

## **E-A-Ski**

### **"Showdown"**

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(feat. Montell Jordan)

[Verse 1: E A Ski]

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
And it don't stop, hell yeah  
And it don't quit, and it don't stop  
Fool we don't quit  
You've entered the wild wild west  
Side, high noon clock strikes twelve that's high  
I see haters trespassin' in my town  
They must be sick in the head  
They better be quick like Sharon Stone  
And quicken their dead and quick on the draw  
Western winds make the dirt gust  
I still see you when you hear strikes I'ma bust  
It's on, I've been holdin it down for years  
Don't follow nobodies shadow (none)  
A true desperado  
21 guns salute when I come through  
Why you sell a million copies sounds like your crew  
I roll like no man, follow no man  
Spittin wicked over tracks, me and C programmed  
Hard, I keep comin raw, cos I'm hungry  
Don't sweat the industry cos no company are gonna  
own me  
That's why I stand my own ground  
and square off who ever want's to throw it down  
I bring it to the showdown

[Chorus: Montell Jordan]

Follow me into the world of Mr Ski (Yeah)  
Ain't gonna be no mystery  
Who's gonna win this show's showdown (You know)  
Run inside Ski's goin on a lyrical ride (Yeah)  
It's gonna take a miracle why ask why  
Ski's gonna win this show's showdown

[Verse 2: E A Ski]

I'm a producer so they thought I would drop a  
compilation  
Makin hard tracks spittin no conversation  
Look here, ain't no rapper feelin conversate for me  
And take it away from catitalles compersatin me  
Only my true dogs call me E A Ski punk  
So when you acknowledge me put the mister in the  
front  
Spell it right, M-I-S-T-E-R Ski  
Composin gangsta tracks with mister C since eighty-  
three  
You proberly heard me on Friday with Cube and Chris  
Tucker  
Blast, I break a slow dog runnin for cover  
How would I sound makin tracks if I couldn't rap  
Bompin them so hard, my dogs give me def wounds  
I'm wanted in four cities, Miami, New York, L.A. and  
Oakland  
With leavin the mic court smokin  
Kick open the door, at the saloon  
Don't nobody move unless they wanna throw down,  
here at the showdown

[Chorus: Montell Jordan]

Follow mw into the world of Mr Ski  
Ain't gonna be no mystery  
Who's gonna win this show  
You can run inside side, Ski goin on a lyrical ride  
It's gonna take a miracle, why ask why  
Ski's gonna win this show's showdown

[Verse 3: E A Ski]

I told ya I'm gonna keep squeezin until they quit  
Distribution heard quick got the whole ghetto lootin  
The moms and pops and retails hear Ski puttin in work  
Pull up on the block bompin it hurts (Why)  
Makin ya whole hood feel me like grill  
And have your whole city high ride like George Steel  
Fool you want the funk, we can bring it to the stage  
Face off like John Travltra and Nicolas Cage  
A lot of rappers calm east Oakland ain't frontin  
Put them lyrically toe to toe to me and see who really  
run it  
And we haven't even gotta talk about the production tip  
cos on the real  
None of them gonna quit  
To handle my calibre this next level style combined me  
rhyme  
Groups wanna need a click why don't they come to

mine  
You can escape the infra red but it's on ya  
You best best hit a couple of corners  
Bring it to the, showdown

[Chorus: Montell Jordan]

Follow me into the world of Mr Ski  
Ain't gonna be no mystery  
Who's gonna win this show's showdown  
Run inside Ski's goin on a lyrical ride  
It's gonna take a miracle why ask why  
Ski's gonna win this show's showdown  
Follow me into the world of Mr Ski  
Ain't gonna be no mystery  
Who's gonna win this show's showdown

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