

Ultramagnetic MC's "Critical Beatdown"

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Well, I'm the equalizer, known to be graphic
I clear static, breakin' up traffic, move, while I enter the
groove
I'm on top and happy to prove, to whack MC's
Who claim to be better than me, no way

I'm frankly, more clever than all of you, each and every
one
My son, pay close attention, I take your brain to another
dimension
Hold it, mold it, shape it, you got a knife, yes, I wanna
scrape it
Up and down, sideways, any way, I can be rude to you

But I'll rap and be crude to you and eat up
Toy ducks I beat up, I am the oven, your brains I wanna
heat up
Mega, supersonic degrees

I come around, roastin' MC's with fire
To burn the toy, liar raw meat, turn the flame higher
Cook it like a fish, I'll hook it for any beat

It's time that I took it right, correctly to the top
With the rhythm and as your head, bop
I'm hype, for the critical beat down

I'm attacking them, my job is stacking them
For every rapper, must I be smacking them once, or
twice in the face
With rough beats, producin' the bass that blow out
'Cause power to go out

Inner spark, I'm ready to blow out like this, altitude
level
Reachin' forth, stompin' every devil in sight
You might just wanna bite
My illusions, mental confusions

You're a mark, skulls, I've been abusin'
Losin' any rapper who follow me
Your girl loves me, now, she wanna swallow me

Back up, move on to the rear

When I'm on the stage, should be clear speakin', goin'
ear to ear

Places far, ducks would appear for the countdown
So you wait to rhyme and twist, stuttering, uttering

Parkay, margarine, everything butter and another thing
You shoulda been a Muppet, a toy boy, a fake scream
puppet

I'm takin' titles and punks butter up it to me
Said, gee on the mic, and I'm hype for the critical beat
down

Here's the K, combined the double O, swing in the L,
I'm ready to go

As Keith, Rap, General Chief Executive plus exquisite
Mandatory, capital statements, I am the teacher
Preaching what makes sense

Class, you wasn't able to pass, for any germ or lice who
come last

I'm boric, high computing acid
Get off the mic and won't you please pass it to me, for
a one two check
Give me a pound and lots of respect

No hands, you disappointing my fans, you on reverb
And talking to cans, hello, how are you doing?

I come to wreck, and parties I'll ruin with rhymes,
pumpin' up smoke
Diesel advances, makin' them choke and cough up
The hard headed, I'll soften, spongee, then after that,
drink

Roll the assess, the Buddha with the ganji

Puff up, while I make tough stuff up

I'm Kool Keith, cold rippin' MC's

I'm hype for the critical beat down

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