

## Mad Season

### "Skillz In '95"

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Now if you had my eyes then you'd see what I see  
A desire to see a soundman hung and bless the m-i-c  
Who I be? the generation of the next mc's  
Who believe in breakbeats, microphones, and tecs  
My voice travels through your flesh, putting crews to  
rest  
I wanna be the shit from here to budapest  
Kneel please, I represent real mc's  
I'm at ease when I spot another beat to seize  
So don't test me, I represent the best you see  
And next to me is the extra p \_\_\_ on the sp  
A combination that could leave niggas wishing  
That rhymes hadn't got handled the whole of sedition  
I write raps like I had an hour to live  
Contact the crowd with lyrics I was born to give  
I maintain in this mission to get loot  
So listen clear, I'm putting niggas careers on mute

When I represent, I lotta kids won't survive  
Name's mad skillz, year's '95 (repeat 2x)

Indeed proceed I need to make rappers bleed  
My words hurt ya, my thoughts are nurtured like seeds  
It's my year son, so throw your style away  
Don't underrate me, cause I smell niggas fears from  
miles away  
Rip a mic host and I'm ghost  
Peace to myn benda and kilonji from the slums of the  
cosmos  
You get I'll on skillz? come on, don't jet  
Close your front door, nigga, cause your style's on  
house arrest  
Skillz, nigga, with the mad in the front  
Maintaining through strife cause life is like a manhunt  
I breathe rap, g's need to heed that  
Treat me like I'm on in the back up, now you gets no  
feedback  
Stop grazing, don't keep it real on occasion  
You can't see me, chase me through the walls I be  
phasing  
And adapt, cause I ain't hearing nothing but rap

I'm here to bless the mic and represent real like that

When I represent, I lotta kids won't survive  
Name's mad skillz, year's '95(repeat 4x)

Yeah, the average head can't seem to understand  
It's something about a beat and a mic in my hand  
Kicks and snares bring me in for the kill  
Cause be doubting and my voice be pouncing over  
drum fills  
Don't fret, my decibles pop cassettes  
Rhymes designed, to raze hair like gillettes  
Sweat, techniques that skillz be making  
Riding the groove smooth, got no time for move faking  
You should master your craft, that's my motto  
Mc's be getting popped quick, just like zits on a  
supermodel  
Witness the sickness I possess  
Like ? ? ? , sheel and strees through my down vest  
Next test, one time watch your mind  
I drop rhymes, no corner standing son, I'm not a stop  
sign  
Get used to microphone wear and tear  
By now you know the name and the year

When I represent, I lotta kids won't survive  
Name's mad skillz, year's '95 (repeat 2x)

"i got skills" - big daddy kane (repeat 16x)

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