

Midtown

"One Minute Less"

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"T-Minus one minute, mark and counting"
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"The firing will ? the sound
The ? will be armed, in just a couple of seconds from
now"

[Kool Keith]
Yo, Ced, we only got a minute left
What are we gonna do?

[Ced Gee]
Word
Yo I'm gonna bust a rhyme, we out of here man y'know
We hit the road, y'now
and come back next winter, somethin like that
Aight?

[Kool Keith]
Cool

[Ced Gee]
Aight, let's do this

A minute left, to give you another rhyme
Thumping it, to keep you all on time
Kicking it, wit much rhythm and pace
To set my tone, follow the bass
Quickly, other rappers are annihilated
Designated, eradicated, suffacated
Like a cake that's set to bake
I'll take, mold and shpe
Scrape, like a butcher, I'm carvin
You're brain's starvin, I'm steady scarrin
A plastic garden, the crowd is chargin
And I'm dodgin, I'm livin large and
better then ever and clever to battle me never
Whether or not you rock alot or rhyme
To twist and shift the pitch to switch the gift to gab
To drop a dab of rhythm
Give em, a certified rhyme
That I use, confuse, clock the time to a point

A metaphysical radius
I'm Ced-Gee and all I have to say is this

Yo, I'm outta here, yo, I like to say wassup to my man CJ
Down at six corners, Red Alert, the Violators, the Jungle
Brothers
The whole family, Afrika Bambaataa
My man Andy down at D&D
Yo, I'm outta here, peace!

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