

# Inherit the World

## Mad Skillz

Rappers came with their styles and I left with their heads  
Their crews became victim of the body snatchin' dread  
The world is now mine, the world belongs to me

I carefully planned the extinction of all wack MC'sNow innocents must prepare for my slaughter  
My style will inherit the world, just like water  
Cover it like sauce, think about who lost

Niggaz minds was the reason for the MC holocaustI'll be the first to admit, I'm on some next shit  
Two rappers stepped up and left bullemic and anorexic

I told humans I'd conquer and bomb shitNow I stand alone and take care of my continents  
A&R's used to ignore me, realized I was nice  
Now it's no one left here to write my life story  
Ninety five rappers shelled like pearls

Hit by genocide, I inherited the worldHumanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard  
Crews crumble up, under pressure God  
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Humanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard  
Crews crumble up, under pressure GodI came alone, draggin' bags of bones  
Slit my own wrists, and bleedin' out microphones  
Consider me the MC who lives forever

Rainin' hemlock on niggaz, yes, the God of the weatherThe end of time as you know it without a shotty  
In the simple game of freeze tag, I touched everybody  
Man's worst creation like the bomb

Just exist in life form, then I'm leavin' town tomorrowIf I hadn't done it, the world wouldn't be clean  
Now I memorize rhymes, work on my time machine  
Nothin' shall breathe or be conceived

They shoulda known, now it's on and the world's on it's kneesI feel relieved, free from their directions  
Now I battle my reflection, ask rhetorical questions  
My actions, they might make mortals earl

I won't have that problem, I inherited the worldHumanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard  
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Crews crumble up, under pressure GodHumanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard  
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Crews crumble up, under pressure GodNow put thought to the word one  
'Cause now I got mad time to think about what I done  
It's too quiet here, I'm losin' my mentality

I'm actually alone and I'm startin' to see realityNo more hip hop, what was I thinkin' of?

    No more fat tracks and no family to love

    No incidents makin' black people tighter

No more real MC's doin' time in the cypherNo wreckin' shows, no more gettin' biz

    I fantasize and hear voices sayin' "Yo that shit was fat kid"

    Nothin' to look forward to day after day

So why write rhymes, who's gonna hear what I have to say?And if I do, who's gonna appreciate it?

    Humanity terminated, I'm alone and I hate it

    I lost it all, my crew and my girl

All because I had to inherit the worldHumanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard

    Crews crumble up, under pressure God

    Humanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard

Crews crumble up, under pressure GodHumanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard

    Crews crumble up, under pressure God

    Humanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard

Crews crumble up, under pressure GodUhh, Mad Skillz, keep on

    Peace out to everybody that's here

    All the corpses, all the wack MC's

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