

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]