

## Ultramagnetic MC's "Watch Your Back"

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(singing:UHUHUH!)

(Gunshots)

Reporter:  
This job closed out indeffinitely!

Ced Gee:  
Check out this rap beat  
(Repeat 3x:YING HO!)

Kool Keith:  
I turn my radio on, than turn it off  
Cause rappers are gettin' wack now, I'm commin' back  
now  
Step aside and hear from Rhythm X now, but not later  
I'm totally awesome  
And brain damage, I totally caused them  
Doo Doo on the microphone, I'm passing tissue  
Blow up my new style, and bust the issue  
While rappers get a ticket and form a line doe, but they  
can't see my thoughts are hard to find doe  
As I step back and urinate on MC's, awww I have to  
shake off my "pee pee"  
As you get dumb, your fifth mind gets sleepy  
Now dont you jock, and here's a number to beep me  
One at a time, get your papers and pens out  
Rappers with contacts, I'm pullin' your lens out  
Rectum out, any hole I check dem out  
Stabbing your brain with a nice sharp rhyme, but can't  
hang and further wasting time  
And that video, commin' out on the radio  
Wacky though, screamin' hard and silly though  
What can I say, when I'm hearin' your wack tape  
I copy, or duplicate, and how 'bout a remake  
Remix, refix, regroup, resound, rewind  
Take it out of my tape deck, cause I'm not impressed  
with the dutie you makin'  
Hollerin', screamin', steady shoutin' your lungs out  
Who cares, you sound stupid and bugged out  
With that same concepts, same rhyme, same style

Look in the mirror, and listen close for a while  
As I flow, change my rhythm and show  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, MC's  
The miracle, dope and hype, that political not your type  
Rappers beware, Watch Your Back

(Chorus repeat 3x: YING HO!)

(Kool Keith)

As I sneak up a step two, walk and suprise you  
Look on stage and see the X behind you  
Rappers know the deal, they makin' toy money  
Doin' promo, gigs for little boy money  
I know the game, but they tryin' to flex though  
The can't fool, the betterin' Rhythm X though  
Cause I'm tour, tourin' Europe and Denmark  
While you in New York, bitin' hard on my pen mark  
Copyin' rhymes, tryin' to be like Kool Keith  
I'll battle myself, now tell me is that cool chief  
While I lay calm, collect my cash from Polygram  
I treat MC's, like a girl with a diaphragm  
No time for happy rhymes, dancin' and stinkin'  
You'll never know what the X'll be thinkin'  
While I move quick though, to find me a victo  
Posse of rappers, watch me show 'em who's slick  
though  
Give 'em my old style, switch and than complicate it  
How many brains are smart enough to reduplicate it  
You can't think striaght, and she can't see straight  
Look in the toilet, I'll bet you both can't pee straight  
Girl rapper 1, male solo 2, look at the odds and bring a  
group and a crew  
Cause I'm ready, runnin' hot like a thorough bread  
But you can't win, and beat the X with an arrow head  
Cause I ride around and check MC's like detectives  
Look at my fouts, check the other perspectives  
While I get a pen and mark an X on a wack list  
X on popcharts, and some on blacklists  
Many wanna perpatrate, your crossin' over  
Soundin' like babyface, yo flip 'em rover  
But I don't sing, and on a song like pebbles  
Acontradict, and talk stupid like rebels  
Tell me somethin', did you clock at the right time?  
Cause I get depressed, and hit MC's with the right  
rhyme  
Look at you buggin', get me down with a fantasie  
Gangsta mac, yo probably lookin' at politics  
Circus clown, prostitutes on stage  
Watch Your Back

(Chorus Repeat 2x)

(Kool Keith)

See I'ma pluck your card, you ain't sellin'  
Promotion and billboards, who you tellin'  
Hype as the hypest, as hype as you can get  
You still wack, don't try to lie to me black  
So what you get jerked, stupid pictures and word up  
But I like a compassit, "pee pee" on them and tear 'em  
up  
? please, Im on my ?  
I read for education, and metaphor, who cares who not  
I'd rather stay on the ground  
Cause money is green, and truth is the funky sound  
Don't even bother tryin' to gossip and diss me  
Cause I'mma get mad and throw a rhyme and a stunt  
gun  
And shock up your brain, and show your baby I got one  
Beware, I'm stashin' piece like a scrambler  
The hypest, dopest, the metaphor gambler  
As I move, checkmate, and tap on a time clock  
My rhythm is flowin', stupid fast and a rhyme ?  
But you look dumb, stupid, silly and fool boy  
You better go back, take your rhymes to school boy  
Learn to stop, Jock it a while, bite it a while  
See the X on his capitols, Check it out  
Take the mic on stage, What You Back

(Chorus repeat 4x)

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