

Mad Skillz

"Extra Abstract Skillz"

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[Extra P]

We bout to bring em out

We bout to bring em out

A lot of niggaz in this rap world, come out, and dumb out

Me, I bring the bassline and drum out

Plus write scriptures, that bust bright pictures

When Mad Skillz, ?Cool Reef Daddy? plus Tip

just stepped inside the lab, to keep the Extra Skillz Ab

You either true fat or cut the flab

On the microphone hot it's Skillz before heat

A wack nigga rhymin, kills a raw beat

And I got both, bout to cook up a loaf of bread

on your motherfuckin head!

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah, here comes that kid Mad Skillz rippin styles with perfections

Makin rappers uncomfortable like they had yeast infections

I'm prone to rip microphones, keep rap sewn

Step on niggaz domes, leavin crews with Down's Syndrome

I'm Skillz, ending out the Extra Abstract

Grinding on nouns, hittin verbs from the back

It's like that, that's the only way it'll be

So if it gets said nigga, it got to be by me

I represent V-A well, peace to the Cella Dwell

Washing-tons of rappers up, like my first name was Denzel

Who wanna come test and attempt to come near

I shaked your puny record sales and end your career

Lookie here, no need to get fly and shit

In ninety-five, I'm on sucka MC wanna die shit

To your chest and watch the mic get ripped

Mad Skillz, Extra P, and my brother Q-Tip

[The Abstract]

Huhuhuhuhuhuh *shuddering sound* like the Doc Bruce Banner

Hit you with a ray which is similar to Gamma

Do you believe in miracles, ?

like I believe in myself, but I don't believe in you

What you need to do is get faith

Take your spiritual, out your body, put it in a higher place

Cause I'ma bring out, the Holy Ghost in niggaz
in my lyrical church, and I be hostin niggaz, uh
Submergin bodies in water, you know you oughta
lose all the glitter and flash, and get raw ass

I've been ordained by the feeling, to keep the hip-hop
raw hoppin and the wack rappers reeling

Chorus: Mad Skillz

Who got the shit that make your wigs go back?

Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract

Who's packin shit to make your wigs go back?

Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract

Whose got the shit that make your wig go back?

Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ that be Extra Abstract

Who got the shit that make your wig go back?

Yeah, WE GOT THE SKILLZ..

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, check the status, I write madness like Sutter Kane

Body-snatchin MC's and pullin souls out the frame

You know my name, V-A's invincible Mad Skillz

Intoxicatin rappers like eight million Advils

You comin black, bring your lyrics, fuck a gat

Don't play, every real nigga in V-A got my back

I come strapped with lyrics and hooks intact

You ain't gettin shit, Virginia'll send your demo tape
back

Don't waste your time tryin to sound like me

Nigga treat me like a sleeping lifeguard and just drown
for me

I take you back like the Ebony Island

in the three twenty-five, with your fuckin wife freestylin

Uh, like that

Mad Skillz, Extra Abstract

Keepin it real on the set

Yeah, catchin wreck

Yeah yeah we bout to blast off

Mad Skillz bout to blast off

Tribe Called Quest bout to blast off

Large Professor bout to blast off

All around just blastin off

East coast, we bout to blast it off

Down South gotta blast it off

Uptown you gotta blast it off uh

V-A you gotta blast it off

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