

Ultramagnetic MC's "Smack My Bitch Up"

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"Smack my bitch up" scratched in the back ground

Kool Keith:

Ced all of 'em ain't like that
But you know what I do to the ones that are? AWW
MAN!

Ced Gee:

Yo I know what you mean, but uhh
Yo just like further your rap a little

Kool Keith:

Aw fuck it, I'm like Steve the wild man
Fuck the bitch that has no style man
I'm mega pimp, the biggest pimp in New York
Everywhere I go you follow wherever I walk
On Madison, I pull a ho with my gold voice
To show her my mansion, my custom Rolls Royce
I'm large, so let me call up the president
Or Micheal Jackson, or Frank Sinatra
with 200 hundred million dollars, baby I got'cha
A hotdog, now take a coke and a frank
And if you think I'm a fool, what the fuck do you think
That you thought like Nellie, with her big belly
Walkin around smellin pissy and smelly
Givin it all you got, tryin to work and jerk
Flirt berzerk, you ain't fly
Because a fly has wings, and I'll swat 'em
Urinate on 'em and warn 'em twice
To step to the next man
You got that problem from your Ex-man
Billy Joe, Pickle Peter and Bob
I'm not a scrambler, I pickpocket a theif
I just max at hunts point, and clock on the East
Smack my bitch up!

"Smack My Bitch Up" scratched in back ground

See that's all you have to do Ced
That's all you got to do, I'm tellin you, WORD

Ced Gee:

So it's that easy? Yo I kinda know what your talkin about
Keith
I think I do, but uhh, bust this
And sum it up with just one verse, so you can hear this
Ultramore
Just listen, listen(I'm listening)

So if a bitch try to play me like a dum dum
All she'll get is a face full of cum cum
cum cum sticky, wet and drippy
A face full of hickies, she'll never kiss me
Cause when you try to jerk me you lose
I haven't got time for that so I choose
To get a quick nut, wearin a jimmy hat
Charge you a fee cause Ced Gee is a Mega mack
Gamma pimpin, to bitches that haven't got
Know how to live when you treat 'em right from the start
So bust this, trust this, justice
If the bitche ain't shit you must get
even like me, cut her off or train 'em right
If you can choose, you must whip her every night
All jokes aside, Ced Gee I'm not havin this
Got no time for games, I'd rather get
Money and money and than more money
Ced Gee ain't no dummy, and you'll never run me
I'ma shoot the gift, cut the riff
A girl ain't legit.... I'ma smack the bitch

"Smack My Bitch Up" scratched in background

Kool Keith:

Yeah, that's what you had to do, that's all you had to do
man
That'll relieve a lot of the problem
You had to smack the bitch

Ced Gee:

(Laughing)Yo baby, youse a sick brother
That's how I feel, but you know what?
Just smackin a bitch up, y'know what?
Why don't you tell me some more about this?

Kool Keith:

Now let me see now, how much I got in my stash
1 million, 20 million, 30 million, 40 million
Hmm, I'll never marry an ass, fuck it
Let's take a ride on a cruise
Go out to Puerto Rico and drink some booze
Divorcee, freaky dominant chocha
With all the spanish rice and beans from Goya

I'm chillin, like a motherfuckin mack and
Furs and diamonds, the bundles I'm packin
Swass and large, I'm comin so gigantic
Sailin across, steppin down the Atlantic
I'm mega pimp pushing hoes like records
Up and down, side to side, North and South
East and West, comin out fresh, like oxygen
Now see who rocks again
Time and time I gotta circle the blocks again
Pick up the bitch with the heavier cash flow
Stop and go, keep my bank and my stash low
Rhymes to move on, flowin to Hollywood
Shake up the boulevard, and then they say how you
could
Pull up in 8 cars, a truck and a bus
"you must be crazy man" (Hey, you fuckin with us?)
Goin mega pimp, hangin out with the government
Payin my taxes, and thinkin intelligent
For the upscale, 20 billion a day
Smack my bitch up

"Smack My Bitch Up" scratched in the background

(Ced and Keith conversate in the background to low to
hear till end)

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