

My Cut's Correct

UTFO

(This is far out)
Drop it
Yeah
Dissin' all you Robidog deejays that suck
And I ain't gotta call no names

My name is Mixmaster, battle me if you're able
But for now I'm just chillin' and yo, I stay stable
One day I react and then it's slow like radiation
'Cause suckers bite my cuts, they keep tracin'
Me, fraudulatin', then pretend to be the best
I got hands like bombs and they inflict death
My complexion is cream, my ego won't break
And I don't get conceited to the point where my head inflates
So if you want to battle me, don't get sloppy
Cause when I start cuttin' yo, you better stop me

(Wack DJ's, he cut the mess out of you)

It's somethin' about my tactic that makes my scratch kick
A lotta disc jockeys bluff but I react quick
Stay nimble, win battles by landslides
Can do a cut better than you with my hands tied
Behind my back, so hold your breath in
I'm expellin' a rhyme within a fraction of a second
Jack of all trades, so label me a veteran
You know my crew by the UTFO lettering
My voice box interlocks on any intercom
I only cut to build the biceps on my arm
My name is Mixmaster, deejays be aware
Because I treat my turntables like car ware
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect
Ts.. balls - my cut is correct

The M-I-X has a quick reflex
It's like a hologram picture, the plot on the set
I'm not a misfit and yo my cuts get better
Label me awesome, the critics all sever
Me from a amateuristic opponent
You want to battle me? Ha-ha, postpone it!
You can't make what I innovate
The indicator will break if you record me on tape
And yo, I get with it, keep the needle on the pivot
Leader of the Pack, this title I fit it
Jack of all trades but cuttin' is my hobby
So listen to the property, the structure and the body
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect
Ha balls, my cut is correct

I can take a record apart, then put it back together
I'm clever never, ever
Lost to any cause, cause it's vital
Practiced and rehearsed to keep this title
I won't be categorized as mediocre
Temper with your psyche and then provoke ya
Runnin' off your mouth and talkin' crap to me
Is like puttin' your dome between a guillotine

It's been that way since block partyin'
I mesmerize your mind, then work your body and
No time for profilin' or ladi-dadi-in
This was predetermined since kindergartian
I'll put my twelve's in a museum
So fools like you will pay to come see em
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect
Balls, baby, my cut is correct

My cut is correct
I guess I'm gonna have to just
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up)
Yeah
(Sign em up, sign em up, sign em up)
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up, sign em up)
Sign em all up like children
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up
Sign em up, sign em up, sign em up
Sign em up, s-s-sign em up, sign em up)

Yeah, Morse code scratch in effect
UTFO style
East Flatbush rock on!