

## Mad Season

### "Inherit The World"

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[mad skillz]

Rappers came with their styles and I left with their heads

Their crews became victim of the body-snatchin dread

The world is now mine, the world belongs to me

I carefully planned the extinction of all wack mc's

Now innocents must prepare for my slaughter

My style will inherit the world, just like water

Cover it like sauce, think about who lost

Niggaz minds was the reason for the mc holocaust

I'll be the first to admit, I'm on some next shit

Two rappers stepped up and left bullemic, and

anorexic

I told humans I'd conquer and bomb shit

Now I stand alone and take care of my continents

A&r's used to ignore me (yep) realized I was nice

Now it's no one left here to write my life story

Ninety-five rappers shelled like pearls

Hit by genocide, I inherited the world

Chorus: repeat 4x

Humanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard

"crews crumble up, under pressure god!"

[mad skillz]

I came alone, draggin bags of bones

Slit my own wrists, and bleedin out microphones

Consider me the mc who lives forever

Rainin hemlock on niggaz, yes, the God of the weather

The end of time as you know it without a shotty

In the simple game of freeze tag, I touched everybody

Man's worst creation like the bomb

Just exist in life form, then I'm leavin town tomorrow

If I hadn't done it, the world wouldn't be clean

Now I memorize rhymes, work on my time machine

Nothin shall breathe, or be conceived

They shoulda known, now it's on and the world's on it's knees

I feel relieved, free from their directions

Now I battle my reflection, ask rhetorical questions (uh-

huh)  
My actions, they might make mortals earl  
I won't have that problem, I inherited the world

Chorus

[mad skillz]  
Now put thought to the word one  
Cause now I got mad time to think about what I done  
It's too quiet here, I'm losin my mentality  
I'm actually alone and I'm startin to see reality  
No more hip-hop -- what was I thinkin of?  
No more fat tracks and no family to love  
No incidents makin black people tighter  
No more real mc's doin time in the cypher  
No wreckin shows, no more gettin biz  
I fantasize and hear voices sayin, "yo that shit was fat  
kid"  
Nothin to look forward to, day after day  
So why write rhymes - who's gonna hear what I have to  
say?  
And if I do, who's gonna appreciate it?  
Humanity terminated, I'm alone and I hate it  
I lost it all, my crew and my girl  
All because I had to inherit the world..

Chorus (-mad skillz) \* repeat to end \*

Uhh.. mad skillz.. keep on  
Peace out to everybody that's here  
All the corpses, all the wack mc's..

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