

Mad Skillz, Skillz In '95

Now if you had my eyes then you'd see what I see
A desire to see a soundman hung and bless the M-I-C
Who I be? The generation of the next MC's
Who believe in breakbeats, microphones, and tecs
My voice travels through your flesh, putting crews to rest
I wanna be the shit from here to Budapest
Kneel please, I represent real MC's
I'm at ease when I spot another beat to seize
So don't test me, I represent the best you see
And next to me is the Extra P on the SP
A combination that could leave niggas wishing
That rhymes hadn't got handled the whole of sedition
I write raps like I had an hour to live
Contact the crowd with lyrics I was born to give
I maintain in this mission to get loot
So listen clear, I'm putting niggas careers on mute

☐When I represent, I lotta kids won't survive
☐Name's Mad Skillz, year's '95 (Repeat 2x)

Indeed proceed I need to make rappers bleed
My words hurt ya, my thoughts are nurtured like seeds
It's my year son, so throw your style away
Don't underrate me, cause I smell niggas fears from miles away
Rip a mic host and I'm ghost
Peace to Myn Benda and Kilonji from the slums of the cosmos
You get ill on Skillz? Come on, don't jet
Close your front door, nigga, cause your style's on house arrest
Skillz, nigga, with the Mad in the front
Maintaining through strife cause life is like a manhunt
I breathe rap, G's need to heed that
Treat me like I'm on in the back up, now you gets no feedback
Stop grazing, don't keep it real on occasion
You can't see me, chase me through the walls I be phasing
And adapt, cause I ain't hearing nothing but rap
I'm here to bless the mic and represent real like that

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Yeah, the average head can't seem to understand
It's something about a beat and a mic in my hand
Kicks and snares bring me in for the kill
Cause be doubting and my voice be pouncing over drum fills
Don't fret, my decibels pop cassettes
Rhymes designed, to raze hair like Gillettes
Sweat, techniques that Skillz be making
Riding the groove smooth, got no time for move faking
You should master your craft, that's my motto
MC's be getting popped quick, just like zits on a supermodel
Witness the sickness I possess
Like ???, sheel and strees through my down vest
Next test, one time watch your mind
I drop rhymes, no corner standing son, I'm not a stop sign
Get used to microphone wear and tear
By now you know the name and the year

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☐"I got skills" - Big Daddy Kane (Repeat 16x)