

# Mad Skillz, Move Ya Body

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

chorus:

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  
(repeat)

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(?) playing Sega in the dashboard  
Styles of sword(?) and flowing steadily  
Trapping MCs in mazes forever like Frankie Beverly  
You know the steeze  
I'm bringing beats to they knees  
Holocausting 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

chorus

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 Belvadere  
I'm rare  
But, rappers ain't trying to hear  
The reason why their girl freestyled 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

chorus  
(repeat twice)