

Mad Season

"Together"

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[mad skillz]

Yo, yo, I spit six of rap figures, get your (shit) together
Require some (shit) to stitch your lips together
My click stick together, mic rip together
Move no bricks or I make hits to flip my cheddar
No chicks for you and your man? y'all trick together
Y'all fools flow? y'all cats gonna brick together
I do a song with a whole group they getting lit together
Pop your snotbox son, move and stick, you'd better
Nextel cellphone cb, chips together
In a telly with two chicks that like to lick together
He talking slick? he'll skip when I get the beretta
Hope he wearing red, cause tonight, he might leave
redder
I'm about to send a fix that'll split your sweater
Crying bout that trick trying to pull a vick, you deader
Your chick looking at my (dick) pushing her (tits)
together
Got you and the head of your label watch y'all slit your
wrists together
Y'all wanna battle? y'all cats are getting ripped
together
In a draft me and my better half get picked together
Your girl will get got, I ain't got to sweat her
Cause see I hop out a coupe, duke, while you hop out of
jettas
She wanted to see it, so guess what (nigga) I let her!
Now sister want to stretch me to and I just met her
Hit 'em both now them hoes is throwing fits together
Turn them (bitches) to foes, they won't even sit
together
Me and you on the same record and we spit together?
And I don't make you look bad? you sound sick, son,
never
Timbaland, that's my man, we make hits together
You and your producer, y'all cats miss together
Aim low, extra clips just to leave you wetter
Had the doctors mending your (motherfucking) hips
together
That's your clique? y'all cats think you look slick
together?

Y'all look gay, y'all probably piss and (shit) together
Pop your brother, you and your mother reminice
together
See the preacher how your family used to fish together
He might come back if y'all just wish together
He won't, go upstairs and take a () of his letter
Haters trying to swiss cheese me, I'm like "whatever"
That's like skydiving son, trying to grip a feather
Me and my flow? we're about to get rich together
You and yours need to change our f-ing pitch together
Y'all the type rap cats that snitch together
F around, get thrown down in a ditch together
Oh, now y'all cats want to pop (shit) together?
My clique in here you can get drop kicked together
Slip mickeys, have rappers getting sick together
Break fools like a couple of soup kids together
Mad skillz and va, we on your list together
Y'all sick, I'm gonna be sick with this forever, what?

[timbaland]

I told y'all that we don't stop
That's right baby, timbaland, mad skillz, uh
Feel us, feel us

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