

## Ultramagnetic MC's "Time to Catch a Body"

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Yeah, we gettin' ready to smear peanut butter in the crowd

And throw mayonnaise all down your ears  
You know what? We got some jams for you boy  
Yo, the meltdown on 'em, check it out

A lot of rappers, think they can rap and then do that  
Who dat? Jumpin' on my testicles, my black scrotum  
Show 'em that they style is cold butt, doo doo  
Like a baby's heiny, a stinky funky boo boo

Kickin' with more rounds, hi pops all sounds  
Get with the drift, what I'm sayin' slayin'  
Bringin' MC's to the program  
Not like H-Town, soft on a slow jam

I kick it wicked with the funky style lick it  
Suck it, jump on the jock just like a groupie woopi  
I make MC's look bad like Charlie Brown and Snoopy  
Your mother act wild, sister act goofy

DJ's go wild and act retarded, illiterate  
Put me in the mix, well, consider it, oh yeah  
I'm down to step and throw a gun in your face  
Hijack all that shit, spray your station with mace

I got my things in effect, all plans down  
The boys ready, stupid crazy with they masks down  
I walk around, okay, you think I'm jokin'

Just go to sleep and see what happen, remember  
Where could I be, when you're lonely for Tony  
Take him outside, on the highway for a ride  
Remember when the detectives come, you don't  
remember anything

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Check it out  
I get picky picky picky, sticky sticky sticky  
Give a girl a pronoun, make her get with Mickey  
Mantle from the Yankees, Buckwheat and then Spanky

Froggy and with Idi, drink the Tetley Tea leaves  
I kick the style to make a blind man see again  
Drop [unverified], that's like [unverified] again  
Fully roll out, connect with the one and two

Like Silk, "I wanna get freaky with you  
And let me lick you up and down", yeah  
Now back to the verse, I had some of you debatin'  
He's beatin up the demon, I larger ? than Satan

Hangin' on the porthole, [unverified]  
I be a goody goody but that demon's always chasin' me  
Up the turnpike, connectin' to the interstate  
Yabba dabba doo

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