

Give The Drummer Some (Pasha Fookin Short Edit)

Ultramagnetic MC's

One two, one two
Ultramagnetic's in full effect
We talkin' about givin' the drummer some
You know what, cool Keith, yo, tell 'em what's on your mind[Cool Keith]
I'm ready
And now it's my turn to build
Uplift, get swift, then drift
Off, and do my own thing
Switch up
Change my pitch up
Smack my bitch up, like a pimp
For any rapper who attempt to wear Troop's
And step on my path
I'm willing as a A-1 General
Rhyme Enforcer 235 on a rhyme test
Whatever group or vest in line
I put 'em all behind
Play MC Ultra as a warning sign of my
Skill, and what my mind deserves
I smell a grape in the duck preserves
And who deserves the right to be king of the screen
And shout wack poetry
What, are you buggin'
Germs that want to law me
Quit it, before I heat your ear off
Let your burn deduct another year off rappin'
For a face I'm slappin'
Gimme applause when hands start clappin'
Now give the drummer some[CED-GEE]
Well I'm Ced
The Rhyming Force Delta
When I enter, you best take shelter
'cause I'm dope, and yes I will melt a
Anyone who tried to even felt a
Emotion, or thought that they could hang with me
I cut you up, because you are my enemy
On my stage, interfering with my radius
So step back, 'cause I'ma start to spray with this
Can, of Raid Spray

If you're a germ, filthy like AIDS, I'll
Clean, you up with heat
Vapors, scrubbin' and scrubbing
Like a mistake on paper, I'm rubbin'
Erasin' you out like some ink
Cause you dirty, your rhymes are stink
Like garbage, I hafta put you in a Hefty
Or instead, should I just let thee
Weak MC's accu

Songwriters

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