

Ultramagnetic MC's "Black Potions"

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[Ced Gee]

Yo! That was some ninety-four flavor... you know?
Rather check that, ninety-three
But now we gon' take you back
To some more recent, ninety-two type flavor
So check it

[Ced Gee]

Aww yeah... bounce

Yo, I attack! Take my time to sit back
But when a rapper steps to me that's when I get up off
your back
I don't pretend to get up, perpetrate, go through the
motions
I use my drum machine to create a black potion
The sounds are right, the lyrics are adjusted
Now I'm hyped, like Steven Seagal I'm _Out for Justice_
You wanna hijack, hold my crew on 211?
I ain't havin it, I'm _Passenger 57_
Proficient with delight, my funky dialect
was never ever wet, or even {?}
With that most get checked, my stats are always def
You question that I'll break your jaw bust your shit and
you'll regret
the day you tried to, degrade then lie to
yourself and your boy, plus you tried to slide through
The main attraction, the man who's waxin
The satisfaction, of takin action
You need protection, I'm pure perfection
Bring your boys bring your crew, and I'm still wax ass
with aggression
Black potions

Yeah, that's what you want money, that's what you want
money
Want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money
You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want

money
You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money

[Verse Two]

A new era has begun for the sentiment, let the mic
attest to this
All weak foes are cast out, like I was an exorcist
Get next to this flow? Never
I got the +5 Holy Avenger, and I endeavor
To sever all ties between me, and average MC's
They're like tweeters in the fishtank of rap, I'm a Jack
Dempsey
Don't tempt me, Ali tank's empty, niggaz exempt me
from the melee but the paladin must combat
the ones that say they, just wanna get paid, at any cost
Think of the youths and the dudes they paid to bring it
forth
Whatever happened to quality, cause these niggaz
don't wanna be fly
They wanna be high, on the charts
By selling out the music, the arts that we love
But the dark angel of death will swoop down from
above
Like an, ancient alchemist, I mix the ingredients
Verbal as well as semantic to make sure they're
expedient
Complex attack formations are then combined
The druid forms rhymes that are fluid until we find
Black potions

{*short instrumental break*}

As I imbibe the black potion, my intelligent host
becomes infinite
I love kickin rhymes, in fact I'm intimately involved
with the bass line, never will I waste time
Keep a 40 oz. of blackness in my backpack just in case
I'm
caught in a desperate situation
My metamorphosis to {?} will always bring elation
I'm the rap vindicator since so many abuse it
My verbal attack's a sonic cone and I defuse it
to an angle of 60 degrees, foes I freeze
I rock keys, and fly for light centuries
To the ethereal planes, of the rules of speech
So I can replenish my powers, on return all I see
are these wannabes, without the slightest notion
How to rock the rhymes divine like the fly black potion

[Ced Gee]
As I dissect into my lab
Into frequencies your ears grab
Yeah Ced Gee the man in the mix
It's your problem I will fix
Yeah as I sit back without a notion
I'ma create this black potion

Yeah, that's what you want money, that's what you want
money
That's what you want, you want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money
You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money
You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
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You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money
You want the black potions, yeah
That's what you want money, that's what you want
money
Aww yeah

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