

Mad Skillz, Fatty Girl Freestyle

Fuckin' with skillz, you gon' meet ya doom
Nigga I spit fire that make dragons wanna leave the room
I put VA on the map, open the south
When I spit, bitches open up they legs or they mouth
And ya mans wanna battle, but I aint let him
I dont know who can see me, cuz I aint met 'em
Man these cats aint thugs they fools
I take ya bandana, wet it, pop you with it like we did at the pool
When I start smakin' niggas they gonna see who rule
Cats callin' Tawkus up like "I thought he was cool!"
Yall reefer seeds, I'm a block of raw
And when I spit the words, they lock the jaw
And I plan to win, when I bomb the sound
So a if thats ya mans and them, calm 'em down
I warned you clown, I'm heatin' up in degrees
I have you singin' bout fallin' like Alica Keys
Man these fuckers and ballers, they scrubs
First muh'fucker tried to sneak a slerpie in the club
Ya not "supa", we aint close to friends
And I throw away dubs like broke the rims
You gotta be twins, you look as broke as him
When I get in the game, expect a broken rim
I'm a shot caller, with no excuse to brawl
Got well known rappers wishin' they could shoot ball
You at ya mans house, bald with shoes
I'm on some rims that go backward when the car dont move
Bitch at the light, I thought I stopped her heart
She saw the wheels, got scared threw her car in park
I'm the type that has BET seein' me as a threat
You the type to tuck the coogie down in ya sweats
P.diddy run the city, thats his claim to fame?
If he moved to VA, he'd change his name
I dont like rappers, stay out of my sight
If I give you dap, you better use that hand to write
Yo the words I spit, could charge ya whip
I let yall talk slick, but thats as far's its gets
You aint gotta gun, you aint gon blast the 8
You a punk, you got ya hype man ass in ya face
Ask around, I'm a basket case
I got words that make a nigga in a casket shake
What the hell you gonna tell me kid
I get ya chick in ya crib, like I was kelly and you was Mr. Biggs
Pull off and bust on her back
Tell ya ass yo, goto the studio and rap about that
Niggas talk how they flow so well
But they hooks be garbage, guess what you aint gon' sell
I'm east but I'm slightly south
Nigga I got Jordans that'll make mike cus Nike out
But when I'm jig, you got to feel me
The gators so live the crocodile hunter tried to kill me
I told him, "Steavy dont even try it."
Slapped him with the pistol and said "be very quiet"
I aint got time for yall
Two way me with letters dog, cuz i aint got time to call
If you drop on my Tuesday, you wont win
Put a chip in ya phone, call a million of ya friends
Tell 'em to cop it again, make sure its in the mall
Play Russian rullet until ya manager call
Belive me dog, cuz I'm real
You built to spit but you aint built to spit with Skillz
I'm the best that ever did it cuz
I aint gotta get Nate on a hook to give westcoast love
I strut through any hood
I was fuckin' in Miami, yall was down there duckin' Suge

So tell me whats good, what ya life be bout
Suge got you shook, fuck you doin' shoutin' him out?
You aint down, start slidin' nigga
I already gave you pound, STOP DICK RIDIN' NIGGA
You a grown man you need to stop it
Skillz represent, buy the album when I drop it