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 thatYeah 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 attentionCheck 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 dissI 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 LaterI 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, brotherI 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 hoodI 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 fatherYo 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 wackCheck 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 XPeople 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-byeRappers 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 seeTake 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 downI 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 backYo black, go back, step back, you're wack
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Yo black, go back, step back, you're wack
Yo black, go back, step back, you're wackThird 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 betNever 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 meI'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 JifI 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 trackI 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 rectumYo black, go back, step back, you're wack
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