

## Midtown

### "MC Champion"

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And now..

You're MC Champions, Ultra-Magnetic

"I am sealing off the dimensional window  
Closing the hole in the fabric of the cosmos like a scar"

[Ced Gee]

Ahh yeah

One two, one two

This is agent Ble-Ced Gee

Ultramagnetic's in full effect

We in here droppin freestyle rhymes like MC

Champions

So Keith, take it away

[Kool Keith]

Power compactor, brain distractor

Droppin a bomb, right in your anal connector

Sector, vector, the lyric inspector

X-Ray vision, powerful spector

Lexor, Mechtor, Egor

Ah yes yes y'all, and you don't stop

The rhythm I drop to hit the top to make your swing go  
pop

as I flow, pick up the micro'

Poem get hypo, tension as original

lyrical miracle, back to attack one

Black one, white one, green one or blue one

Colorful sweet rhymes, I'm back to do one

or two of you, three of you, or four of you

Five or six or seven, eleven of you

Wack MC's get back in the last line

And wait on the mic, you think I'm ready to pass mine

Up in the Brougham, with clever ability

I know when to sting a brain, just like I'm a killer bee

Hittin em hard with the rhyme as the flame throw

Hardcore, softcore, and even the rainbow

Polka-dot MC's, African, Indians

Spanish-American, mixed with Panamanian

Arabian Nubian, speak in Siberian

Japanese Chinese, and regular MC's

Preachers, teachers, and negative creatures  
I roll and kick a rhyme, you grab your mic back  
Sidewind and rattle like a snake I strike back  
I chew your brain and, the monkey behind you  
Your company management, the dummy who signed  
you

To pick up the slack but the hype ain't sellin many  
records and tapes cause your rap ain't tellin any  
metaphor phrases, things that amazes  
me the next man, no biter or innovator  
with lyrical instinct, you look like a duplicator  
Bitin my style, nibblin on the big jock  
With rhymes so tight, they keep your brain in the  
headlock  
Count the one two three four five  
I'm like like pushwagons, tag-teamin your dome  
I'm just a CHAMPION

[Ced Gee]

Ah yeah, yo Keith, bust this  
I got some freestyle rhymes too  
I'ma warm up, then I'ma get deep  
Bust it, check this out  
Yo  
Poetic genius, kickin metaphors  
Ced Gee is the big boss, makin it better for  
a pile of them, MC's again, I'm raggin them  
So listen up my friend  
I'm rappin the manifest, leapin some blind guess  
The type of hype I select, when I rap come correct  
My mic is on, and it's loaded, and it's lethal  
Here's a dose, a taste of my potential  
My super menu wind you bend you sends you  
to watch a brother like me, continue  
out on the warpath, flashback, sit back  
Kick back with that, dope rap attack  
Those that can't rap, with that weak rap  
Need to get back, and just to add to that  
fact, with words from the knowledge tip  
My rhymes are swift, I have the gift  
Like hocus-pocus, Ced Gee, and I'm still on  
The mic is loaded with rhymes that flame on  
Now you know just what I am creatin  
We call it megafunk, a plan stated  
I'm verbally passin, rhymes are outlastin  
Waxin to smashin and kickin more ass and  
with intensity, Ced Gee has got to be  
schoolin a wannabe, rappers who try to be  
like me, C-E-D  
To flow on the mic and show no mercy  
I'm a champion, I'm undefeated

My rep is strong, no hype is ever needed  
To grow and grow, to grow and grow  
To grow and grow, and grow and grow  
To grow and grow, and grow and grow  
Rap taller than Buckwheat's afro,  
I'm a champion

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