

# Yo Black

## Ultramagnetic MC's

Bobbito's in the house  
I gotta say one thing, y'all been great playin' the real shit  
Y'know, all this radio shit, this flower shit you be hearin'  
All this la-la-la and this, TLC condoms on your eyes and all that shit  
I'm not with that Yeah you listenin' to the sounds, of the one, Rhythm X, the man  
I'ma show you how to get wreck  
The right way, not the wrong way  
Watch me when I do this, pay attention Check it out  
Shut up Step back That picky-packy-wacky rap  
Your old flow is over and your rhyme style is over with  
In fact, big head, yo take it as a bigger diss I come walk in your show like David Berkowitz  
Make you think you swimmin' like that homey Mark Spitz  
How can you put up a fox, against an alligator  
I chew your crew one by one, like a Now or Later I make a heavy man light, turn a black kid white  
Bust a rhyme in they rectum, squeeze it tight  
I wreck shop like Rock the Ricky Wrecka  
Crush-a, stomp-a, nother, brother I make MC's go, "Hey hoe, hey hoe"  
Look at me now, whassup? Hey Joe  
You say you bad but good, but soft as oakwood  
Perpetratin' wild when you're comin' from no hood I wipe your style like doo doo, when I beat ya  
Treat ya like an old Bible rhyme in school, teach ya  
Like my son, did your mother tell you?  
Pee pee's on the rise, why the X gotta smell you? You know me, I know you, you droppin' lyrics  
On the record that's spinnin' that smell like doo doo, yo get back  
I rock styles on top, another Funky child  
I kick a rhyme so swift, and make your girl smile  
You better go off and think, 'cause I'm your father Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack Check it one two, you don't wanna step to  
Crazy psycho patient from the Bronx, comin' at you  
I get hyper and deep, funky freaky flex  
Bust my style, get wild, flow like Rhythm X People know they wack, in fact, I'm comin' back black  
Bustin' stupid styles on you clowns with the maps out  
You say you good with the mic, man I wonder why  
You think I'm sleepin'? But y'all was gone beddy-bye Rappers on my D-head, quick to stick in New York  
Everywhere I go hoe, never ridin' I walk  
You think you fly and don't try, yo lick the penis B

I ride a rhyme to Mars, and go to Venus see  
 Take you on a trip and make you bug out, seek out  
 Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday whole week out  
 Check it, watch it, back up, slow down  
 The same way you blow up, I make a rapper go down  
 I make you quit rap, and try to get with Bobby Brown  
 Slide and glide, Boogie Down like James Brown  
 Never will I say I, watch me when I do that  
 When I grab the mic and rock, watch them say, "Who dat?"  
 I know my tongue is long just like a lizard  
 Can you drop the mic respect the funk wizard  
 I know you breakin' your neck, to hear the X stuff  
 Back to burn, yo Sam, yo ain't the X rough  
 I look at millions of groups and tell em get back  
 Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
 Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
 Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
 Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack  
 Third rhyme, see who rock and move and spread the rumors  
 You rappers been played like suede Puma's, yo bust it  
 I kick a style so rugged, they're makin' [unverified] wet  
 Change they panties and bras, and make a dollar bet  
 Never will I stop it, got the target on your anus  
 You're preschool style, kindergarten not the same as  
 I rock, you can't, this ain't your place to be  
 I make you cry kid, cover your face to me  
 I'm not the one, fairy tale like Patti LaBelle  
 My job is easy when I'm draggin' em down to hell  
 You know my story when I'm throwin' you off the cliff  
 Them jelly rhymes on the table with Skippy and Jif  
 I see these suckers better find another game plan  
 I never heard of you stupid What's your name man?  
 Don't try to come back, we cut your hair bald B  
 Jump on my tip, when you're takin' a fall  
 GYou see the style is mine, but can the X flow?  
 I make your fans get wild, and boo your next show  
 Kick it when I feel it, the X style reveal it  
 Don't try the "bee-bee-bo" flow, rap on no track  
 I give you more than some comp, I give you no SLACK  
 People know I wreck, did that kid get the message?  
 I drop the rhyme, aim a missile in your rectum  
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