

## **Mad Skillz "All In It"**

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No doubt  
Mad Skillz for the nine five shot son  
Yeah, forever people wreckin' shit

Get closer to your speaker, it's Mad Skillz the mic  
freaker  
The cordless technician I'll break beat 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

Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
Breakin' down tracks the beats get diminished  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Rhymes designed to be in the book of guinness  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
Yo son, where I'm from yo mics be gettin' dented

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 [Unverified] 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 flat line 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  
Chicken heads 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

Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
Breakin' down tracks the beats get diminished  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Rhymes designed to be in the book of guinness  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
Yo son, where I'm from yo mics be gettin' dented

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 bass lines 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 [Unverified] society, oh I dogs 'em, I'm a menace  
This track was fly, I was fly, you was all in it, yeah

Straight up skills, no time for gimmicks, yeah, yeah  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
Yeah breakin' down beats the tracks get diminished  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"

Uh-huh, rhymes designed to be in the book of guinness  
"Gimme a fly beat, and I'm all in it"  
I'm from V.A., nigga what? Mics get dented

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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