

Card Michael

"Showdown"

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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 properly 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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