

Ultramagnetic MC's f/ Tim Dog

"You Ain't Shit"

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[Kool Keith]

It's been a while, fuck it I flex, Rhythm X
can flow yo, turn the mic on pro
And watch me go, flaunt the style, rhythm I give 'em
Never be with 'em, stop 'em out but I hit 'em
One time, bust it with one rhyme
Motherfuckin danger, talkin to me rap ranger
I get swift, prepare for the next man
And you can't handle, look out for the X-Man
Cause I get mad, take your mic and perform
See you're fuckin with heat black I'm lyrically warm
A form of Storm, of lyrical lightning
While you keep bitin'en, but I keep brightening
But you can't see the X style is frightening
Connectin often, brains go in spherical
While you make whack rhymes, your records are
miracles
SMASH~! Record company trash
Sign a bullshit act, you need a foot in your ass
Boom bap, bash and crash, motherfuckers I mash
Keepin up on the bass
Step to pep, I gotta boost the rep
And get rugged and raw, back to run and shift
But you need a ride cause your brain need a lift
Four blocks away you hear the drums compel
Not a popout star perpetratin from hell
YOU AIN'T SHIT!

[Ced Gee]

Yeah motherfucker, YOU AIN'T SHIT!
Yeah whassup, whassup, YOU AIN'T SHIT!
Step to me, c'mon! YOU AIN'T SHIT!
YEAHHH, like this

[Tim Dog]

You ain't shit, motherfucker rhymes are packed in
Just like Laskey with an ass full of fleas
Please, and put on your motherfuckin collar
I'm a 50, you're a bullshit dollar
Tryin to get busy like you're nice in freestyle
But I get buckwild and rape you like a child

Now your whole ass is out
Walkin buttnaked and have no record
Take off the motherfuckin handle
Let me see you bawl that head, you only fight in bed
Track the distortion, you've grown out proportion
Like a bitch and her baby I put you up for abortion
But caution, you're illegit and counterfeit
So stop the bullshit, it's all irrelevant
Tim Dog's the preacher, my rhymes'll reach ya
Beat ya, teach ya, feature, seizure have a feature first
While I'ma crash and crash
Smash and smash, dash and dash
Mash and mash, slash and slash
And throw your ass in the God damn trash
I'm Tim Dog, asiatic, acrobatic
Too much static the 9 is automatic
Rappers wanna hang and swear they can get loot
But with Tim Dog you got much to improve
YOU AIN'T SHIT!

Yeah, all you motherfuckers out there, YOU AIN'T
SHIT~!

Yeah, that's what we tryin to tell y'all whack
motherfuckers
YOU AIN'T SHIT! Yeah, yeah these happy
motherfuckers out here
YOU AIN'T SHIT!
Aiiyo Kool Keith, man drop some science on the
pussies

[Kool Keith]

As I mark with the X, chapter one I feed
Fuckin lyrical hypeness, mind of a double man
A motion picture, fiend from the trouble man
MC's who watch me, you're live in 3D
While I go rhyme, cut a single and CD
LP, step away with the whack shit
Cause I do things in the form of a prophet
While you backstep and think your brain can stop it
Look at the steel doors, rhymes are rocks
Each time I flow you stick your hand to the box
As you bite and borrow, say a rhyme on tomorrow
Give me a pound and walk away like you're Rollo
Sanford & Son, comin out with that junk style
But I ain't with that, that crocodile punch style
Lyrically faster, strikes of the master
Fuckin with brain farms, my style it has to
flow on smoothly, reflect and groom me
But I'm not God and my fans don't boo me
Around the clock, state to state, fuck it you wait
Yeah, while your brains debate

I move once, twice, three times or four
And let an R&B rapper come settle the score
You ain't shit

[Interlude]

Yeah that's right boy, c'mon
You ain't shit, know what that means
C'mon, c'mon, you ain't shit
They don't want none man, old school large boy
You ain't shit! Aiiyyo Ced, get with it

[Ced Gee]

You ain't shit, you're like a stain in my drawers
Battle me is some shit that crawls and
leaps out the side of my baby's little diaper
You think you can rhyme but Ced Gee rhymes hyper
Faster, smoother, and even more clever than
Watch me I'm mad now, so step up get buried in
my metaphor twister, rhymes that's dazin
To me you're a kid so, come and get raised in
South Bronx, New York, you might learn a thing or too
Where rap stands tall and, the artists are true and blue
Like me and Kool Keith, Tim Dog, TR Love
Moe Love in Brooklyn, Ultra we stay above
The other groups or rappers that's so low
You steppin to us, you get crushed up like bolo
Rhymes that's whipped up, with all tongue twisters
We're stickin you so slow, come on get zipped up
Buttoned up hyper, Ced Gee is pier piper
My music you like-a, I'm twice as nice ah
The ultimate, fully equipped, the mic I grip
Cause you ain't shit!

{*beat and ad libs to end*}

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