

C-Murder F/ UGK, % Master P "Cold Slammin'"

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[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
Youknowmsayin?
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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