

## Midtown

### "Critical Beatdown"

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[Kool Keith]

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 wack MC's who claim to be better than  
No way I'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 you  
But 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 degrees  
I 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 beat, it'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 beatdown!

[Ced Gee]

I'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 out  
Inner 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 confusions  
You'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 rear  
When 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, uttering  
Parkay, margerine, everything butter  
and another thing, you shoulda been a Muppet  
A toy boy, a fake scream puppet  
I'm takin titles, and punks better up it  
to me, Ced Gee on the mic, and I'm hype  
for the critical beatdown!

[Kool Keith]

Here'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 sense  
Class, 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 respect  
No hands, you dissapointing 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 drink a ?  
Roll the sess, 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 beatdown!

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