

## Ultramagnetic MC's "Rhythm X"

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[Kool Keith:]

Well it's my time, chill out the rhyme as the whack  
unroll  
But I get nice, use the mic when I'm braggin bold  
I'm W mega, to the L to the S-O  
Kickin MC's in the face like Jim Kelly  
While Keith use the cold cuts in DJ's from the deli  
In a sandwich, cooked up, baked up and wrapped up  
Aluminum foil, MC's I gotta boil  
Bake, burn heat 'em, eat 'em, chop 'em beat 'em  
Down to the sound as it blows in your brain though  
I look at MC's, walk away and my brain blow  
A UFO object unidentified  
I'm takin your skull on a journey to another ride  
The alpha omega, but the X is live and  
But they can't see the swift style that I've been  
Effect on their stereo, with mega material  
Cap'n Crunch DJ, I mix 'em up like cereal  
Back in the format, and radio fess  
Rhythm X, back to flex, stamp X and break necks  
And eat up the Wheat Chex  
You know who I am?

[Repeat: "Rhythm X, the X"]

[Interlude:]

Yo X this is Superior M  
The mad dog, Tim, TR  
Yo step to 'em again on that 74 degree angle

[Kool Keith:]

I be the Rhythm X flower, stutter steppin to 'em  
Breakin the law the chain style connects  
One rhyme, maybe if one more time or two  
Rappers are whack for you and so will I laugh at you

Ha ha ha ha ha, giggle giggle  
Hmmm, excuse me while I cough  
AHUH~! Then I break on MC's  
One at a time they'll send me 84 rappers  
Watch 'em go back and turn to 84 crappers

Feet tappers, bitin fist snappers  
I stamp X above, the letter K  
But you can't see the alphabet in a better way  
The style arranger, super and flexible  
Connect a sector, with lyrics and metaphor  
Stackin a beat like a truck full of Wonder Bread  
Listen up close you'll hear the rhyme that thunder said  
I be the X, X for execution  
X'n 'em out with heavy rhyme confusion  
Pickin up styles to bake bombs I drop doe  
For whack MC's your toy albums'll plop doe  
But you got a nerve, comin bustin some other rhyme  
Young MC style, or maybe your brother rhymes  
Who wrote that shit for you?  
That ain't you, but see the X wanna know  
I get mad cause you lyrically can't flow  
You're like a toy, He-Man or G.I. Joe  
Wait a minute and stop it, hold it, chill  
Yo... you wanna get I'll?  
Hey you with the glasses, hey you with the Kangol  
Hey you with the big head, hey you with the suit on  
Hey you with the panties, c'mere fish face  
When I'm on stage, play me like 3rd Bass  
You know who I am?

[Repeat: "Rhythm X, the X"]

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