

# VA. In The House

## Mad Skillz

[Verse one: Mad Skillz]

It's time to bring it down, don't front on the sound  
Check your thunderpound, it be Skillz blowing up from the underground  
Now, don't waste your time and try to taste mine  
I'm killing MC's and going low-key like baselines  
Be hesitant, VA residents ain't friendly  
Diss and I'll walk on your back like Mr. Benny  
When my shit drop, all this wack shit'll stop  
Till Janet stops, rockin' Planet Rock  
Keepin' it real hot  
I specialize in microphone satisfaction  
Hackin' MC's who think Skillz be relaxin'  
Straight from punchline ave, metaphor metropolis  
I'm shockin' MC's like seeing their grandmothers topless  
Watch this, check for my sequel  
I make raps and niggas vanish like the Village People  
Hey, you checkin' for me check 'round my way  
They say Skillz don't play when he's representin' VAChorus 4x: [Mad Skillz]  
Virginia's in the house [I said it]  
V-A [so what you gotta say?][Verse two: Mad Skillz]  
Yo, niggas get pissed, MC's cease to exist  
As I persist, to drill mics and fill glock clips  
Don't sleep, like Mobb Deep, I'm leaving brothers shook  
While you debatin' I'm urinatin' on your rap book  
I be Skillz see, the ill East Coast MC  
All my peeps down in VA, this one's for you be  
So don't give me nothin' I'm takin' my props  
And I ain't stoppin' till my face is on the side of a lunchbox  
The wack fold, 'cause they been told  
Their rhymes used to be worth something like Mr. T's gold  
Now I'm in, so watch me Kline like Calvin  
I'm the Dread Man, you fucked up by lettin' me make an album (huh)  
The outcome is ill, when I grip the steel  
Don't be mad at me (why?), if you ain't got no skill  
No questions, no second guessin' without a doubt  
Niggas know my name and they know who's in the house[Chorus 4x]  
[Verse three: Mad Skillz]  
Is VA up in here? (HELL YEAH!!!)  
Then here's a jam for you to spread across the state like welfare

I'm a special dread, that still be tactics  
Doing MC's anytime, anyplace like Janet Jackson  
It ain't about dirt roads and corn bread  
Niggas be MC'ing, G`ing, war deeds and dread  
After this pack it up, I'll tell you my plan  
I'm on a VA tour with Kalonji my man  
Check it, hittin` city to city like a horny trucker  
This year, it's East Coast like a motherfucker  
Misconceptions are coming back like reflections  
Niggas who dissed, are now checkin` for my section  
They want to be down, they makes me laugh  
That's like Brandy gettin` dropped and then you askin` for her autograph  
You know the steelo and Skillz be in ya  
It's just like that, nigga Virginia

Songwriters

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