

Ultramagnetic MC's "Raise It Up"

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Intro: Kool Keith

Yeah... yo Don, gimme a little bit of that chicken
That smooth chicken, a little bit of that gravy
And I want some... old hot jazz biscuits
With a little bit of that blues butter
Bring in the snare

Verse One: Kool Keith

They never understood, many people were so slow
My funky type of rhyme, and my style is pyscho
Complex wrecks wrecks, my style go X X
I move around off beat, creatin more styles
Showin white boys, other kids my black styles
I kick lyrics like shoes right in your face
Walk up on a carjack of Spades, pluck the ace
I get slow-er, down in, on in
Flowin like I used to be on Critical Beatdown
I drop styles on ears the public bite em
Not many went to school, so the dummies wouldn't
write em
They say yo Keith, yo Kool, you usin big words
I went to college, I'm even more stupid herb
Back on the scene to put a lesson out
Even if I have to pull a black Smith and Wesson out
I grab a hammer stick a nail in that little crack
Tame the monkey show the hummingbird how to act
I get atomic, hypo-galactical
Word to mom I'm in my own world
Galaxy raised! Powerful

Chorus:

Raise it up (8X)

Verse Two: Ced G

Yo, yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego
trip
Yo money grip money grip, now this ain't no ego trip
Now back in the days and we used to use elevation

And then the people said "What's up, with
UltraMagnetic?
Yo they sound kind of crazy, Kool Keith is a psycho
Ced G is a scientist, the lyrics are hyper"
Creating a fusion, of sampling hits
We all came down just to be distinctive
Some rappers complex, but they can't see the music
We show orchestration, and with funky prevention
It was different and black, and it caused devastation
Gotta new bag, signed a deal with Wild Pitch
Now we're back on the street, with the flavor you
missed
So get with the program, Ultra hot off your real high
I know I'm a real pro, like Michigan Fab 5
Runnin and shootin, for me alley-oopin
Is makin an album, with big distribution
Promote it and hype it, make up posters then snipe it
Raise it up!

Chorus

Interlude: Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, live from Flatbush Brooklyn
I bring to you tonight, the Godfather Don
From the Orphans...
("Hit it!")

Verse Three: Godfather Don

Lookin down the barrel of a gun is no fun
So for some, I rum-pum-pum and flip, like a tongue
of young dragon, with the force and ten sacks of
buddah
To wax a crew of jacks and looters, even your hoe I
shoot her
In the face, with the mother-uffin bass
Now taste the venom of the ish that I sent em
And foes, that doze, I chew em like gristle
Wipe my mouth with tissue, there's no issue
I'm first print, mint, check the wizard
The force of my blast, blow em like a Tec in a blizzard
Now what is it? Exquisite physics to stain your brain
When they visit cardiovascular masterer, words are
massacred damn
I got beats rhymes tanks gats includin Ultra
Check the loop, snoop low we do ya like a vulture
Back in the days, there was just beef and knuckles
Nowadays, a beatdown consists of some clips
My oowop, rips with abandon at random
Whiff, you be ghost, like Michael Landon

When I bust amazing nuts you play the cut
The Father's Ultra paid, I raise it... up

Chorus: repeat 2X

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