

Skillz, Y'all Don't Wanna Do That

(Skillz)

Uhh, uhh
Yeah, yeah
Uh-huh uh
Skillz, uhh
Hi-Tek
Yeah, uh
V-A, yeah
Yo, uhh, yeah

Yo trust me you 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 your man (uh-huh)
I know what y'all niggaz thinkin now
"He was on TV with Missy, so how the fuck he underground?"
Uhh, I rep my state from coast to coast
Don't matter if I'm spittin with Nas or spittin with Mos
I'ma explain this shit to y'all geeks (talk to 'em)
I fuck with Timbaland cause Timbaland got beats!
And after "Ghostwriter" came out (uhh)
Y'all was bitchin and cryin, cause I ain't put the names out (uh-huh)
Y'all still thinkin I was frontin (mm-hmm)
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

(Chorus 2X: Skillz)

Y'all don't wanna do that (mm-mmm!)
Y'all don't wanna do that (uh-uhh!)
You don't really wanna do that (mm-mmm!)
Dog you don't wanna do that (uh-uhh!)

(Skillz)

Yo, you know what irks me even more? (What?)
Male groupies when you out on tour (f'real)
Man I thought I was gon' flip
Duke 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 (uh-huh)
Keep your tape, don't do me no favors
Cause when I tell you the truth, you gon' call me a hater (uh-huh)
And chicks I came up with (mm-hmm)
Be gettin mad cause they can't get hits (what?)
They be like, "That nigga Skillz ain't shit!"
Huh, but you just spent some bills to get Skillz's shit
Didn't you? "Mm-hmm" That's funny (mm-hmm)
These broads ain't stoppin my money (uh-uh!)
So if you manage to get close to me (uh-huh)
Think about what you gon' say boo before approachin me
Cause see

(Chorus)

(Skillz)

Yo, uhh
I rip mics 'til they torn (uh-huh)
When I walk, you'd think there's a strobelite on .. (yeah)
In cyphers I be straight up attackin
Cats be like, "You ripped that shit nigga!"
Calm down, I was practicin!
Man y'all gotta be kiddin (uh-huh)
I got yo' CD, I did a lot of skippin
Like when I see you, you gon' do a lot of bitchin

While I'm on stage spittin with a lot of niggaz ad-libbin
Man y'all need to kill that
I'm from V-A nigga, where it's God damn real at
Tracks I peel at, and leak a few to the streets
So if you haters suckin yo' teeth then do it on beat, c'mon
(Tchk, tchk-tchk, tchk-tchk) 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, cause see

(Chorus) - 2X

(Skillz)

Uhh, uhh, Skillz

Uhh, uhh, V-A

Yeah, c'mon {*beat fades*}