

## Mad Skillz "Ghostwriter \*"

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\* This version has the names censored, no other version exists

"Mad Skillz" "On the real"

"I'll probably make more money off your album than you" (Repeat 3x)

"I'm want to tell you once, and only once"

First of all, I ain't even want to make this shit  
There's a lot of rap cats out here faking the shit  
I'm a ghostwriter, I'm the cat that you don't see  
I write hits for rappers you like and charge 'em a fee  
Yo don't get me wrong dog, it's the cheddar that counts  
But fuck that nigga \_\_\_\_\_ cause his fucking check bounced  
You thought \_\_\_\_\_ your single was hot?  
I wrote that shit five minutes in a parking lot  
I'm the one that your man \_\_\_\_\_ had to go and get  
Cause he smoked too much lye, couldn't write his own shit  
Now \_\_\_\_\_ A&R, he on my answering machine sick  
Hollaring in my phone, "Skillz, can you write to this?"  
Sure, for stacks, nigga, I make your act bigger  
But fuck \_\_\_\_\_ and his whole label cause I ain't never get my plaque, nigga  
Jadakiss told y'all cats and that's that  
Y'all have a ASCAP or get your ass capped

"Mad Skillz" "Ghost writer, and for the right price  
I can even make yo shit tigher" --> Jay Z (Repeat 3x)  
"When my pen hits the paper, awwww shit!" --> Kane

Now that fool \_\_\_\_\_ can't flow, but his crew is sick  
Cause he got long dough, so wait til you hear his new shit  
I did two songs for \_\_\_\_\_ til they dough got straight  
And even \_\_\_\_\_ from the West Coast owe me some pape  
Remember the little kids, the one that was in \_\_\_\_\_ group?

I'm the reason you thought they lil raps was so cute  
I had a hundred songs on the Billboard list  
Ask again dog, how I got your deal on my wrist  
I did done NBA cats and NFL  
But I stopped in '97 cause they shit don't sell  
Now \_\_\_\_\_ paid up cause she was owing me stacks  
Who in the hell you think had that chicken flowing like  
that?  
I hate writing for \_\_\_\_\_ cause he take too long  
Crying about the price, I hit him with two fucking songs!  
Ran up in \_\_\_\_\_'s office and wrecked his staff  
Cause it's been two years and dog ain't paid the  
second half

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So if you just signed, trust me dog, you can't touch it  
Don't ask your label for Skillz, cause that ain't in your  
budget  
Y'all cats parlay for chips, I mingle for mills  
I turn your whole album into a single deal  
I stopped writing for \_\_\_\_\_ cause that fool don't get it  
Looking long sessions and he punching every five  
minutes  
Where my ones, nigga? What the fuck I look like?  
And his man \_\_\_\_\_ got mad cause he couldn't get the  
hook right  
I spit \_\_\_\_\_ and we don't see eye to eye  
So I feel like Lee took his Rollie up in BMI  
I'm the one that gave \_\_\_\_\_ his brand new sound  
I did his last two albums without even writing 'em down  
And for \_\_\_\_\_ from the South, dog you shook  
Stop bouncing on stage nigga like you wrote that hook  
You favorite rappers' songs? I put the flames in it  
Y'all keep fucking around, I'm a put this back out with  
your names in it

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