

Mad Skillz, The Jam

[Mad Skillz]

Now who done passed you a diaper and got you thinkin you the shit?
The styles I be inkin get you hyper when I get and attack tracks
Bruise and snooze on the wack
My crew's in the back, gettin blitzed like a slow quarterback
No introduc's needed, this be the jam
Which occurs everytime that the mic hits my hand
Now understand, me not makin MC's sweat
is like seein a brother sellin the Final Call chillin in the short set
Check the drill when you see me write your will
Makin cheese like grill, here to test a nigga's mic skills
When I rhyme REAL heads get the shivers
Here comes that nigga name Shakwan, signed sealed and delivered
to your tape deck, CD's and crossfaders
Beats be hard like blowin bubbles with Now or Later
Don't front, like you don't know who I am
Fully equipped to mic rip, brother here comes the jam

[Chorus]

When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Money you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Kid you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Yo you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
And you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam

[Mad Skillz]

Now if you wanna play around don't play with me
You can play with AIDS, I'm puttin H's in your IV's
Bum raps over drum taps; rappers jumpin up in my face
like the ground was covered with thumbtacks
I'm in your face like mace, take a taste
Make a crowd vibrate, like a device on my waist
Skillz Mad, will he be bad? Ask your dad
Don't front, he know about the skills that I had
Or should I say got cause my mic still hot
Back up it's Shakwan I'm lettin off verb shots
I take MC's, wake 'em up out they sleep
Pour ammonia in they face, slap 'em with some microphone techniques
After that, niggaz retire, cause I'm iller
and my lyrics are thicker than Richard Pryor
One time for my crew, two times for the fam
Givin crews sun tans, make way for the jam

[Chorus]

When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Yo you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Money you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Yeah you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah, the jam has arrived so all that garbage can walk
before I personally interact with that ass like Box Talk
So pass the steel when I flex on the reels
You know the deal that nigga Skillz be up in dips like Massengil
douche, ass toosh, who get loose
Funk money times five gettin live call a truce
From Compton to Maine I tear, niggaz out the frame

I don't battle I show niggaz how to play the cryin game
Like last November, when your man got dismembered
It was me I ate his meat, and it lasted through the winter
So enter, cause yo I been, bombin since
ninety-one when I started destroyin MC's confidence
So peace, to the real MC's
Kalonji the Mindbenda and my man Lonnie B
Javon, Little Rock, Big Street my man
Fuckin 'round with Skillz you get caught up in the jam

[Chorus]

When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Yo you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
Yeah you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
And you'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam
When the mic hits my hand, you know I'm gonna slam
You'll be like, oh shit! That's the jam