Critical Beatdown

Ultramagnetic MC's

Well, I'm the equalizer, known to be graphic
I clear static, breakin' up traffic, move, while I enter the groove
I'm on top and happy to prove, to whack MC's
Who claim to be better than me, no wayI'm frankly, more clever than all of you, each and every one
My son, pay close attention, I take your brain to another dimension
Hold it, mold it, shape it, you got a knife, yes, I wanna scrape it
Up and down, sideways, any way, I can be rude to youBut I'll rap and be crude to you and eat up
Toy ducks I beat up, I am the oven, your brains I wanna heat up
Mega, supersonic degreesI come around, roastin' MC's with fire
To burn the toy, liar raw meat, turn the flame higher
Cook it like a fish, I'll hook it for any beatIt's time that I took it right, correctly to the top
With the rhythm and as your head, bop
I'm hype, for the critical beat downI'm attacking them, my job is stacking them
For every rapper, must I be smacking them once, or twice in the face
With rough beats, producin' the bass that blow out
'Cause power to go outInner spark, I'm ready to blow out like this, altitude level
Reachin' forth, stompin' every devil in sight
You might just wanna bite
My illusions, mental confusionsYou're a mark, skulls, I've been abusin'
Losin' any rapper who follow me
Your girl loves me, now, she wanna swallow me
Back up, move on to the rearWhen I'm on the stage, should be clear speakin', goin' ear to ear
Places far, ducks would appear for the countdown
So you wait to rhyme and twist, stuttering, utteringParkay, margarine, everything butter and another thing
You shoulda been a Muppet, a toy boy, a fake scream puppet
I'm takin' titles and punks butter up it to me
Said, gee on the mic, and I'm hype for the critical beat downHere's the K, combined the double O, swing in the L, I'm ready to go
As Keith, Rap, General Chief Executive plus exquisite
Mandatory, capital statements, I am the teacher
Preaching what makes senseClass, you wasn't able to pass, for any germ or lice who come last
I'm boric, high computing acid
Get off the mic and won't you please pass it to me, for a one two check
Give me a pound and lots of respectNo hands, you disappointing my fans, you on reverb
And talking to cans, hello, how are you doing?
I come to wreck, and parties I'll ruin with rhymes, pumpin' up smoke
Diesel advances, makin' them choke and cough up
The hard headed, I'll soften, spongee, then after that, drinkRoll the assess, the Buddha with the ganji
Puff up, while I make tough stuff up

I'm Kool Keith, cold rippin' MC's
I'm hype for the critical beat down

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