

Bust the Facts

Ultramagnetic MC's

Ahh yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
("Here's a little story that must be told.")
You're listenin to the sounds, of the best MC, in the world.
Kooooooooooooooooool KEITH!
("Go off, and go off.")I got a flyer in my hand, Bambaataa with Cold Crush
The place is packed, with Johnny Wa and Rayvon
Lovely ladies smellin sweet, with a lot of Avon
Jazzy Jay by my side, Charlie Chase behind me
Flash and Theodore, super cuts that blind me
"Catch a Groove" is the rhythm, spinnin back and forth
From the East and the Valley, swingin back up North
towards the South Bronx, Euceda Park and Webster
The speakers are pumpin, power bass is thumpin
with the Ultramega amp, keepin pep up, jumpin
From side to side, the double meters'll peak
They had some good MC's, a lot of them, they was weak
They no style with no metaphor, no voice to speak
Melle Mel had the best rhymes, rankin with Caz
Kool Moe tried to get down, but I made him sit down
with that metaphor quickness, you bite and you bit this
Stop and go turn, see the flame and go burn
to ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Seven years later toy you still crusty crust
Your old rhymes are rust, very dirty and dusty
And under your arms you're kickin power and musty
Get out of my way, and let the rhythm path roll
Let me run up the charts, freak a rhyme turn gold
while you're listenin, I throw a buzz in your ear
Bust the facts!
("Yes yes y'all.")("Innovative.")
("Let's rock, get bigger.")
("Yes yes y'all.")("Innovative.")
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("Yes yes y'all.")("Innovative.")
("Let's rock, get bigger.")Now swing your partner around, dosey-dosey
like musical chairs and ring around the rosie
The party you pace see, Kool Herc with J.C.
The Herculoids battle, The Disco Twins
Funky rhymes with breakbeats, the DJ spins
for the L Brothers, steppin right in the scene
Mean Gene was maxin, Rockin Rob went to work
While the tables would turn, the old needles used to jerk

with the belt drive, Technics and B-1's
with the orange light shinin, the red on D-1's
Direct drive and Nova, I'm chillin with G.L.O.B.E.
Mr. Biggs and Pow-Wow, Monk and Superman
Pullin out that Olde E, that funky funky 40 ounce
Ikey C from Cosmic, the bass bottom bounce
Red Alert in the booth, the T-Connection to mix
Silly rabbit. you know my style has Trix
to go on, to the next line, to the break of dawn
while I move up step, to the early early morn
with a hip-hop drink and some rhyme popcorn
Never smokin or sniffin or ever jokin or riffin
because it's time to plex more, and rhyme fantastic
Donald Rock and Whipper Whip, neither rapper was plastic
Back in the days, you had to be so sarcastic
to stretch out a rhyme, and make it double elastic
You learn new jack, step back and be wack
You know what time it is boy, and every mic I smoke
Bust the facts!

("Yes yes y'all.") ("Innovative.")

("Let's rock, get bigger.")

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("Yes yes y'all.") ("Innovative.")

("Let's rock, get bigger.")

("Yes yes y'all.") ("Innovative.")

("Let's rock, get bigger.") Later on at the Boys Club, while Tom excel

I got a name for your brain that surely rings a bell
Patti Duke had the nice hands, swift with Billy Boy
Playin James Brown records, you stupid you silly boy
Bongo Rockin, hard where the rhythm go
You fake and pass, Busy Bee give and go
to the AJ Scratch, a funky beat that matched
with a two-second break, that was hard to catch
DST was mixin, slicin with his elbows
Freakin the wheels, loopin rhymes, here we go
to the master faster, speed up and go faster
Turn my JVC to mega power and blast the
Mario tape, yes The Disco King
with the b-side The Funky Drums, no new jack swing
Happy rappers with polka dots, were bound to get stuck
You had the Zulus the Nine crew, you're pushin your luck
The Casanovas was maxin all scheamin to duck
You had The Black Spades, plus The Savage Skulls
Gangbangin was over, neither crew is exist
They got a job and a wife, a pretty woman to kiss
So on the rhymes kept rollin, straight up into disco
Eddie Cheeba was sweet G, and back up to Cisko
And freaker Islam, with the Great Love Squids

Spinnin high-top beats, can you check it, you dig
Kool Keith out smokin, my lyrics are hot
Bust the facts! ("Innovative.")
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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