

E-A-Ski

"Freestyle"

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What up New York?
Ugh, E-A-Ski, uha
This is for my real niggaz in New York city, nigga
What's up Kay Slay?
You know, I'll get down
Westcoast, this is for these fake ass New York niggaz
Ha ha ha, let's get down to business
Ugh

Look, now let's put it all in perspective
I'm from the West Coast where there's always a death
wish
Mothafuckers holler about L.A.
It's not L.A. it's the mothfuckin' Bay, nigga
Got you clowns emulatin' California
Blood and Crib ways real in this place they call
California
Got you're flaggin, 64 draggin'
Niggaz stealin' slang and they add it to their own
gangbangin'
And Tupac won the beats that's stompin'
He didn't like you when he was alive now you wanna
jack him
Bullets distribute out like Def Jam
Let me tell you who the fuck I Am
M-R period S-K-I
Oakland California where we dry or die
You can say I'm a G no doubt
Don't quote me at all, just say the gangster is out
With a Mac and AK-47
A loaded Technine and a Nickel painted Smith &
Swesson
Got the niggaz just sittin' on the roof
Hit you in back like a sniper, then shoot

They're shootin'
Yeah, for real
Don't be the victim of the mothafuckin' steal
If you a G, throw your mothafuckin' Guns up
I'm from the West Side where my niggaz run this up

They're shootin'
Yeah, for real
Don't be the victim of the mothafuckin' steal
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This ain't rap dog, this is gangster
I got the niggaz runnin' up that'll shank ya
Put your face to the dirt so tough like
5 bullets to the back like Bob Mikes
Beach with V-Town, Sacks Sound
Brown, VA and of course you got Oakland
The murder capital Dog, pushin' one team
Homicides we stretch you in that black ride
And my studio gangsters come and find out
Like Dr. Dre and Wrecking Crew we turn the lights out
We'll get it crackin' in this mothafucker
Where you at? - what you wanna be? ; the deficient in
this mothafucker
Underline some killers and dope dealers
And Sckrillas, Terf youngsters
Be sittin' back willin' to shoot
Wrap you up like an X Pox
They don't know about your body 'til they find a little
black box

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Ugh, Mr. Ski
Yeah, Mr.Ski

Ugh, Mr. Ski

My attitude is real rude
I put you in a situation, then I show you, you still due
You're actin' like westcoast ain't dealin' up
Everytime we did a deal ya'll niggaz get the shittin' on
us
First Jayo, W.C. now I'm Mr. Ski
Now, you gotta wonder what I do just to eat!
What the streets come knockin' at the Label's door?
What the Tech lay all on the fuckin' floor?

9/11 won't be shit when it happens
There'll be 1/11/03, just imagine
So don't fool it out, it can happened
So take that day off dog, it might happened
Ski lightin, a threat through you neighborhood
Comin' through Ski Mask and, tear up your shit

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