

# Together

Mad Skillz

Yo, yo, I spit six of rap figures, get your (shit) together  
Require some (shit) to stitch your lips together  
My click stick together, mic rip together  
Move no bricks or I make hits to flip my cheddar  
No chicks for you and your man? y'all trick together  
Y'all fools flow? y'all cats gonna brick together  
I do a song with a whole group they getting lit together  
Pop your snotbox son, move and stick, you'd better  
Nextel cellphone cb, chips together  
In a telly with two chicks that like to lick together  
He talking slick? he'll skip when I get the beretta  
Hope he wearing red, cause tonight, he might leave redder  
I'm about to send a fix that'll split your sweater  
Crying bout that trick trying to pull a vick, you deader  
Your chick looking at my (dick) pushing her (tits) together  
Got you and the head of your label watch y'all slit your wrists together  
Y'all wanna battle? y'all cats are getting ripped together  
In a draft me and my better half get picked together  
Your girl will get got, I ain't got to sweat her  
Cause see I hop out a coupe, duke, while you hop out of jettas  
She wanted to see it, so guess what (nigga) I let her!  
Now sister want to stretch me to and I just met her  
Hit 'em both now them hoes is throwing fits together  
Turn them (bitches) to foes, they won't even sit together  
Me and you on the same record and we spit together?  
And I don't make you look bad? you sound sick, son, never  
Timbaland, that's my man, we make hits together  
You and your producer, y'all cats miss together  
Aim low, extra clips just to leave you wetter  
Had the doctors mending your (motherfucking) hips together  
That's your clique? y'all cats think you look slick together?  
Y'all look gay, y'all probably piss and together  
Pop your brother, you and your mother reminice together  
See the preacher how your family used to fish together  
He might come back if y'all just wish together  
He won't, go upstairs and take a of his letter  
Haters trying to swiss cheese me, I'm like "whatever"  
That's like skydiving son, trying to grip a feather  
Me and my flow? we're about to get rich together  
You and yours need to change our f-ing pitch together  
Y'all the type rap cats that snitch together  
F around, get thrown down in a ditch together  
Oh, now y'all cats want to pop (shit) together?  
My clique in here you can get drop kicked together  
Slip mickeys, have rappers getting sick together  
Break fools like a couple of soup kids together  
Mad skillz and va, we on your list together  
Y'all sick, I'm gonna be sick with this forever, what?

I told y'all that we don't stop  
That's right baby, timbaland, mad skillz, uh  
Feel us, feel us