Missy Elliott, Crew Deep

[Intro repeat 14x: Skillz]
Un un un un, come on nigga
[Skillz] (Missy Elliott)
I be the S-K-I, double L, Z'n
Block is hot again, guess who's the reason?
Your favorite rapper, I got his ass not breathin
You seen me with Missy so it's VA season
Like (Hollaaaaa!) check the flow
And if you a hater, exit the door
Rap is a set up, just a lot of games
A lot of suckas with colorful names
I'm so and so, I'm this, I'm that
But all y'all cats rap about is cars and crack
And these R&B cats, spammers
What chu think, you sound better with a wife beater and a bandana?
(Hey!) Hunh, you fools need to stop
Half y'all got paid studying pop
And as far as these beats, I spit sparks to them
I'm sick in the booth, aiyyo shorty talk to 'em, like...
[Chorus: Kandi (Missy)]
Y'all don't really wanna fuck with me
My click D double E to the P
(Ahhhhh!) I put two in ya side
Flow in ya doe in ya motherfucking ride
Y'all really wanna fuck with me?
My click D double E to the P
(Ahhhhh!) I put two in ya chest
Ain't no other yet cause I'm the motherfucking best
[Skillz]
Yo, stop what your doin, cause I'm about to ruin...
These half-ass rappers your used to
So who the fuck wanna battle me?
I spit slugs out my mouth bout the size of a C battery
Like, "chik chik chik", put it down, man
Half of y'all cats lying on your sound scan
And you sold what? That was the amount?
Come on nigga, you know sample tapes don't count
Real quick out the stash, been flippin at dash
Bruise me with two feet when I'm kicking yo' ass
And you never catch me in the club leaving a skirt
If I don't get brains then the meter get jerk
Y'all them fools in the club with a Smedian shirt
Rent a car in your hometown just to see if it work
For 18 years, your momma been feedin a jerk
I spit something hot, have you getting wheezy like Turk, nigga
[Chorus]
[Skillz]
Aiyyo, say blast I'ma blast, while y'all play dummies
Hunh, thinking I ain't gon get this money
Watch me come through spit sick and get fly
Beat you on your best day on your best try, and...
(Y'all don't really wanna...)
Dig out the stash cause I probably.. on yo' ass
And my words make the track get up
While I move on it, groove on it
And keep you flows on the cut like...
Rockin mic's, y'all know how we get down
Catch me on tour when I slide through your town
I'm hit bound, y'all lay down flat
The new "King of VA", who's fuckin with that?
[Chorus]