

LAW

"All In It"

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[Mad Skillz]

No doubt

Mad Skillz for the nine-five shot son

Yeah.. forever people wreckin shit, uh-huh

Get closer to your speaker, it's Mad Skillz the mic
freaker

The cordless technician ill breakbeat seeker

You're feelin weaker, when I begin to come in

Wack MC's are like abortions, cause I ain't havin none
of them

So break it down for me I can't understand

Nowadays you got more rappers than you got fuckin
fans

And man listen that's a pity

That shit wouldn't come off the shelves if a earthquake
hit the city

If they ain't pullin blunts, they pullin triggers

I'm gettin tired of DJ Nobody and MC New Nigga

Huh, I start cyphers for self in dark alleys

I wreck shows lovely cause I got nine personalities

I kick the real on ear-woundin tracks

Your first mistake was, "Man niggaz from Virginia can't
rap"

Yeah whatever - where I'm from, mics be gettin dented

Give me a fly beat, and I'm all in it, yeah

[Chorus]

Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru

Breakin down tracks the beats get diminished

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru

Rhymes designed to be in the book of Guinness

"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru

Yo son where I'm from yo mics be gettin dented

{*scratched: "I'm all in it"*}

[Mad Skillz]

Never fakin jacks, just makin tracks when I set it

Uhh - battle odds are betted, don't sweat it, MC's leave
beheaded

What? I'm on some sit back, relax shit
Some never leave my house without a (?) max and
count green stacks shit
It's ninety-five, you know what I mean yo
"Yo Skillz what you doin?" Son I'm tryin to get dough
The paper raper, yeah flatline massager
Don't worry cause MC's see me blurry like Roger
Thomas
without his glasses - momma, I can't breathe
I'm fat and black, I squeeze the life outta MC's
So please, keep your style in your grab bag
Rappers step up and get sent back like a shag
What? I chills on the real side
Chickenheads crossin the street tryin to hit the Mad
Skillz side
Light and G's get cut off when I'm finished
Give me some fly beats and I'm all in it, yeah

[Chorus]

[Mad Skillz]

Admit it, I'm all in it, quotes are all in
When it comes to beats yo I'm swim through 'em like
frogmen
I take basslines in my veins, so refrain
from poppin anythang that make me wanna tear you
out your frame
Yeah, things have changed but it's all real over here
What? Eargasmic styles havin sex with your ears
Yeah, I leave crews in debt
Cause ain't nothin like a fat loop that a brother ain't use
yet
Whose set to rock raps raunchy and raw - yeah
I like my beats pretty like Chante Moore, now check it
Constructin raps like erector sets
Artifacts flexed the tech', now I'm next to wreck
Bitch-ass niggaz should know that they done messed
up - why?
I'm pullin skirts bras and girdles and motherfuckin
dresses up
Beat(?) society, oh I dogs 'em, I'm a menace
This track was fly, I was fly, you was all in it, yeah

[Chorus]

Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks, yeah, yeah
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru
Yeah breakin down beats the tracks get diminished
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru
Uh-huh, rhymes designed to be in the book of
Guinness
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it" -> Guru

I'm from V.A., nigga what? Mics get dented
{*scratched: "I'm all in it"*}

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah

Like that, like that y'all

Like that y'all, like that y'all

Uhh, uhh, like that y'all

DJ Riz y'knahmsayin?

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