Move Ya Body

Mad Skillz

On the real, I freak techniques and beats in my sleep
The mack back in action show skills when I speak
Watch my leak when I bring it to your face
I still corner dimes but in the nine I'm on a paper chaseGlass rocks, mega tops, Tims on your block
Holding heat like crock pots and keeping g's in my socks
(So, what's up, Hopps?)
I got to keep it tight like seams, 'cause ain't no fiends
Coming in between me and my dreamsSee what I mean, black? I keep it real like that
F A Word is bond
I need stocks and bonds from these ill raps
Rappers won't see me with contacts, friend
So, please act you've got a Siamese twin and think again'Cause in the end I start off with flavor
Next to bless your chest with freestyle fantasia
Smooth behavior, seeing rappers as illusions
Meaning they disappear but I'm hear to keep you movingEverybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid
You know I bring it to ya liveEverybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid
You know I bring it to ya liveSee, I don't get writer's block, yo, I block other writers
And there's been nights I had to wear sniper attire for biters
Don't make that same mistake and get scarred, retard
I see that tape you listening to got you thinking that you hardBut dig this, cut your hair and get your name on your stomach
I still find ways to make your whole rap career plummet
Maintain, I steal mics out of the frame
But now people think they know me, 'cause they know my real nameWhile I stay same doing shows and tours
Somewhere in a phat crib [Unverified] playing Sega in the dashboard
Styles of sword [Unverified] and flowing steadily
Trapping MCs in mazes forever like Frankie BeverlyYou know the steeze, I'm bringing beats to they knees
Holacausting MCs and sees some g's before I breath
That's how it be, it's no doubt that I got to bring
It to your chest as I bring it to ya liveEverybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid

You know I bring it to ya liveSo, from this point on until the day that they bury me
I'll still be on a hunt trying to snatch this currency
Putting my peeps on while friends turn fake
They get pissed thinking I be in Switzerland checking some real estateDropping LPs every year somewhere in a mansion
With a butler named Vincent Jeffrey Belvedere
I'm rare but rappers ain't trying to hear
The reason why their girl freestyle her number in my earIt's my year, son and I ain't trying to slip
I'm trying to collect props and get not to stretch money clips
Honey-dips, I keep 'em on like low end
So, f-five-o Illegal, so we don't got to go thereIt's so unfair, how I do wack crews shady
They want to be next up
Their style sucks like a new baby
They can't faze me, mics and man fusion
Beats I keep bruising
Do your thing and keep movingEverybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid
You know I bring it to ya liveEverybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid
You know I bring it to ya live

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