

King Bee

"Cold Slammin"

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f/ Ultramagnetic MC's, Rude Boy Remington

[Note: due to the dense track some parts are a strict guess]

[*phone conversation*]

[Kool Keith] Yo Allstar Fresh, what's up?

This is Kool Keith

[Allstar] Yo, what's up, man?

[Kool Keith] Yeah, I wrote this hype rhyme for 'Cold Slammin'

I need a dope beat

[Allstar] Wait up, wait up

Yo, bust this

(*beat drops*)

[VERSE 1: Kool Keith of Ultramagnetic MC's]

Well, I'm hype and dope, super superb and nicer

The beat is slammin, with the cuts a pricer

Movin the crowd with the bass that kick back

The funky rhyme with the mic, now get back

And watch the floor burn, the rhythm is nitro

The cuts from Allstar, the jam is hype-o

Hypnotize till you vibe as I groove on

Steadily pacin the bass to move on

Rock the house, rock the club, rock the jam

Sing along, goddamn

Rhymes that come through get hot and hyper

So damn rough and really I'm that type of

Man to groove, stop and prove

Man to beat, man to meet

So look at me peak this

Style I'm usin, takin and choosin

You can't bite, toy, it's quite confusin

Verbally tactics, high kicks and drumsticks

Hittin the rhythm with a tap and a snare

As I go and flow, let you know I'm keepin up

Creepin up, take the mic on tour

I'm cold slammin

[*scratching of*]

(Kool Keith)

[VERSE 2: Ced Gee of Ultramagnetic MC's]

Lyric designer, kickin his rhymes right

Ced Gee work late night, back now, recite

The rhymes that go in you, takin control of you

To damage your braincells, move forward, flowin to

The next line, let me shake those, accomplished

Find a crowd - then pump this

Once or twice to make sure that they heard of me

Lyrics so dope, they put my foes through surgery

Battered, bruised up, used up, shoes up

They chose to oppose Ced Gee and got fucked up

Far and near, dead in the ear, crystal clear

So bring another volunteer

To step on stage, grab a mic and try, do

He won't like it, so I can fly you

The manner, fashion's always stash him, smash him,
wax him

On your ass is who I'm faxin

A letter of poetry, dope and you know it's me

Hype and ripe, enticed like you told me

Information from the technician

You can't diss me, so stop wishin

Your rhymes get entered, break in the center

Mould and carve it, Ced Gee's who I went to

Play the jam, hot damn, my man, I stand and cram

Cause I'm slammin

[*scratching of*]

(Ced Gee)

[*scratching of*]

(I'm the King Bee)

[VERSE 3: Rude Boy Remington of Urban Dance
Squad]

I spark a question mark, put the letter in

Comes a scam before slammin on which

How many ways, modes, paths, methods

Punk attitude make me fed up

To myself I tumble, ready to funk them
Alter ego negative, show some
Burn some, cause your tag is a paper
Holdin my styles like common capers
You retriever, nothin cheaper, beaver
I'm here to crumble your ego like Libra
On a bug out tip like a chimpansee or a monkey
To snack the junkie
On a track by Fresh - funky
Bass cold bounce and bump be slammin
Even Amsterdam my song will find dancin
Clamouring, I never was the feminine
Just the Remmington, Amsterdamian
What's wrong with a song and a rep for standin
For the next man I hold the beef with knife and fork
Let your boot see, I bust your head cork
Cold slammin
[*scratching of*]
(Urban Dance Squad)
[Allstar Fresh]
Rude Boy Remmington
Yo, it's my turn
Back to burn
Allstar Fresh
Youknowsayin?

Check this out

[VERSE 4: Allstar Fresh]

I go swift to lift the pitch, a switch, it change

Back to heat one, back to beat one

Allstar Fresh, I take the mic and defeat one

Wack MC, I take him out in the first round

Give him a problem, make it a hard time

Complication, rhyming formation

A lyrical madness, a funky bass and

Chasin, tastin, a litteral metaphor

Better fall, come on, you better score

1-2-3-4-5 and 6, so

Look at the Allstar, a deejay that mix, so

Fresh on the wheels of steel cause I'm Fresh, man

Those are powerful, king and the best man

As I go on the mic and so on

You look back now, you look wack now

Come in the place, catch your face a smack-down

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