

## Soundtrack: A Chorus Line

### "Ultramagnetic MC's"

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[Ced Gee]

Yo whassup yo

We in the Ultra lab man

We got this beat rollin man

We might as well start this Chorus Line, y'all with that?

[Tim Dog]

Word up, yeah let's do this shit man

Let's get on that

[Ced Gee]

Yo so how we gonna do this? Yo..

Matter of fact, you know how we gon' do it?

Yo Tim Dog, you lead it off, aight?

[Tim Dog]

Aight

[Ced Gee]

We gonna, yeah we gonna get out of here man

It's on you, take it my brother

[Tim Dog]

Ahhhhhhhhh [edited], call me the hick that vicked

To lick the dick you spick, cause I'm too quick

I be appraisin, raised with the brave

I'm the headmaster and you're my slave

Metaphor master, rhymes are disaster

Have the class to, faster, call me the master

You wanna jet, project with a similie

But I'm so large I boned your girl Emily

Procrastinator, laid her, hate her, played her, sprayed her

You wanna be taught? Later

I'll control, get bold, uphold, re-fold

in tow.. cause I got so

many dollars, scholars, holler

Girlies wanna stop and talk but I walk

away, cause Dog don't lay

If rappers wanna play - go ride a sleigh

I'll compare and dare with a stare  
You say where? I'm over here  
Metaphor physical, rhymes are artistical lyrical  
mircales  
difficult, to some terrifical  
Hypothetically, alphabetically  
Energetically, theoretically  
No joke hardcore, rhymes will sting more  
Dog will get more, yes yes yes y'all  
I manifest protest and progress  
Confess with reflex, cause I get cold sex  
I can't believe how dope I am  
Give me a pound, thank you ma'am  
So whether you think that I'm just a myth  
to rift to lift the gifts that itch the fifth  
to shift the spliff that's in control to hold and fold  
a bowl'll make you take and ache and fake  
Whoooo.. hot damn I'm great  
I'm on the Chorus Line

It's a Chorus Line (3X)  
Yo Trev (yeah) bust your rhyme

[T.R. Love]  
Hold the beat, stop the beat, drop the beat  
Gimme a second, to think of  
the dopest lingua, lyrical interest  
The metaphor better for, if and in awe  
before the score, want more then implore  
the rhyme line fine, com-bine design  
Redefine, intertwine  
Down the line, see the sign, stop sign  
Pause -- and let me enter your brain  
Reachin the full circumfrence then maintain  
to build, in which I equal to destroy  
I'm like a twister tornado, you're just a toyboy  
Made, manufactured by, Parker Brothers  
You bought your rhymes, from another wholesale  
Words are stale, up to bail  
cause you fail, try to trail  
My certain style, words and rhythm for connecting  
Dissecting, interjecting, I'm collecting  
Fiends, the way it actually should be know to me  
Cause that's the way it has to be done for me  
Mine, and everyone else around  
You're unequal to the sounds of my ratio  
My strength is mental universal power  
For the hour I will rain like a shower  
Nucleon, cause you be on, fatal  
More than able, also capable  
Of takin you out without a doubt

And with clout just a sissy, a sucker girl scout  
I'll rewind myself and then begin again  
Strike ignite and burn, just like hydrogen  
Come again, as I intend to start to end  
to go beyond, means of a titan  
I'm fightin, releasing my fury to cause static  
and shine, the superstar, reign supreme  
T.R. the Lover has got to be  
Dope and def, the best that never fessed  
Unless you guessed the test, a threat in chess  
Never mess up for my Chorus Line

Yo Ced, here's your rhyme

[Ced Gee]

Metaphor layer, kickin it righteous  
Ced Gee's the hypest, man that might just  
Rip into this, rap right through this  
beat that's sweet to eat, I'm not new to this  
Rappin with swing and, bein distinct man  
Seein the waffle can, rap with me understand  
the fact I sound def means that I'm buildin  
I'm so dope I got rhymes by the million  
The image maker breaker taker faker shaker  
You rhyme like me, you shoulda stayed the  
hell out the industry, cause that means you're jockin  
me  
Your sweating me, getting me, telling me, you're not  
ahead of me  
But that's not all, I just feel that I'm better than  
cause I'm Ultra, and I'm a veteran  
with rhymes, by the thous', stacks and piles  
I'm a scientist, you say how  
the hell can we ever trust, Ced Gee when he starts to  
bust  
a rhyme with gale force, conducting with mega-thrust  
To build or ill or kill or deal a fill the will  
that make the people straight and still  
To prance and dance and find romance and take the  
chance  
to glance, while I still deal  
rhymes that's powerful, witty and logical  
Mystical just to show, what I know when I go  
out, and move on the battle tip  
You rhymes like [edited], you're a quick pick to stick  
the type of hype I like to recite on - my Chorus Line

Yeah boy it's a Chorus Line  
Ayyo Keith (yo) you know what?  
It's your rhyme

[Kool Keith]

I'm crankin up with the rhymes, brain tanks need fuel  
Sunoco, diesel rhymes are locked in, turbo  
Combustion attitude, gratitude, increasing altitude  
Levels, but changing latitude  
It's very rude when you step on my path  
I laugh and giggle, smile and grin my friend  
my style within - holds the rights to win  
Your brain I bend, like a pound of steel  
Lethal power, to me you're weasel power  
I'm overloaded with tons of diesel power  
Contraction, you're not ready for action  
Two hundred rappers a day, I keep waxin  
buffin cleanin polishin, every act up  
You wanna battle with me you must be cracked up  
Stop the jokes the games you're playin  
You never were sayin or payin, one bit of attention  
to me my rhymes my clothes my hat my shoes  
my shirt my tie, the glasses on my eye  
I try, not to cry  
Cause you're wack as ever, never better  
Clever to pick up the mic, in any snow or rain  
whether or not you tried to scheme or dream  
a beam of life, but my lyrics are bright  
like a satellite, with crystal ball knowledge  
I got to college, attend to astrology, test  
A million groups'll fess, I'm still the best  
Kool Keith to impress  
I'm like a heat ray, cookin up your brain  
I like it well done, on the Chorus Line

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