

Skillz f/ Truck North**"Yeah Ya Know It"**

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[Intro - Skillz - talking] - w/ ad libs (I'm just gonna switch up the hit) (a 1, 2, 3, 4) (just like this) Y-y-y-yeah (yeah) Y-y-y-yeah (yeah) Y-y-y-yeah (yeah) Y-y-y-yeah (yeah) New Skillz! (New Skillz! ...) Ya know (ya know ...) Ya already know (ya already know) Okay-player! (player!) [Verse 1 - Skillz] You checkin out, one of the baddest that ever did it I've been told that, so I ain't kiddin And I trippin, I got what it takes to do it So I'm a keep makin the music Ain't too many tracks that I ain't put in flames Nigga I put a kick and a snare to shame (shame) You know my name, I know you see How I make this, look so easy (come on) Ha, it's in my blood (uh huh), it's in my veins And I'm a keep it hoppin man, I ain't goin to change (I ain't goin to change) It's what I do, it's how I live (it's how I live) And yeah it's a struggle, but it is what it is (it is what it is) What mine's is mine, what's his is his (his is his) And yeah I love the music, but I hate the biz (hate the biz) Cause that's the shit that'll come and ruin it (come and ruin it) But it's all love when y'all say 'keep doin it' I ain't goin to stop man [Chorus - Skillz] - w/ ad libs Yeah, ya know it, uh huh, yeah ya know it Uh huh, yeah ya know it I ain't goin to stop I'm a keep it hot, ya know it Uh huh, yeah ya know it Yeah ya know it Uh huh, yeah ya know it Uh huh, yeah ya know it I ain't goin to stop I'm a keep it hot, ya know it Uh huh, yeah ya know it (Truck North!) [Verse 2 - Truck North] Man, it ain't hard for me to spit that raw Niggaz been gettin served for a decade or more Non fiction dog, all you got to do is check the stats All you got to do is check the raps Yeah, it may look sweet, the grass is green The flows is hot, the sneakers is clean It's funny how much folks don't want to see The gray areas, the in between This shit is a job, just like yours A means to an end, we don't work for applause I done been on tour and slept on floors Carry niggaz' bags, just to leave the war But I don't bitch, I don't complain Got to keep playin for the love of the game And every real baller got to play through pain The spoils for the winners, so winning's the aim (come on, come on) [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Skillz] I want you to listen and take your time (uh huh) I want what I say to stick in your mind (preach) See

it's a big world man and that's a fact There's a billion
rappers and a zillion tracks (and a zillion tracks,
church) While we in here, I'm a make it clear (uh huh) I
got love for y'all, appreciate your ear (come on) I can't
keep it locked man, I got to share So this goes to my
fans and all my peers So keep in mind (uh huh), that in
these rhymes (come on) Are delicate words with
intricate designs It ain't my fault, it's how I was trained
Blame Rakim, blame Big Daddy Kane See when I go, I
go to the limit I got to leave somethin here when I'm
finished It's all I know, it's where I'm from And when
this done, we startin on another one, huh [Chorus]

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