Ultramagnetic MC's "Funk Radio"

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Yeah, smooth in the groove Yo, whassup, man, what's up? What's goin' on man, what's happenin'?

Yo, whassup? This is the one, Rhythm X, X Calibur One, two, funk igniter plus (Yeah)
Comin' at ya at thirty degrees, Farenheit (Ha, ha)

The heat is on your ears Right now we gettin' ready To get busy on W K R Funk Radio live (We'll burn ya)

With TR Love (And Moe Love on the set) And we talkin' to y'all from Los Angeles Live on W K R Funk Radio, our own station

See rappers don't know, I snatch a beat I hear a beat, I catch a beat The Rhythm X roll up, my style gets critical Brain connects, computer rhymes get physical

I walk low and howl with no afro X with a bald head like Fidel Castro Walk in a jam, with the mic and my girlfriend While two girls are buggin', sayin', "Keith is my boyfriend"

But I come back though, start the attack though Add up some points like I'm playin' Nintendo Now look at the game, I move step in first place Leave 'em all blind for hard times and third base

Back to bake 'em more, fizzle and burn though But you can't see the record sizzle and turn though Hittin' the top like a hot 45

Like "Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive" Yeah, gettin' back into business Rappers get back and do some physical fitness Jumpin' jacks, sit ups and push ups

Now pick up your brain
And come and lift up some heavy weights
Stupid, you're dumb, standin' still with dead weight
Rappers try to plex, I mark X
I stamp X and throw 'em another X

X-tra Rhythm flow, X-tra metaphor X-tra hype and dope, X-tra Cupid feet X-tra body heat, X-tra brain power X-tra cash flow, you soft cauliflower

But I do get swift, change the pitch
If you got the rhymes and Hammer foots to dance with
Yo, let's get the dead party jumpin'
Rappers are crazy wack, and ain't sayin' nothin'

While people are steady, sweaty tired and boring Let me go on, steppin' to and flow on and so on Turn the mic in my show on

Please the crowd with some super dope hype stuff Lyrical metaphor and some of that right stuff Shakin' your brain up, wakin' your brain up Confusin' your mind like a block or Rubik's Cube

Think about it, you probably don't understand With a lower IQ, a weak brain, my man So listen up and go on back to school Fool, you ain't Jack

Yeah, that's comin' live from W K R Funk With DJ Moe Love, TR Love We gon' bring it out by special request For TR funky Love

Yeah, thanks a lot for that funky introduction Rhythm X I appreciate it, yeah, the phones are lightin' up crazy We want the 103rd caller to come in And win them disco pants in the contest Now if you ready for some more live hype stuff So here it is

Some rappers can flow and rock off the slow jam Stay hype, continuously 'cause I know I can Rock off tempo, fast or even hyper Just like a sniper, pied microphone piper

Smooth rough and ready, hardcore stayin' steady

In the lane, rock 'n' roll ready on Any MC type wannabe like had to sound like Gots to be like, wants to look like, has to act like

Now you feel like You know you're perpetrating? Yeah right Come on, face it and then chase it You can taste it 'cause I placed it

Smack in your face with five million lbs of bass Boomin' systems ads can't replace In fact all the rhythm is packed on tightly Days of thunder? Not likely

Fact or fiction, while I got you schemin'
You ain't ready, boy, I caught you sleepin'
And searchin' for a dope style
Combine to watch our freestyle, straight from the penile

Buck wild, runnin' wild with the golden mic I'm like a flash, first you see Then you lose sight of the master TR, plan in hand Destroyin' a foe who's not in demand

So act now and for the fact now There's no doubt in my mind, I'll be rap now Come on, man, come

Yo, MC's, you say you're comin' back? Huh, yo, you ain't Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, yeah

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