

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Def Jef

"I Know I Got Skillz"

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Intro (Shaq):

Yo Jef, why don't you give me a hoopa beat or
something, something I can go
to the park to,
yeah, there you go, allright, I like that, I like that,
it sound dope,

(Bust 'em in the eye Shaq)

Verse 1 (Shaq):

You wanna fight? come fight me,
I'll hit ya with the "wa-psh-psh-psh", see, see
I get dirty after dark, I'll treat like Spielberg,
you get your ass kicked in the park,
(ooooohhhh)
you don't beleive me, the proof is in the pudding,
little boy in the hood, way before Cuba Gooding,
I flip scrpits with the mad pa-style, freeze
music please,
I dribble rhymes like Basketball-ems,
people call me E.T.,
(what's that Shaq man?)
Extra-Tallems,
you better than Shaq-tack, fool, shut up liar,
I lean on the statue of liberty when I get tired,
than I'll punch you in the stomach, I don't give a heck,
(hey yo, why you bug a hooker like that?)
yo, she breated on my neck,
people walk around like yall, they got charred,
but I'm big like Gorilla, 6-7, large,
I kick rhymes like moduck-kwong you,
I smoke-smoke the mic-mic,
I Chech and Chong you,
you don't like Shaq, frankly I don't give a damn,
I know I got skills man, I know I got skills man,

Verse 2 (Def Jef):

suprise, look who's back,

not a prize from a cracker jack,
look at that, it's Def Jef with the Shaq Attack,
flexin', I'll be crackin your back with the boom-boom-
bap,
pass the mic over here, you ain't gon' want it back,
everybody said I got fat, yep, but so did my wallet,
still ripping rhymes and dropping bombs like Ali,
Mohammed
do yourself a solid, don't flex, you go sex,
you know the time, get the hard hat, the rolex,
the way I see, if I was wack like you I'd be at me,
the way I hold it down, you'd swear my name was
Gravity,
Def Jef with the funk, Def Jef don't front, you know how
the name is spelt,
I'm making it vital, my title, fool, break yourself,
attack the track like Shaq on a whack broad,
coming up with the hits, and I'm coming down with the
backboard,
don't fake the funk, just make the sound's up from the
trunk,
the reason your tape didn't hit the deck is because your
hits don't bump,
so get back, ain't no hassle, cause you ain't holding
nuthin,
keep sticking around, you get beat down like you stole
something,
sleep on me and the Shaq and ??? your own???,
cause I know I got skills man, I know I got skills man,

Verse 3:

[Def Jef]

ah yeah, yall don't know nothing about this,
the Shaq man's in the arsenal,
what's up like that,
Double XL in the nine-ohs kid,
skills to make mills,
big up, Flava Unit, Funky Town, ya ??? large,
so check this out Shaq man, we gon' let this beat play
right here, let all
the brothers and sister know.....

[Shaq]

nah, nah, let me continue
I'm a be like D-Rock and see what's next on the menu,
mic-checka, the rim and rhyme wrecka,
rocks from here to Mecca,
boom shack-a-lak-a-lak-a,
I got a hand that'll rock ya cradle,
cream you like cheese, spread you on my bagle,

my Ford Explorer boomin' with the clumped-up funk,
all you jealous punks can't stop my dunks,
they're brand new like Heavy,
built like Chevy, Impala,
but Shaq's a smooth balla,
(yeah, but what about rhymin?)
I can hold my own,
knick-knack shaq-attack, give a dog a bone,
rhymin is like hoopin', I'm already a legend,
back in the days in the Fush-camp section,
used to kick rhymes like baby, baby, baby,
every once, every twice, three times a lady,
is what I listend to, riding with my moms,
how you like me now? I drop bombs,
when you see me, please tap my hands,
I know I got skills man, I know I got skills man

Outro (Shaq):

I'd like to give a shout-out to my boy Uzi, Def Jef, Little
Swany, Meech,
Ron Mac, and my other cousin Ron,
this is another rough shot from the arsenal,
and you know what. booty rappers, stay booty,
ha-ha-ha, and we out,

ahhh ha ha ha ha,
ahhhhh ha ha ha ha,
ahhhh..psyche

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