

Ultramagnetic MC's f/ Goody-2

"Nottz"

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[Ced Gee]

Yeah~! Hehehehe, uh-huh, uh-huh

We bouts to get gutter

You know what I'm talkin 'bout son, we takin this back to
the STREETS

(To the streets..) on some Ultramagnetic heat (caliente)

Ced Gee, Kool Keith (Goody-2) drop it

Yo, feel me, here we go

Check it, uhh

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

We gotta rock, Nottz is in our pocket

[Kool Keith]

I'm more tragic with the treats than a cheap critic
on the net, talkin shit, downloadin beats

Piss on the type of nigga that won't go the distance

Take his girl to the World Serious, I'm behind
homeplate

You thrifty bastards, sit in the bleacher seats

With secondhand pre-washed jeans, and hippie coats
on

Alternative clothes, I never seen

That shit ain't the STREET!

All you discount bargain hunters fuck up the game, and
make rap weak

The previous albums, those are the tracks I leak

I save all my good stuff

Little pieces of shit don't deserve to hear me at my
peak

Mountain niggaz with climbin gear, suck my dick

And hop in the back of your Cherokee Jeep with

Cherokee beeps!

I know I come steep, the Ranger Rover

Play Sesame Street niggaz out like Oscar the Grouch
and Grover

See bitches wigs in the middle intersection

Back up the track and I roll over

[Chorus]

[Ced Gee]

You know me! I don't give a fuck who you wit
I murder you, your crew, and all those fools you wit
I blast shots from my 9, 'til I move ya kid
Aim one for your head, then three to your ribs
You talk a good one son, but all that shit is fibs
Your time is up in this game, you got a short time to live
Your whole career, was nuttin but hype
Your whole career, you talked about your silver and
called it ice
Your whole career, was sold out for a very low price
Your whole career, your stupid ass couldn't get your
couple of weak lines right
Son are you tryin to fuck with me tonight?
(Nahh Ced, they ain't fuckin with you tonight)

[Chorus]

[Goody-2]

Goody-2

You say you loco, think weed out {?} pojo
Four cuatro, a couple of rhinos in the barrel
I don't think this asshole is gonna be here tomorrow
Definitely, I be reppin the Boogie Down Bronx
My method will be, lethal weapons of word destruction
And I'm growin up lyrically
Y'all niggaz can't do shit to me
Y'all can't leave dawg, your girl be missin me
Pissin me off, have her go back, cryin to your door
I won't stand there stressed, especially for broads
I'm not the nicest, I'm one of the best
You fuck with me I put exaggerated holes in your chest
I make your lung feel the wrath of my lyrical flow
And the heat of the beat by who do you know, you know
I said fuck all you bitches that don't think I'm the one
If you pass by my block then I'm pressin you son
I understand why this shit is so hard to grasp
You in my class, I'm goin fast, leavin you last
Look at me now, 285 pounds - cats is weak - ohhh

[Chorus] - 2X

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