

All In It

Mad Skillz

No doubt

Mad Skillz for the nine five shot son

Yeah, forever people wreckin' shitGet closer to your speaker, it's Mad Skillz the mic freaker

The cordless technician I'll break beat seeker

You're feelin' weaker, when I begin to come in

Wack MC's are like abortions, cause I ain't havin' none of themSo break it down for me, I can't understand

Nowadays you got more rappers than you got fuckin' fans

And man listen that's a pity

That shit wouldn't come off the shelves if a earthquake hit the cityIf they ain't pullin' blunts, they pullin' triggers

I'm gettin' tired of DJ Nobody and MC new nigga

Huh, I start cyphers for self in dark alleys

I wreck shows lovely cause I got nine personalitiesI kick the real on ear woundin' tracks

Your first mistake was, "Man niggaz from Virginia can't rap"

Yeah whatever, where I'm from, mics be gettin' dented

Give me a fly beat, and I'm all in it, yeahStraight up skills, no time for gimmicks

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Breakin' down tracks the beats get diminished

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"Rhymes designed to be in the book of guinness

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Yo son, where I'm from yo mics be gettin' dentedNever fakin' jacks, just makin' tracks when I set it

Uhh, battle odds are betted, don't sweat it, MC's leave beheaded

What? I'm on some sit back, relax shit

Some never leave my house without a [Unverified] max

And count green stacks shitIt's ninety five, you know what I mean yo

"Yo Skillz what you doin?" Son I'm tryin' to get dough

The paper raper, yeah flat line massager

Don't worry cause MC's see me blurry like Roger ThomasWithout his glasses momma, I can't breathe

I'm fat and black, I squeeze the life outta MC's

So please, keep your style in your grab bag

Rappers step up and get sent back like a shagWhat? I chills on the real side

Chicken heads crossin' the street tryin' to hit the Mad Skillz side

Light and G's get cut off when I'm finished

Give me some fly beats and I'm all in it, yeahStraight up skills, no time for gimmicks

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"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Yo son, where I'm from yo mics be gettin' dentedAdmit it, I'm all in it, quotes are all in

When it comes to beats yo I'm swim through 'em like frogmen
I take bass lines in my veins, so refrain

From poppin' anyhang that make me wanna tear you out your frame Yeah, things have changed but it's all real
over here

What? Eargasmic styles havin' sex with your ears
Yeah, I leave crews in debt

Cause ain't nothin' like a fat loop that a brother ain't use yet Whose set to rock raps raunchy and raw, yeah
I like my beats pretty like Chante Moore, now check it

Constructin' raps like erector sets

Artifacts flexed the tech', now I'm next to wreck Bitch ass niggaz should know that they done messed up, why?
I'm pullin' skirts bras and girdles and motherfuckin' dresses up

Beat [Unverified] society, oh I dogs 'em, I'm a menace

This track was fly, I was fly, you was all in it, yeah Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks, yeah, yeah
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Yeah breakin' down beats the tracks get diminished

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" Uh-huh, rhymes designed to be in the book of guinness
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

I'm from V.A., nigga what? Mics get dented Yeah
Like that, like that y'all

Like that y'all, like that y'all

Uhh, uhh, like that y'all

DJ Riz y'knahmsayin?

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