Ain't It Good to You

Ultramagnetic MC's

[Kool Keith]
I'm like Cato, my rhyme's the Green Hornet
You know you want it, rappers get up on it
I flaunt it, throughout the metro-politan
The world's my area
Dance interior, fresh interior decorated
A painted wall with rhymes
that glow and show the biter slow reciter
up who mighta tried to copy this style
or change their ways, to wonder if you can
take me out, on the microphone
I'm strong like Benzine, I kill a fiend
Rhymes in my tank, brains pumpin gasoline
out, I use Exxon
And any rappers wack, my mind checks on
meters and gauges, crankin up lyrical engines
Now I'm ready to roll
On you and him, your whole crew
Let's film it, now take two
Watch the movie, your brain will be the star
Thoughtless, when I take you far
to the galaxy, and leave your domepiece
in the hemisphere, now you're lost on Jupiter
Your brain revolves around, you get stupider
Tryin to think, where you're goin
On other planets, rhymes are flowin
through the Milky Way, quicker than warp speed
Brains I feed with heatable rays
Ain't it good to you?[Ced Gee]
I'm a wise man, prophet of the bible
You wanna try me, then I'm liable
to go and flow and show, don't you know
Edgar Allan Poe, could not write like this
Mysteries, with a twist
And I insist, to uplift my metaphor
Slice dice and write, and make the brain sore
for, you and him
I kill a rapper, then begin
to wrote and smoke you're chokin then provoke

the joke the most, and walk around like notes
programmed, you're equal to a dummy
Them want rhyme? You do summies
backwards, forwards, sideways
Anyway, I say hold it
Now you're in space, plus you're folded
up, like molecules of matter
Plus you scatter, you wish you had a
chance to shake, recuperate, recreate
the brain cells, I have ate
Scraped, soak em in solutions
Like Benzine, iodine producin
student of Cee's, tryin to be, just like me
Ced Gee, the Ultramagnetic
A scientist, skilled with knowledge
Once a God, years of college
Accumulated, my wisdom and wit
Thoughts float, ideas are legit
to fit, the rhythm of the tempo
Also, the music more so
have to move groove soothe and lose you
Now ain't it good to you?[Kool Keith]
Once again my rhyme blows up enemies
Wack MC's, across the nation on rotation
You get the hype at the station
Promotion, I put your brain in slow motion
like lotion, and let it float in the ocean
Then I drown it, your brain begins to bubble
I bring trouble, hang with Barney Rubble
in Bedrock, and watch another head rock
Go through West to Washington and Ced block
The Avenue, passin you, bashin you
in your face, rhymes are crashin you
on the chrome dome, swellin your Astrodome
You're in an ambulance, I'm takin you home
to complete the ways I'm on a mission
I see your balls of clay with x-vision
I'm a scientist, your satellites are weak
They get dimmer every time I speak
On my gryoscope you hope to seek the style
that copacetically, bugs you out
On the mic, Kool Keith in a spaceship
Risin, not followin, plexin
Muscle flexin, lyrics for connection
Rhyme injection, rhythm perfection

Brain selection, has protection
My reflection, shines
Triple times your eye, invisible
I get by your brain
Now ain't it good to you?[Ced Gee]
Aiyyo Keith, how you say?
Just another Boogie Down Bronx Ultramagnetic sure shot
Done at the Ultra lab of course
Mixed at D&D with my man Andy
Yo, we outta here

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