

Mad Skillz

"The Conceited Bastard"

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Uh, what what? supafriendz, uh, uh

Straight up and down, ain't no comparing me, see
Cause I got some shit that'll put y'all motherfuckers
Back in freestyle therapy, b
I make rappers fall like when school starts, like cheap
tissue
When you're next to my shit you're getting ripped apart
Dissing wack niggas without rehearsal
No matter what I say somebody gonna take it personal,
so fuck it
Your man put down the cheddar, nigga we get the pay-
oh
I make sure you lose a friend for life and be looking for
a way home
Get dropped on your rap block without leaving a spot
Separate you from the jock, I got plans to make you hot
Watch an mc and you rot, nigga these flows is crisp
When a mic in my hand bitches is supposed to be like
this
There's mad niggas that wanna see mad skillz slip
Yeah you gonna see me slip, past your ass with your
bitch in my whip
Get a grip, whoever got the itch then I got the scratch
Mc's wanna get gassed, I feed their ass a lit match
All these jealous-ass niggas acting sheisty
Better tongue kiss magic johnson before they tell me
I'm nice
But that's aight, northside e, conceited times three
Come through your town on skis, subtracting mc's
Word to battle be in lonnie's last name
Approach me, all you getting that
Plus you getting blown out the fucking frame
Who the nigga that got a big head when he on the mic,
pa?
Ask a question, answer me (bastard, you are)

Who the mc that grab the mic and start busting
rappers' asses?
(you are you conceited bastard)
Who be burning beats down leaving you with straight
ashes?

(you are you conceited bastard)
Who's the one who put wack mc's right in their casket?
(you are you conceited bastard)
Man these fools, they slower than retarded molasass,
who the nicest?
(you are you conceited bastard)

Ayo, these little niggas in the rap game, they straight
lame

Had diss you in a rhyme, but these niggas be scared to
say your name
If a nigga say mine, he getting bagged, kid, I'm a be in
the
Studio whipping his ass before he can finish his fucking
ad-libs
Taking me out? stop hoping
Niggas always say they gonna do it, it never get done,
it's like voting
I get it open, rhymes tying into name
Simple and plain, I pull rhymes, one ring and one chain
I give a fuck about fame, press your luck and quit
Mic-wise you realize I ain't that nigga you wanna fuck
with
I'm nice as a bitch with the rhyme, if a nigga say I'm
wack
He don't know his name, can't walk a straight line
Pissy drunk, screaming like onyx
Forgot his social security number, damn near drowning
in his own vomit
I kill logic, test me friend, you'll be in a club with your
clothes
On backwards hollaring at a well-known lesbian
Half of y'all niggas got wack raps and wack tracks
Talking about you representing, putting your town on
the map
Still, your mother heard your tape and wanted to shoot
you
And niggas around this bitch wonder why we call
ourselves "super? "
Your flows get you free lunch, mine get dough and
cash
You shouldn't like that your ho got my logo tatoed on
her fucking ass
I do all y'all playa haters, believe me
You trying to end your career before this shit even
start, come see me

Outro: repeat 2x

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"well that's true" "you are" (repeat 16x)

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