Poppa Large

Ultramagnetic MC's

I get in shape and do my physical fitness
Your head's numb, so your brains a miss this
Pick 'em up, eat 'em up, pick 'em up, beat 'em up
Pick 'em up pimple head, pick 'em up pickyI roll wit globs and I come real sticky
Ripping the mic, I plug it up in your ears
Crazed and brewer. I'm coming out like beers
Like Rheingold, Miller, Coors, and BudsI'm a eat 'em wit popcorn and treat 'em like suds you duds
Coming out the wick wack, wicky, wick able wack
Black jack, that's a fact, writing exact behind your back
The funk rhyme to master, blasterKicking up in a brainstorm, rainstorm
Rap storm, rap form, rap time, rap rhyme
Rap class, I'm here to fail and to pass
To continue, from the more, hype tipI roll and rock, rock and roll
Jazz and pop, rhythm and Blues
Dance and fusion, pain confusion
Look at the lights, what a night on the townI'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coastNow I'm back to funk, freak the funk
Hype the funk, swipe the funk and all that junk
I get busy on 'em, communicate wit the world
Man, woman, a baby boy and a girlPoppa large looking out the pawn shop
Taking stroud while your face and arms drop
Stop, look, learn to read, learn to write learn to talk, learn to walk
And watch your step though, I'm hype and ripe thoughKleptomaniac, my rhyme is psycho
A Ricky Ricardo, a Guy Lombardo
Sporting a rag top, an El Dorado
Step into Hollywood, I'm screening the boulevardsThe rhymes is gain type, I'm ready to pull it's card
Jack or Ace, King or Queen, call me the deuce
I'm pouring L.A. juice hitting the top, feeling the rim
Getting a trim, I never rhyme like themOn and on, on and on, on and on until the break of dawn
I go overtime, rock the mic in nighttime
Daytime, switching off to Prime time
Specifically, strolling back in the west timeRock the funk wit the mic in the east rhyme
Hype and dope, hype the frame, the mic is smoking
Yo, I ain't joking
Rhyme to kill, rhyme to murder, rhyme to stompRhyme to ill, rhyme to romp
Rhyme to smack, rhyme to shock, rhyme to roll
Rhyme to destroy anything toy boy

On the microphoneI'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coastYou're dripping sweaty, coming hard on your neck
As I flow and grow from head to toe
Seeking a style like John McEnroe
Dissing 'em all, serving them wit the mic standLike Prince and Michael coming out wit a big band
The crowd is loud, you can pay as the manager
Run wit the money, I pull the trigger and damage ya
Boom, taking life more seriousI may sound lyrical and very mysterious
Rhymes are grip tight, no grams to kill more
A son of Sam, how could I begin more
Grabbing the mic, you see the dark and shadowsYou're in living hell, the funk, pound to pound
The funk ignited, hands are writing, brains dividing
I'm coming out in sighting
Like I'm Blackula, a better man that DraculaSpectacular and not irregular in fact you are speaking impopular
Rhymes are moved and you can't be stop wit the
Beat as it goes to the rhyme that flows
Like a coke in a straw burning up in your noseThat's a bad habit, stepping out on stage one
Drop the mic, come and turn to page one
Look at the master, my range is higher
My lyrical burns, your brain's on fireI'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coastI'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/