

Ultramagnetic MC's, Two Brothers With Checks (

Yeah this is a story about two brothers with big big checks
and pretty white Cadillacs; and they was fly from the South
So check it out..

(Ced Gee)

My wicky wicky style is unbearable for this world and the planet boy
I swing at the store, buy a lunch, play LaCroix
Supercat chasin rats, with chemicals at the bottom
I'm givin gold with enzymes, connections I got em
One thing, two things, like ? blow Casey
Recto and Smekto, go get my boy Luce (LET'S GO!)
Let's see Babe Grim and his exoskeleton
He's pitchin a fastball, you swing and you miss
But seven times away clown, you're smellin the piss
drippin offa your forehead, rollin down to New Mexico
You're caught in a bid troop, you thought you was flexible
X-able, Montreal Expos
Hypodermic you turn it, you pick it up and you learn it
Now you're chillin with zinc as it kicks with the sodium
Pele came down just to sign some autographs
He laughed and he left, went to El Segundo
For cheese and some bacon my Philadelphia steak 'em
I got a hole in my pants, I said, "Asalaam alaikum"
Got a new jacket was breakin out to the trainin camp
I danced and danced and danced and danced
and danced and danced and danced.. then I sat on the toilet!
Wrote a rhyme and then ordered, now I'm spinnin and winnin
Got the girlies up on it, cause I'm kickin and stickin
Finger-poppin and lickin, can you do me a favor
Can you go get the chicken - as you see we're a legion
When we roll we're just easin, up to Egypt and Pakistan
There's never no treason, cause we're -- "treated with respect";

Chorus: Ultramagnetic MC's

Two brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, Harvey

{repeat chorus 3X}

(Kool Keith)

Drivin from Cooperstown, swingin like Don Han
Rhythm X in the batter's box
Thurman like Munson, left while I swing right
and change courses and dialogue
Regional Atlanta, Alabama Savannah
I kick a rhyme like a ball to Indiana
Missouri, Kentucky, like Dent, call me Bucky
Rogers I'm nice, I float in space wild
Dr. Smith, I'm dope, yo watch Sparky Lyle
As I throwback a spitball, my slider and check back
The stadium's packed rope, the people should get back
and walk to the plate, yo Jerry Grody, pause
Swing swing swipe! I get MC's on my third strike
My hot dog is done, I'm in the dugout, check it
I know I wreck shop, tip-top, heads bop, heads drop
and many rappers get senile
Back to the plate, see the catcher, pitcher
You in the audience man, you be the fan
Like Supercat, Don Don Dada
I play the field in New York, and hit Jamaica
Like Giants I roll like San Francisco, Harvey
No time for rats with cats in Bristol playin
I'm makin moves.. yo man..

{repeat chorus 4X}

(Ced Gee)

Yea yea yea yea yea yeahhhhh..

"Alright, you win, I'll take you to Fair Lanes
Just turn off the heat! Aowwwwwwwawowwwwww!!"

(Kool Keith)

Ha ha ha ha hah!

(Ced Gee)

Yo, now I'm stylin profilin troop like I'm rip-rarin Cadillac
We got big checks in our banks on the street, yeah

(Kool Keith)

Pickin up, swingin that bat like Joe Morgan
Catchin that beat like Ray Fossey, Oakland
Cashin them checks up at the Chemical

(Ced Gee)

We might cash em in Oakland, San Francisco whatever
Pick up honies in Cleveland, with the game so damn clever

(Kool Keith)

As I roll like I'm Charlie Hough, kickin that ball down
The crowd is wild, need the gas for a mile

(Ced Gee)

So let's roll out and catch em, fire points by the parrish
Make a record like this, as we drive through the city

(Kool Keith)

Ci-ty, ci-ty, ci-ty, ci-teeeeeee..

(Ced Gee)

Cause we're

{repeat chorus 7X}