

## Ultramagnetic MC's "Fuck You"

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[Kool Keith] + (Ced)  
(Whassup?) Yo, it's just that  
We the we the best in the United States  
And they don't wanna give it to us  
But we the kings, we the real kings  
And all that other bullshit you get, is counterfeit  
So you know, stop buyin them other bullshit records  
(Stop gettin that plastic) and be dedicate..  
Raise your hands in the air and become (that plastic  
hip-hop)  
dedicated Ultra fans! You know what that means?  
You can't buy no other records {\*laughter\*}  
(Ohh shit!)

[Kool Keith]  
Yeah fuck 'em! These motherfuckers ain't shit  
Tryin to rhyme and tryin to get, NASTY~!  
I know the game when I'm steppin in bullshit  
You better quit, when you're makin a fake hit  
You ain't hard, buggin and so rough  
You're jack doo-doo, and soft as cream puff  
I know MC's who feel proud and black though  
I know many; their ass sound whack though  
Tryin to walk up, don't give me no pound  
FUCK YOU, cause you ain't down  
Busting a move and that fucked up freestyle  
I go mad wild, lyrically so wild  
Look up stepchild, I fuckin support you  
But you sound whack, now I have to abort you  
CAUGHT YOU, jerking off in the bathroom  
Bitin my fresh rhymes in back of the classroom  
Copyin, bitin shit off the master  
Lookin for dope rhymes but I'ma come after  
Hittin your brain like a motherfuckin blackjack  
Rappers on stage, steppin to me they're wick-whack  
Weak-ass rhymes show get off the stage black  
Fuck up the mic girl you're bitch now get back  
Fuck it! I see the bitches on the mic  
You treat 'em the same, like niggaz on the mic  
No pity; you shouldn'ta got in the game  
It's like rappin to win, with a fucked up name

Like Pussy P, who the fuck is he or she?  
Yeah them niggaz is whack! Fuck 'em

Fuck 'em.. fuck 'em.. fuck 'em.. fuck 'em..  
Fuck 'em.. fuck 'em.. FUCK YOU!

[Ced Gee]

Yo, fuck them! I put their rhymes in a pooper scoop  
They can't rap, they sound like doo doo and Fruit Loops  
Rap for money fame women and videos  
They need to sit down write better material  
like this, for a motherfuckin freestyle  
Lose they jheri curls cause they're not real  
Niggaz, from the motherfuckin Bronx and  
killin in Brooklyn, with rhymes that's stompin  
The competition, to me they're like children  
You pick up the mic you get treated like pilgrims  
Back on the boat, on a mission to another land  
Takin you out's like beatin up Peter Pan  
Boy, I hear you like to copy  
Rap in yo' country, that shit sound sloppy  
Learn how to rap like a pro with a real flow  
Straight up South Bronx original rap tone  
Takin my time as I teach better rappin buddy  
So be quick like a kid with some Silly Putty  
So back up, think what are you doin  
You live in a fantasy, you're soon to ruin  
your career, you hear? I'm not here to scare  
But I'm here to share what I feel is fair  
Yeah~! Y'all know what that is  
Yo TR tell 'em

{\*scratching: "Fuck you!"\*}

[Ced Gee]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is  
All you rappers out there, livin foul  
Perpetratin what you're not  
Tryin to be hard, tryin to be soft, butter soft  
Act a clown, makeup fallin down  
Put the shit down and be yourself, y'knahmsayin?  
That's what it's all about in the 90's  
Be yourself, PEACE!

[Outro]

I know, and you know (yeah)  
That no matter what we done  
We'd like to tell everybody how we feel about it all  
And if we've offended anybody in any way  
We don't give a shit!!

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