

Nicci Gilbert

"Skill Trade"

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[Chorus: Greg Nice]

Together we're coolin, the mic we're rulin
Suckers we're schoolin, you better stop booin
Skill trade (we know what we doin)

[Greg Nice]

My name is Greg Nice I like to swing
Went to Canal Street I bought the dookie rings
After that, I bought a fur
Then I went to see the lady for a manicure
Cut my nails down low and my rings was glowin
Around my neck the dookie ropes was showin
Went outside, to the BM ride
With the VVS rims on all fo' sides
I was, butter soft had on fresh gear
Kickin it live to the girl in the air
Baby doll, when can we hang?
You got my number, give me a rang
Called me up yo, late one night
Let's get busy cause the time was right
You know what she wanted, she wanted to do (What?
What?)
Yo she wanted to date (what?) she wanted to OOH!
Took her to the movies, I took her to dinner
Told her I'm a vet, I ain't no beginner
Grabbed her hand and said, "Let's catch a cab
Baby don't worry I'll pay the tab"
Dug in my pockets, for the gusto
Big bills, had nothin low

[Greg Nice]

[Smooth Bee]

The S to the M double-O T-H'er
B-E-E no time to waste
Ah right about now I'm gonna reminisce
Of how a fly MC became a rap-ologist
Around the time when Chubby Checker, invented "The
Twist"
I used to play spin the bottle, run catch and kiss
Smooth Bee's my name, that's what I said

I got a blue Mercedes, a big brass bed
I live on a hill overlookin a view
And I came here tonight just to rock for you
So let's a rock y'all, and get downwn
Let's take a trip on a funky merry-go-round
You see, round and around and around we go
And when the funky beat stops everybody will know
Cause there's a time and a place where we'll all have
fun
And Smooth Bee will be your number one
Master of Ceremonies and you must admit
That I was, born and raised to make top hits
So vicious, malicious, and very discrete
I have mystical powers I perform any fete
I'm gonna be ranked at the top of my field
I'm gonna see my name in the Rappers Guild
With all the other rappers, who wanna be known
I'll be boastin with a gold-tone microphone
Cause I'm death-defyin, never caught lyin
Not a female's love I'm ever caught buyin
Get so much sex that I might explode
And on a sperm count scale I'm an overload

[Chorus]

[Greg Nice]

Yo, I'm a trooper, and I do loopers
I do stunts and I smoke blunts
Forty ounce of private stizzinock
Standin on the corner, holdin my jizzinock
Watching all the GIRLS, PASS
Boy she got a BIG (oooh oooh)
Hey, baby, whatcha eatin?
Looks to me, like you be beefin
Sneakin by I saw you peepin
Did you think Greg Nice was sleepin?
I'm not rich like Donald Trump
And I don't have no big fat lump
Slouch, only on the couch
And if you fight me girl I will say ouch
(Ahhhhh yeah!)

[Chorus]

[Smooth Bee]

Smooth Bee guaranteed to make a mic sing
I'm Smooth Bee I'm guaranteed, to give you what you
need
Not a sip not a swallow but the whole damn bottle
Got a lot of juice but my girl cut me loose
For a sucker with cazals and plate named Bruce

Little did she know that I'm choice and not moist
Undisputed rapper with a golden voice
An entrepreneur, undercover love
Man of the world with my life to explore
Minks socks leather suits shirts made of velour
Smooth articulate entertainer MC
I'm rappin to a funky beat, my dialogue's unique
Every time she sees me she offers me a skeeze
She says, "Please Smooth Bee, please, please!
Let me ride in your blue Mercedes"
I taunt and tease as she drops to her knees
And I let her wipe my nose everytime that I sneeze..
.. we know what we doin!

[Chorus]

[GN] A skill trade [SB] We know what we doin
[GN] A skill trade [SB] We know what we doin

[both]

Teddy Ted down with the skill trade
Slice and dice, he must get paid
Sip iced tea, and lay in the shade
You gaze be dazed as he will amaze!

{*Teddy Ted cuts'n'scratches*

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