

DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz**"A Chorus Line 2000"**

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[Ced Gee]

Yo whassup yo

We in the Ultra lab man

We got this beat rollin man

We might as well start the Chorus Line, y'all with that?

[Tim Dog]

Word up, yeah let's do this shit man

Let's get on that

[Ced Gee]

Yo so how we gonna do this? Yo..

Matter of fact, you know how we gon' do it?

Yo Tim Dog, ?

[Tim Dog]

Aight

[Ced Gee]

We gonna, yeah we gonna get out of here man

It's on you, kick it my brother

[Tim Dog]

Ahhhhhhhhh shit, call me the hick get Vick to lick the
dick

to spit, cause I'm too quick

I be appraisin, raised with the brave

I'm the headmaster and you're my slave

Metaphor master, rhymes are disaster

Half the class step back, they'll call me the master

You wanna jet, project with a similie

But I'm so large I boned your girl Emily

Procrastinator later hater played out sprayed her

You wanna be taught? Raider

I'll control, get bold, uphold, re-fold

in tow.. cause I got so

many dollars, scholars, holla

Girlies wanna stop and talk but I walk

away, cause dog don't lay

Rappers wanna play? Go ride a sleigh

I'll compare and dare with a stare

You can say where? I'm over here
Metaphor physical, rhymes are artistical lyrical
mircales
difficult, to some terrifical
Hypothetically, alphabetically
Energetically, theoretically
No joke hardcore, rhymes will sting more
Dog will get more, yes yes yes y'all
I manifest protest and progress
Confess with reflex, cause I get cold sex
I can't believe how dope I am
Give me a pound, thank you ma'am
So whether you think that I'm just a myth
to rift to lift the gifts that itch the fifth
to shift his clip that's in control to hold the bolo
a bowl I make you take and ache and fake
Whoooo.. hot damn I'm great
I'm on the Chorus Line

It's a Chorus Line (3X)
Yo Trev (yeah) bust your rhyme

[T.R. Love]

Hold the beat, stop the beat, drop the beat
Gimme a second, to think of
the dopest language for lyrical interest
The metaphor better for, if and in awe
before the score, want more then implore
the rhyme, line, fine, com-bine design
Redefine, intertwine
Down the line, see the sign, stop sign
Pause -- and let me enter your brain
Reachin the full circumfrence then maintain
to build, in which I'm equal to destroy
I'm like a teacher tornado you're just a toyboy
Made manufactured by, Parker Brothers
You bought your rhymes, from another wholesale
Words are stale, up to bail
cause you fail, try to trail
My sugar style, words and rhythm for connecting
Dissecting, interjecting, I'm collecting
I'll rewind myself and then begin again
Strike ignite and burn, just like hydrogen
Come again, as I intend to start to end
to go beyond, means of a titan
I'm fightin, releasing my fury to cause static
and shine, the superstar, reign supreme
T.R. the Lover has got to be
Dope and def the best that never fessed
Unless you guessed the test to threat in jest
Never mess up from a Chorus Line

Yo Ced, here's your rhyme

[Ced Gee]

Metaphor layer, kickin it righteous
Ced Gee's the hypest, man that might just
Rip into this, rap right through this
beat that's sweet to eat, I'm not new to this
Rappin with swing and, bein distinct man
Seein the waffle can, rap with me understand
the fact that I sound def means that I'm buildin
I'm so dope I got rhymes by the million
The image maker breaker taker faker shaker
You rhyme like me, you shoulda stayed the
hell out the industry, cause that mean you're jockin me
Your sweating me, getting me, telling me, you're not
ahead of me
But that's not all, I just feel that I'm better than
cause I'm Ultra, and I'm a veteran
with rhymes, by the thous', stacks and piles
I'm a scientist, you say how
the hell can we ever trust, Ced Gee when he starts to
bust
a rhyme with gale force, conducting with mega-thrust
To build or ill or kill or deal a fill the will
that make the people straight and still
To prance and dance and find romance and take the
chance
to glance, while I still do
rhymes that's powerful, we're the illogical
Mystical just to show, what I know when I go
out, and move on to battle
You rhymes like shit, youse a quick thinker stinkin
type of hype I like to recite on.. my Chorus Line

Yeah boy it's a Chorus Line
Aiiyo Keith (yo) you know what?
It's your rhyme

[Kool Keith]

I'm crankin up with the rhyme, brain tanks need fuel
Sunoco, diesel rhymes are locked in, turbo
Combustion attitude
Gratitude, increasing altitude, levels
But changing latitude
It's very rude when you step on my path
I laugh and giggle, smile and grin my friend
my style within - holds the rights to win
Your brain I bend, like a pound of steel
Lethal power, to me you're weasel power
I'm overloaded with tons of diesel power

Contraction, you're not ready for action
Two hundred rappers a day, I keep waxin and
buffin cleanin polishin, every act up
You wanna battle with me you must be cracked up
Stop the jokes the games you're playin
You never were sayin or payin, one bit of attention
to me my rhymes my clothes my hat my shoes
my shirt my tie, the glasses on my eye
I try, not to cry
Cause you're wack as ever, never better
Clever to pick up the mic, in any snow or rain
or whether or not you tried to scheme a dream
or beam of life, but my lyrics are bright
like a satellite, with crystal ball knowledge
I got to college, attend to astrology test
A million groups confessed, I'm still the best
Kool Keith to impress
I'm like a heat ray, cookin up your brain
I like it well done, on the Chorus Line

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