

Ultramagnetic MC's "The Plaques"

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[Yeah Harry!
[Ced Gee:] Kool Keith
[We in here
[Ced Gee:] Ced Gee, uh-huh
[Ced Gee:] TR, Moe Love

[Kool Keith:]
You cats are scared to write
I can tell by the way you nibble, dash and doggie bite
You sweat in the booth, spit negative truth
With all your might, look at you scratchin for rank
I'm sorry Mr. Strongarm, I can see the way you fight
Over hamper food, that's not right
Now I'ma have to urinate in your left hand
Teach you how to be polite
Stop it, stop it, you hittin me hard~!
I don't like the way you can't even play right
With gigantic pub and news hype
You walk the walk, your shoes are too tight, dinosaur
metaphor
Pack in the back of your Ford Explorer

[Chorus: x2]
The plaques, 2000 gold records on the wall
Ten million people in tuxedos
Waitresses with Lamborghinis at the grand ball

[Ced Gee:]
Yeah! Check it, uhh
Now you got niggaz that talk good ones
You got niggaz that talk bad ones
Nah I ain't either/or dawg, son I just carry big guns
This rap shit? I do it for fun
Now I'm still missin my nigga Big Pun
Now I still got you corward niggaz on the run
Now I still keep 16 bars on the stash son
And if I got to spit, the average cat's career is done
Now don't be stunned, you know youse a bum

You been livin off years from my crumb
Dawg I saw your mom last night, believe me son

She swallowed all my cum, she loved every ounce
I smeared all the leftover residue on her face, then I
bounced
I met my squad at the studio, we put down some heat
I know a lot of you cats don't believe me
But y'all the same cats that are scared to walk the
streets

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith:]

I'm tired of people talkin what they capable of doin
The thing to leave rap quick, the table's empty in this
area
What do you bring to
When I come you cancel your phone ring too
[Phone ringing]

[Ced Gee:]

Uhh, yeah, uhh
I blaze spots with it, bribe cops with it
I purchase platinum things, cop rocks with it
Even iced out socks with it
Chrome with it, whips with it, dime pieces
Disposable glocks with it, I cop Crist' with it
Make flicks with it, we bustlin all the industry dawg
That's how we gettin it, we roll with it
Bling with it, flow with it
Thug life, son we reinvented it
Hit politicians with it, make sure the jury's with it
Hit the judge with it, uhh, the whole team's acquitted
We circumvent the rap salary cap
Sup my accountant next, yo Ced, how you did it?

[Chorus]

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