

## Ultramagnetic MC's "Here I Go Again"

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[Ced Gee]

All 1992 flavor...

Yo, back in eighty-six it started with a song  
The lyrics was bugged out, the samples strong  
Different, innovative, the new school found it  
A couple of years, I did the "Criminal Minded"  
LP, with KRS  
Scott LaRock was dope, rest in peace, God bless  
Next was Ultra, a classic found  
I took my time, producin "Critical Beatdown"  
It was raw, puttin sales, in stores  
The brothers today, wanna hear it even more  
than they did back then, but that was then  
I didn't get the ends but I had a lot of friends  
Yo fuck that! Cause I'd rather have the papers  
Ride in a Lexus, set the record straight the  
way it's supposed to be, my production is poetry  
A lot use my style kid, but that doesn't bother me  
Now I'ma freakin wreck shop, my shit is the tip-top  
Conditioned like gold, Ced Gee and I won't stop  
Breakin ground in the rap game, so here I go  
Here I go, here I go again

[scratched: "Here I go, here I go, here I go again"]

[Ced Gee]

Let's turn the page, move up to date  
Gee takes you by surprise, just like fate  
Our rap got soul, it was astounding  
I grabbed Tim Dog, produced "Fuck Compton"  
But I backed off, the brother got greedy  
So I kicked him in the nose, gave it to the needy  
in Swahili, I really, saw a hillbilly  
He came out with a rhyme rap the kid went platinum  
Got mad airplay, brothers kept clappin  
To the bank, move these soundtracks  
It's quite fast, he even did hog rap  
In ef-fect, a fresh pair of Timberlands  
But everytime you saw the {?}  
{?} you know this is a problem

Get on the mic king and please start solvin 'em

[Verse Three]

Yo yo Ced, check it out  
Rage and hostility fills me  
I'ma slave to the rhythm, even if it kills me  
People don't know, how it feels to be sick  
And tell them suckers bullshit lyrics they kick, I slit your wrists  
It's danger, and now degrees slappin up foreign MC's  
A track ain't nothin to rip  
It's done just like this but not just as quick  
The madness, when I start to flip  
Is blowin the joint, my style, my voice  
Destroys, {?} stalks ya  
My style of hip-hop is unorthodox  
As I rock the spot, razzamatazz for your ass  
Flash past, outlast and surpass  
Almighty Allah blessed me, so I'm gettin cash  
Major rappers with posse, suckers can't stop me  
Okay just say rap was a house see  
I huff and puff, and blow the house down  
I'm sound as I, design the sound  
When I'm in your town, nobody's around  
Lettin mics smoke like herb (here we go again)

[scratched: "Here I go, here I go, here I go again"]

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