

Skyzoo f/ Torae

"Click"

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[Intro] [DJ Premier talking] Yo, turn the lights on. I can't see in here I gotta see what's goin' on man. You hear me? (Commissioner) Turn the lights on (The League Crew). Word. Click Uh huh. Yeah, bring the horns. Word up. Here's another one The lights is on. How we say that shit? Do it now +Git It Done+ Ha ha. Yeah. Skyzoo. Torae. Click [Verse One] [Torae] I said the more often I rhyme the more awkward you find it To be accepted by the lyrical minded Individual, subliminal, criminal conscious Makin' me numb how I'm stealin' the shine is Defined as stupendous Torae spittin' with splendedness So my sentence is like a syllabus to the listeners +Git It Done+, got it done Got 'em a lot of runs We plotted on how to double back with a hotter one Nigga I'm New York ground Been holdin' New York down With the creator of the New York sound And there can never be another or a new version of nothin' Niggas must of forgot where it started Primo they buggin' It's more of the future, less of what you used ta Whoever feel hip hop is dead, here's a booster With no cables or battery pack So everybody lovin' the city, we glad that we back You should sit down and listen to what the game's been missin' Cause +Reprogram+ was my +Redefinition+ I guess Chairman's Choice was just the beginnin' Cause I'm the one to XXL for every sentence I read every blog, every article printed I heard every bar, every rhyme you was pennin' I felt all the hate and the love You niggas fake as a fuck You want my spot nigga? Take it in blood [Scratch chorus] "That's why I write the shit that I write in my rap Everyday of the week I live in it, breathe in it" dead prez 'Police State' "It is senseless for you to prevent this" - Obie Trice 'Drama Setter' I know you wanna enter but I can't let you in" - Buckshot 'Crooklyn' [Verse Two] [Skyzoo] The second coming of the shit that you fear The first time they was callin' it luck But low and behold I'm still in ya ear See the difference is here So keep that in your mind When you rhymin' and you thinkin' bout leanin' on lyin' Scrap whatever you thought and what you wanted to think I attack your spot the minute that you fuck up and blink Motivated by a Kennedy fry

tropical fantasies 7-1-8, Chris Wallace and James Yancy
S-K, the prodigal son chosen Lyrical landmark, father
with the flows is So youngin' don't confuse me with
nothin' them dudes be My leap year is outta your
dude's reach Skyzoo change for change? Hardly
Meanin' I'm signin' my contract with a Sharpie
Motherfuckers is buggin' if they want me to beg I'll be
creepin' on a come up like ? Deal with it And through all
that, I'm still with it The beat is still sluttin' so yeah, I still
dick it Huh, it's clear as day but y'all don't see it ock I
guess I'm like a lost episode of Graffiti Rock Or
somethin' like the wax that the record is made from
They need me more than they say son Okay Player? So
you can type whatever you want to type But I still write
better than everyone that you like [Scratch chorus]
"That's why I write the shit that I write in my rap
Everyday of the week I live in it, breathe in it" dead
prez 'Police State' "It is senseless for you to prevent
this" - Obie Trice 'Drama Setter' I know you wanna enter
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