupid herb
Back on the scene to put a lesson out
Even if I have to pull a black Smith and Wesson out
I grab a hammer stick a nail in that little crackTame the monkey show the hummingbird how to act
I get atomic, hypo-galactical
Word to mom I'm in my own world
Galaxy raised! PowerfulRaise it up, raise it up
Raise it up, raise it up
Raise it up, raise it up
Raise it up, raise it upYo, yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego trip
Yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego trip
Now back in the days and we used to use elevation
And then the people said

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