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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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 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
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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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