

# Extra Abstract Skillz

## Mad Skillz

[Extra P]

We bout to bring em out  
We bout to bring em out  
A lot of niggaz in this rap world, come out, and dumb out  
Me, I bring the bassline and drum out  
Plus write scriptures, that bust bright pictures  
When Mad Skillz, ?Cool Reef Daddy? plus Tip  
just stepped inside the lab, to keep the Extra Skillz Ab  
You either true fat or cut the flab  
On the microphone hot it's Skillz before heat  
A wack nigga rhyming, kills a raw beat  
And I got both, bout to cook up a loaf of bread  
on your motherfuckin head!

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah, here comes that kid Mad Skillz rippin styles with perfections  
Makin rappers uncomfortable like they had yeast infections  
I'm prone to rip microphones, keep rap sewn  
Step on niggaz domes, leavin crews with Down's Syndrome  
I'm Skillz, ending out the Extra Abstract  
Grinding on nouns, hittin verbs from the back  
It's like that, that's the only way it'll be  
So if it gets said nigga, it got to be by me  
I represent V-A well, peace to the Cella Dwell  
Washing-tons of rappers up, like my first name was Denzel  
Who wanna come test and attempt to come near  
I shaked your puny record sales and end your career  
Lookie here, no need to get fly and shit  
In ninety-five, I'm on sucka MC wanna die shit  
To your chest and watch the mic get ripped  
Mad Skillz, Extra P, and my brother Q-Tip

[The Abstract]

Huhuhuhuhuhuh \*shuddering sound\* like the Doc Bruce Banner  
Hit you with a ray which is similar to Gamma  
Do you believe in miracles, ?  
like I believe in myself, but I don't believe in you  
What you need to do is get faith  
Take your spiritual, out your body, put it in a higher place  
Cause I'ma bring out, the Holy Ghost in niggaz  
in my lyrical church, and I be hostin niggaz, uh

Submergin bodies in water, you know you oughta  
lose all the glitter and flash, and get raw ass  
I've been ordained by the feeling, to keep the hip-hop  
raw hoppin and the wack rappers reeling

Chorus: Mad Skillz

Who got the shit that make your wigs go back?  
Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract  
Who's packin shit to make your wigs go back?  
Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract  
Whose got the shit that make your wig go back?  
Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract  
Who got the shit that make your wig go back?  
Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ..

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, check the status, I write madness like Sutter Kane  
Body-snatchin MC's and pullin souls out the frame  
You know my name, V-A's invincible Mad Skillz  
Intoxicatin rappers like eight million Advils  
You comin black, bring your lyrics, fuck a gat  
Don't play, every real nigga in V-A got my back  
I come strapped with lyrics and hooks intact  
You ain't gettin shit, Virginia'll send your demo tape back  
Don't waste your time tryin to sound like me  
Nigga treat me like a sleeping lifeguard and just drown for me  
I take you back like the Ebony Island  
in the three twenty-five, with your fuckin wife freestylin

Uh, like that

Mad Skillz, Extra Abstract  
Keepin it real on the set  
Yeah, catchin wreck  
Yeah yeah we bout to blast off  
Mad Skillz bout to blast off  
Tribe Called Quest bout to blast off  
Large Professor bout to blast off  
All around just blastin off  
East coast, we bout to blast it off  
Down South gotta blast it off  
Uptown you gotta blast it off uh  
V-A you gotta blast it off

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