

Mad Skillz, Tip of the Tongue

[Mad Skillz]

Uhh.. nine-five shizzot, in the hizzouse
Uh what nigga? Tch, uhh, uhh, uhh..

Watch my style rise like ? on your eyes
And battlin is hard, like retards becomin Jedi's
Watch the dread fry, submerge it from tripes
Born from a virgin, with a eye in her back
So where you at -- when I choose to chew through rhythms
makin bitches WOOF, like they had seven niggaz with em
MC's is sleazy, plus they styles is easy
Fool take that shit to help son and give it to fuckin Wheezy
or Helen, I'm crackin open MC's melons
Tonight aight yo, I'ma leave some microphones swellin
(Man I be flowin) Whatcha flow got to do with me?
Yo I'm wiser so be Pryor and act like you can't see
I'm the abyss so wack niggaz take a dive
I'm over killer beats the average kids won't survive
You wanna battle? Come on and bring it on son
I got your whole family tree on the tip of my tongue

Chorus: Mad Skillz (repeat 4X)

Floatin lyrics, from the tip of my tongue
I swing (swing) I sway (sway) I swung (swung)

[Mad Skillz]

Check it
I flow with tight raps, niggaz get a tight face
Attitude's, like I parked in they handicapped space
but I wets it, wrecks it when I mic checks it
Givin girls my number backwards, tellin em I'm dyslexic
Don't front -- you know what type of shit I'm on
Rippin mics of all types, Verbal Master Sha-Kwan
You were warned about the Northside click
Bitch, flex, and get your neck stretched like Dionne Warwick
Let me lick a shot for all my niggaz in the streets
Gettin ill keepin it real doin what they gotta do to eat
Compete and get hit with dizzy techniques
The only crossin over I'm doin is a motherfuckin street
So listen, I get in where I fit in and word to God
I like beats hard like holdin your shit in, sit in
on the session watch your body get numb
A real MC keeps his skills on the tip of his tongue, what?

Chorus

[Mad Skillz]

Verse, tre, who's tryin to leave in a hearse today?
See Skillz has skills since your great grandma's first birthday
In the worst way, my styles be diesel
My crew ain't goin no-fuckin-where nigga we the Forever People
Gettin rid of, bullshit, when I bang ya
So MC's don't talk to me, just consider me a stranger
Take a toke I hope you don't choke
Cause if you ever see my shit it'll be through a kaleidoscope
Leavin marks to embark then gettin beat sparked
Floatin lyrics from the tip like an ark
I got rhymes to stand the test of time
I'm bound to climb, when I go one time for your mind
I'm fulfillin my purpose in life, pah (what is it?)
See I was put here so wack niggaz, would know how wack they are
You know who you are your shit's saggin, word is bond
My shit's tighter than five virgins in a Volkswagen

Chorus 2X

Do you have any idea how tight, that, five virgins, well, fuck it..