

Midtown

"Ultra Reunion"

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[Kool Keith]

Example one - master magical magician
hold position, enter the club with competition
The Great Bartholomew, my spirit follow you
Hand back the track, smellin smoke off the vinyl wax
My approach is silent, quiet like a roach
My solo voodoo is here, Zapp with kazoo
What can you do when the funk comes behind your
crew
Like Greyskull, Skeletor the bus is on tour
Kool Keith with Indian Chief Sahara
Holdin the flashlight, shavin cream in the mirror
Like Yogi Berra, big Yank count bank
Movin work out the country, you think I'm Big Hank
Forty-eight waist with bass, all in your face
I be there, in the atmosphere, super underwear
My cape aluminum, light up crews when I'm booin em
Feedback, mistaken, like Crazy Legs
I be breakin, rap on my back, you caught the steam
While you smoke crack, that song word P

Chorus: repeat 4X

We know how to win, Ultra again
Ced Gee, Kool Keith, re-un-ion

We know how to win..

[Ced Gee]

Check it
I bring light to every order
I'm smooth as hell, my record sells cross the border
So don't you tell me what I need
Cause I like to be, all that I see
However you take it, it could be arranged simplistic
Mad beats son, I know that you with it
Plus you know I'm spittin cheeba
You can quote that son, while I go call Anita
I'm like the high setter, the ready to buy getter
I like the fly sweaters, honey lips is wetter
I cruise around the world, uhh

collectin fancy pearls and sexy girls
The umm, the ahh, umm the ahh
Ahh yeah son, I originated that
and that's a fact, product skills mad fat
The black on wax need to be brought back
the right way, the hype way
The way that MC's used to rip the mic way

Chorus

[C.Gee] So won't you kick that son?
[Keith] Yeah..

[Kool Keith]
Even compressed, I snap back like Aquaman
The Boogiemán, lookin down at the city
Nuclear bombs, Band-Aids, hurt your arms with
quickness

[Ced Gee]
Check, check.. check
Up in the ghetto I rip up mad parties
I rock the bells, lyrics kick like Bacardi

[Kool Keith]
Witness ill, reel to reel, change like weather
Penetratin plether, for goose feather
Acrobats get waxed, we run road like Mad Max
Security, Wells Fargo, I go
loco, express best, who stress test me
Let's move on him

Chorus (fades)

[Kool Keith]
Yeah, feel my bassline..

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