

## Crew Deep

Mad Skillz

Un un un un, come on nigga

I be the S-K-I, double L, Z'n  
Block is hot again, guess who's the reason?  
Your favorite rapper, I got his ass not breathin  
You seen me with Missy so it's VA season  
Like (Hollaaaaa!) check the flow  
And if you a hater, exit the door  
Rap is a set up, just a lot of games  
A lot of suckas with colorful names  
I'm so and so, I'm this, I'm that  
But all y'all cats rap about is cars and crack  
And these R&B cats, spammers  
What chu think, you sound better with a wife beater and a bandana?  
(Hey!) Hunh, you fools need to stop  
Half y'all got paid studying pop  
And as far as these beats, I spit sparks to them  
I'm sick in the booth, aiiyo shorty talk to 'em, like...

Y'all don't really wanna fuck with me  
My click D double E to the P  
(Ahhhhh!) I put two in ya side  
Flow in ya doe in ya motherfucking ride  
Y'all really wanna fuck with me?  
My click D double E to the P  
(Ahhhhh!) I put two in ya chest  
Ain't no other yet cause I'm the motherfucking best

Yo, stop what your doin, cause I'm about to ruin...  
These half-ass rappers your used to  
So who the fuck wanna battle me?  
I spit slugs out my mouth bout the size of a C battery  
Like, "chik chik chik", put it down, man  
Half of y'all cats lying on your sound scan  
And you sold what? That was the amount?  
Come on nigga, you know sample tapes don't count  
Real quick out the stash, been flippin at dash  
Bruise me with two feet when I'm kicking yo' ass  
And you never catch me in the club leaving a skirt  
If I don't get brains then the meter get jerk  
Y'all them fools in the club with a Smedian shirt  
Rent a car in your hometown just to see if it work  
For 18 years, your momma been feedin a jerk  
I spit something hot, have you getting wheezy like Turk, nigga

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Aiiyo, say blast I'ma blast, while y'all play dummies  
Hunh, thinking I ain't gon get this money  
Watch me come through spit sick and get fly

Beat you on your best day on your best try, and...  
(Y'all don't really wanna...)  
Dig out the stash cause I probably.. on yo' ass  
And my words make the track get up  
While I move on it, groove on it  
And keep you flows on the cut like...  
Rockin mic's, y'all know how we get down  
Catch me on tour when I slide through your town  
I'm hit bound, y'all lay down flat  
The new "King of VA", who's fuckin with that?

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