

Mad Skillz, Y'all Don't Wanna

Uh, skillz
Uh, Hi-Tek
Yea
VA yea, yo

Yo, trust me y'all don't want none of me man
You wanna discuss that shit with your dog like the Son of Sam
If I, run out of hustles, then I'm runnin a scam
Spit some hot shit to you that'll be numbin ya man
Uh huh, I know what y'all niggas thinkin now
"He was on TV with Missy, so how the fuck he underground?"
I rep my state from coast to coast
Don't matter if I'm spittin with Nas or sippin with Mos
I'm explainin shit to y'all geeks
I fucks with Timbaland cuz Timbaland got beats!
And after Ghostwriter came out
Y'all was bitchin and cryin, cuz I ain't put the names out
Y'all still thinkin I was frontin
And Puff cut a check so I ain't have to say nothin *Nah*
These rap cats is fakin
I'm jumpin in front of you and takin yours like a Secret Service agent
Come on

[Chorus] (x2)

y'all don't wanna do that, mmm mmm
Y'all don't wanna do that, uh uh
You don't really wanna do that, mmm mmm
Dog, you don't wanna do that, uh uh

Yo, you know what hurts me even more? *What?*

Male groupies when you out on tour *For real*

Man, I thought I was gon flip
Dude passed the tape under the stall and I'm tryin to take a shit!
Man, this drama gotta stop
Them the fools that you gotta watch
Keep your tape, don't do me no favors
Cuz when I tell you the truth, you gon call me a hater
And chicks I came up with
Be gettin mad cuz they can't get hit
They be like, "That nigga Skillz ain't shit!"
Huh, but you just spent some bills, to give Skills the shit, didn't you?
Mmm hmm
That's funny
These broads ain't stoppin my money *Uh uh*
So if you manage to get close to me
Think about what you gon say boo before approaching me
Cuz see,

Chorus (x2)

I rip mics til they torn
When I walk, they think there's a strobe light on
In ciphers I be straight up attacking
Cats be like, "You ripped that shit nigga!"
Calm down, I was practicin
Man y'all gotta be kiddin
I got your CD, I did a lotta skippin like,
When I see you, you gon do a lotta bitchin
While I'm on stage, spittin with a lotta niggas ad-libbin
Man, y'all need to kill that
I'm from B.A. nigga, where's it's goddamn real at
Tracks I feel that
And leave curfew(?) the streets
So if you haters suckin yo teeth, then do it on beat

Come on *teeth sucking*
I ain't new with the heat
I'm in the booth with the flu and still chewin the beat
I'm sonnin y'all like Father's Day
Disrespect Pop and get popped like Marvin Gaye
Cuz see

Chorus (x4)

Skillz, B.A., Supafriendz