

DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz

"MC Champion"

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And now..

You're MC Champions, Ultra-Magnetic

"I am sealing off the dimensional window
Closing the hole in the fabric of the cosmos like a scar"

[Ced Gee]

Ahh yeah

One two, one two

This is agent Ble-Ced Gee

Ultramagnetic's in full effect

We in here droppin freestyle rhymes like MC

Champions

So Keith, take it away

[Kool Keith]

Power compactor, brain distractor

Droppin a bomb, right in your anal connector

Sector, vector, the lyric inspector

X-Ray vision, powerful spector

Lexor, Mechtor, Egor

Ah yes yes y'all, and you don't stop

The rhythm I drop to hit the top to make your swing go
pop

as I flow, pick up the micro'

Poem get hypo, tension as original

lyrical miracle, back to attack one

Black one, white one, green one or blue one

Colorful sweet rhymes, I'm back to do one

or two of you, three of you, or four of you

Five or six or seven, eleven of you

Wack MC's get back in the last line

And wait on the mic, you think I'm ready to pass mine

Up in the Brougham, with clever ability

I know when to sting a brain, just like I'm a killer bee

Hittin em hard with the rhyme as the flame throw

Hardcore, softcore, and even the rainbow

Polka-dot MC's, African, Indians

Spanish-American, mixed with Panamanian

Arabian Nubian, speak in Siberian

Japanese Chinese, and regular MC's

Preachers, teachers, and negative creatures
I roll and kick a rhyme, you grab your mic back
Sidewind and rattle like a snake I strike back
I chew your brain and, the monkey behind you
Your company management, the dummy who signed
you

To pick up the slack but the hype ain't sellin many
records and tapes cause your rap ain't tellin any
metaphor phrases, things that amazes
me the next man, no biter or innovator
with lyrical instinct, you look like a duplicator
Bitin my style, nibblin on the big jock
With rhymes so tight, they keep your brain in the
headlock
Count the one two three four five
I'm like like pushwagons, tag-teamin your dome
I'm just a CHAMPION

[Ced Gee]

Ah yeah, yo Keith, bust this
I got some freestyle rhymes too
I'ma warm up, then I'ma get deep
Bust it, check this out
Yo
Poetic genius, kickin metaphors
Ced Gee is the big boss, makin it better for
a pile of them, MC's again, I'm raggin them
So listen up my friend
I'm rappin the manifest, leapin some blind guess
The type of hype I select, when I rap come correct
My mic is on, and it's loaded, and it's lethal
Here's a dose, a taste of my potential
My super menu wind you bend you sends you
to watch a brother like me, continue
out on the warpath, flashback, sit back
Kick back with that, dope rap attack
Those that can't rap, with that weak rap
Need to get back, and just to add to that
fact, with words from the knowledge tip
My rhymes are swift, I have the gift
Like hocus-pocus, Ced Gee, and I'm still on
The mic is loaded with rhymes that flame on
Now you know just what I am creatin
We call it megafunk, a plan stated
I'm verbally passin, rhymes are outlastin
Waxin to smashin and kickin more ass and
with intensity, Ced Gee has got to be
schoolin a wannabe, rappers who try to be
like me, C-E-D
To flow on the mic and show no mercy
I'm a champion, I'm undefeated

My rep is strong, no hype is ever needed
To grow and grow, to grow and grow
To grow and grow, and grow and grow
To grow and grow, and grow and grow
Rap taller than Buckwheat's afro,
I'm a champion

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