

# Poppa Large

## Ultramagnetic MC's

I get in shape and do my physical fitness  
Your head's numb, so your brains a miss this  
Pick 'em up, eat 'em up, pick 'em up, beat 'em up  
Pick 'em up pimple head, pick 'em up picky I roll wit globs and I come real sticky  
Ripping the mic, I plug it up in your ears  
Crazed and brewer. I'm coming out like beers  
Like Rheingold, Miller, Coors, and Buds I'm a eat 'em wit popcorn and treat 'em like suds you  
duds  
Coming out the wick wack, wicky, wick able wack  
Black jack, that's a fact, writing exact behind your back  
The funk rhyme to master, blaster Kicking up in a brainstorm, rainstorm  
Rap storm, rap form, rap time, rap rhyme  
Rap class, I'm here to fail and to pass  
To continue, from the more, hype tip  
I roll and rock, rock and roll  
Jazz and pop, rhythm and Blues  
Dance and fusion, pain confusion  
Look at the lights, what a night on the town I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast Now I'm back to funk, freak the funk  
Hype the funk, swipe the funk and all that junk  
I get busy on 'em, communicate wit the world  
Man, woman, a baby boy and a girl Poppa large looking out the pawn shop  
Taking stroud while your face and arms drop  
Stop, look, learn to read, learn to write learn to talk, learn to walk  
And watch your step though, I'm hype and ripe though  
Kleptomaniac, my rhyme is psycho  
A Ricky Ricardo, a Guy Lombardo  
Sporting a rag top, an El Dorado  
Step into Hollywood, I'm screening the boulevards The rhymes is gain type, I'm ready to pull it's  
card  
Jack or Ace, King or Queen, call me the deuce  
I'm pouring L.A. juice hitting the top, feeling the rim  
Getting a trim, I never rhyme like them On and on, on and on, on and on until the break of dawn  
I go overtime, rock the mic in nighttime  
Daytime, switching off to Prime time  
Specifically, strolling back in the west time Rock the funk wit the mic in the east rhyme  
Hype and dope, hype the frame, the mic is smoking  
Yo, I ain't joking  
Rhyme to kill, rhyme to murder, rhyme to stomp Rhyme to ill, rhyme to romp  
Rhyme to smack, rhyme to shock, rhyme to roll

Rhyme to destroy anything toy boy  
On the microphone I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast You're dripping sweaty, coming hard on your neck  
As I flow and grow from head to toe  
Seeking a style like John McEnroe  
Dissing 'em all, serving them wit the mic stand Like Prince and Michael coming out wit a big  
band  
The crowd is loud, you can pay as the manager  
Run wit the money, I pull the trigger and damage ya  
Boom, taking life more serious I may sound lyrical and very mysterious  
Rhymes are grip tight, no grams to kill more  
A son of Sam, how could I begin more  
Grabbing the mic, you see the dark and shadows You're in living hell, the funk, pound to pound  
The funk ignited, hands are writing, brains dividing  
I'm coming out in sighting  
Like I'm Blackula, a better man than Dracula Spectacular and not irregular in fact you are  
speaking unpopular  
Rhymes are moved and you can't be stop wit the  
Beat as it goes to the rhyme that flows  
Like a coke in a straw burning up in your nose That's a bad habit, stepping out on stage one  
Drop the mic, come and turn to page one  
Look at the master, my range is higher  
My lyrical burns, your brain's on fire I'm Poppa Large, big shot on the East coast  
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