

Move Ya Body

Mad Skillz

On the real, I freak techniques and beats in my sleep
The mack back in action show skills when I speak
Watch my leak when I bring it to your face
I still corner dimes but in the nine I'm on a paper chase

Glass rocks, mega tops, Tims on your block
Holding heat like crock pots and keeping g's in my socks
(So, what's up, Hopps?)
I got to keep it tight like seams, 'cause ain't no fiends
Coming in between me and my dreams

See what I mean, black? I keep it real like that
F A Word is bond
I need stocks and bonds from these ill raps
Rappers won't see me with contacts, friend
So, please act you've got a Siamese twin and think again

'Cause in the end I start off with flavor
Next to bless your chest with freestyle fantasia
Smooth behavior, seeing rappers as illusions
Meaning they disappear but I'm hear to keep you moving

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Everybody, move ya body
I don't think twice, kid
You know I bring it to ya live

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See, I don't get writer's block, yo, I block other writers
And there's been nights I had to wear sniper attire for biters
Don't make that same mistake and get scarred, retard
I see that tape you listening to got you thinking that you hard

But dig this, cut your hair and get your name on your stomach
I still find ways to make your whole rap career plummet
Maintain, I steal mics out of the frame
But now people think they know me, 'cause they know my real name

While I stay same doing shows and tours
Somewhere in a phat crib [Unverified] playing Sega in the dashboard
Styles of sword [Unverified] and flowing steadily
Trapping MCs in mazes forever like Frankie Beverly

You know the steeze, I'm bringing beats to they knees
Holacausting MCs and sees some g's before I breath
That's how it be, it's no doubt that I got to bring
It to your chest as I bring it to ya live

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So, from this point on until the day that they bury me
I'll still be on a hunt trying to snatch this currency
Putting my peeps on while friends turn fake
They get pissed thinking I be in Switzerland checking some real estate

Dropping LPs every year somewhere in a mansion
With a butler named Vincent Jeffrey Belvedere
I'm rare but rappers ain't trying to hear
The reason why their girl freestyle her number in my ear

It's my year, son and I ain't trying to slip
I'm trying to collect props and get not to stretch money clips
Honey-dips, I keep 'em on like low end
So, f-five-o Illegal, so we don't got to go there

It's so unfair, how I do wack crews shady
They want to be next up
Their style sucks like a new baby
They can't faze me, mics and man fusion
Beats I keep bruising
Do your thing and keep moving

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