

Ultramagnetic MC's "I'm Fuckin' Flippin'"

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[Kool Keith impersonating a nerdy person plus a racist record label exec]

How's the Kool Keith solo project coming along?

It's doing great, yeah Bob

We promoted a lot of niggers this year

We promoted 'em down the ass

We paid a lot of stuff out

We lost, we took cutbacks

And another nigger is just coming in the industry

It's more niggers to come

[Kool Keith as himself]

I walked inside, the baldheaded man, the man is psycho

This A&R man, he was a white kid named Michael

I shot him eight times, blank up in the fuckin face

I murder staff, the company I burn this place

No time for management, what, who wanna stop the sicko?

Mad I'm crazy, yo cops better suck my dicko

You know I pack mac-10's, yo fuck the F.B.I.

I'm bringin two vans, grenades and another guy

I'm cold shootin, I'm bustin in your ambulance

Pop pop pop pop, you shake and do a rain dance

Who got the murder case, who got the murder face

I walk in companies boom and blow my triggers off

Uncle Toms, savage whites and the niggaz off

You talkin blank blank blank and all that street shit

Distinctive breaks, freestyle, I'm on some other shit

I'm throwin big bombs, grenades at the firetruck

[x4]

Yeah, I'm fuckin flippin

[Kool Keith]

I'm buckin everywhere, people are dyin, you call emergency

I got my mask and motherfuckers don't know it's me

I'm shootin glass out, people bring your ass out

I see executives runnin, they comin fast out

Please, please, I'll fuckin shoot him in his knees

And burn up the elevator, now try to fuck with these
Pow pow pow, I'm shootin like a wild cow
Chocolate cow, the dog is goin BOW WOW
The cats are runnin everywhere, people panic
You white and black Uncle Tom, watch me
motherfucker
I ain't no sucker, I'm still fuckin shootin
I got hostages up here, fuck you, call the cops
Yeah I know
I keep movin, buckin my shit, the staff dyin
You can't stop me you fuckin devil and a lion

[x5]

Yeah, I'm fuckin flippin

[Kool Keith]

Yeah... (send more cars!) ...

I'm on your floor, call up the cops, I shoot the phone
Zip code fuck you in the morning bullet zone
I walk in Radio City, I spray the Grammy's
I'd rather go out, piss some groupies in some panties
You know I'm not goin homo, on that singer shit
I'm on that gunsmoke shit, I'm on that swinger shit
And fuck you groups out there, and all that happy shit
I rap like a pimp, that's right I'm on some daddy shit
You bitches got deals, and started out suckin dick
I'm kickin windows, the motherfuckin psycho clique
I blow your face off you punk, and my dick get hard
Fuck with my program, I'm mad and my stick get hard
You want some shit, yo Moe, go get the streetsweeper
Artists are nervous, beepin on my beeper

[x8]

Yeah, I'm fuckin flippin

[Outro]

Keith, Keith please come out, come out
This is Detective Goodman from the New York City
Police Department
We need you to come out now with your hands up and
your weapons down
Please release the hostages, the people have done you
no wrong
Let them goooooooooo!

[Kool Keith] No!

[Kool Keith impersonating a TV reporter]

Live, Channel 2 News, Jim Jensen
A man down here with a bald head
Furiously shooting, eating bananas

Looking out the windows, sucking lollipops
Spitting on people and telling them, to go away
And as he fiercely shoots, live
We bring you this special 2 News report

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