

## **Mad Skillz**

### **"Move Ya Body"**

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On the real, I freak techniques and beats in my sleep  
The mack back in action show skills when I speak  
Watch my leak when I bring it to your face  
I still corner dimes but in the nine I'm on a paper chase

Glass rocks, mega tops, Tims on your block  
Holding heat like crock pots and keeping g's in my  
socks  
(So, what's up, Hopps?)  
I got to keep it tight like seams, 'cause ain't no fiends  
Coming in between me and my dreams

See what I mean, black? I keep it real like that  
F A Word is bond  
I need stocks and bonds from these ill raps  
Rappers won't see me with contacts, friend  
So, please act you've got a Siamese twin and think  
again

'Cause in the end I start off with flavor  
Next to bless your chest with freestyle fantasia  
Smooth behavior, seeing rappers as illusions  
Meaning they disappear but I'm hear to keep you  
moving

Everybody, move ya body  
Everybody, move ya body  
Everybody, move ya body  
I don't think twice, kid  
You know I bring it to ya live

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See, I don't get writer's block, yo, I block other writers  
And there's been nights I had to wear sniper attire for  
biters  
Don't make that same mistake and get scarred, retard  
I see that tape you listening to got you thinking that you

hard

But dig this, cut your hair and get your name on your  
stomach  
I still find ways to make your whole rap career plummet  
Maintain, I steal mics out of the frame  
But now people think they know me, 'cause they know  
my real name

While I stay same doing shows and tours  
Somewhere in a phat crib [Unverified] playing Sega in  
the dashboard  
Styles of sword [Unverified] and flowing steadily  
Trapping MCs in mazes forever like Frankie Beverly

You know the steeze, I'm bringing beats to they knees  
Holacausting MCs and sees some g's before I breath  
That's how it be, it's no doubt that I got to bring  
It to your chest as I bring it to ya live

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You know I bring it to ya live

So, from this point on until the day that they bury me  
I'll still be on a hunt trying to snatch this currency  
Putting my peeps on while friends turn fake  
They get pissed thinking I be in Switzerland checking  
some real estate

Dropping LPs every year somewhere in a mansion  
With a butler named Vincent Jeffrey Belvedere  
I'm rare but rappers ain't trying to hear  
The reason why their girl freestyle her number in my  
ear

It's my year, son and I ain't trying to slip  
I'm trying to collect props and get not to stretch money  
clips  
Honey-dips, I keep 'em on like low end  
So, f-five-o illegal, so we don't got to go there

It's so unfair, how I do wack crews shady  
They want to be next up  
Their style sucks like a new baby  
They can't faze me, mics and man fusion  
Beats I keep bruising  
Do your thing and keep moving

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