

# Mad Skillz, The Conceited Bastard

Uh, what what? Supafriendz, uh, uh

Straight up and down, ain't no comparing me, see  
Cause I got some shit that'll put y'all motherfuckers  
Back in freestyle therapy, B  
I make rappers fall like when school starts, like cheap tissue  
When you're next to my shit you're getting ripped apart  
Dissing wack niggas without rehearsal  
No matter what I say somebody gonna take it personal, so fuck it  
Your man put down the cheddar, nigga we get the pay-oh  
I make sure you lose a friend for life and be looking for a way home  
Get dropped on your rap block without leaving a spot  
Separate you from the jock, I got plans to make you hot  
Watch an MC and you rot, nigga these flows is crisp  
When a mic in my hand bitches is supposed to be like this  
There's mad niggas that wanna see Mad Skillz slip  
Yeah you gonna see me slip, past your ass with your bitch in my whip  
Get a grip, whoever got the itch then I got the scratch  
MC's wanna get gassed, I feed their ass a lit match  
All these jealous-ass niggas acting sheisty  
Better tongue kiss Magic Johnson before they tell me I'm nice  
But that's aight, Northside E, conceited times three  
Come through your town on skis, subtracting MC's  
Word to Battle be in Lonnie's last name  
Approach me, all you getting that  
Plus you getting blown out the fucking frame  
Who the nigga that got a big head when he on the mic, pa?  
Ask a question, answer me (Bastard, you are)

Who the MC that grab the mic and start busting rappers' asses?

☐ (You are you conceited bastard)

Who be burning beats down leaving you with straight ashes?

☐ (You are you conceited bastard)

Who's the one who put wack MC's right in their casket?

☐ (You are you conceited bastard)

Man these fools, they slower than retarded molasass, who the nicest?

☐ (You are you conceited bastard)

Ayo, these little niggas in the rap game, they straight lame  
Had diss you in a rhyme, but these niggas be scared to say your name  
If a nigga say mine, he getting bagged, kid, I'm a be in the  
Studio whipping his ass before he can finish his fucking ad-libs  
Taking me out? Stop hoping  
Niggas always say they gonna do it, it never get done, it's like voting  
I get it open, rhymes tying into name  
Simple and plain, I pull rhymes, one ring and one chain  
I give a fuck about fame, press your luck and quit  
Mic-wise you realize I ain't that nigga you wanna fuck with  
I'm nice as a bitch with the rhyme, if a nigga say I'm wack  
He don't know his name, can't walk a straight line  
Pissy drunk, screaming like Onyx  
Forgot his social security number, damn near drowning in his own vomit  
I kill logic, test me friend, you'll be in a club with your clothes  
On backwards hollaring at a well-known lesbian  
Half of y'all niggas got wack raps and wack tracks  
Talking about you representing, putting your town on the map  
Still, your mother heard your tape and wanted to shoot you  
And niggas around this bitch wonder why we call ourselves "Super?"  
Your flows get you free lunch, mine get dough and cash  
You shouldn't like that your ho got my logo tatooed on her fucking ass  
I do all y'all playa haters, believe me  
You trying to end your career before this shit even start, come see me

Outro: Repeat 2x

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☐&quot;Well that's true&quot; &quot;You are&quot; (Repeat 16x)