

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)