

Click

Skyzoo

Yo, turn the lights on. I can't see in here
I gotta see what's goin' on man. You hear me?
Turn the lights on. Word

Click!

Uh huh. Yeah, bring the horns. Word up. Here's another one
The lights is on. How we say that shit? "Do It Now, Git It Done"
Ha ha. Yeah. Skyzoo. Torae

Click!

I said the more often I rhyme the more awkward you find it
To be accepted by the lyrical minded
Individual, subliminal, criminal conscious
Makin' me numb how I'm stealin' the shine is
Defined as stupendous
Torae spittin' with splendedness
So my sentence is like a syllabus to the listeners
"Git It Done", got it done
Got 'em a lot of runs
We plotted on how to double back with a hotter one
Nigga I'm New York ground
Been holdin' New York down
With the creator of the New York sound
And there can never be another or a new version of nothin'
Niggas must of forgot where it started
Primo they buggin'
It's more of the future, less of what you used ta
Whoever feel hip hop is dead, here's a booster
With no cables or battery pack
So everybody lovin' the city, we glad that we back
You should sit down and listen to what the game's been missin'
Cause "Reprogram" was my "Redefinition"
I guess Chairman's Choice was just the beginnin'
Cause I'm the one to XXL for every sentence
I read every blog, every article printed
I heard every bar, every rhyme you was pennin'
I felt all the hate and the love
You niggas fake as a fuck
You want my spot nigga? Take it in blood

"That's why I write the shit that I write in my rap
Everyday of the week I live in it, breathe in it"
[Obie Trice 'Drama Setter':] "It is senseless for you to prevent this"
[Buckshot 'Crooklyn':] "I know you wanna enter but I can't let you in"

The second coming of the shit that you fear
The first time they was callin' it luck
But low and behold I'm still in ya ear
See the difference is here
So keep that in your mind
When you rhyming and you thinkin' bout leanin' on lyin'
Scrap whatever you thought and what you wanted to think
I attack your spot the minute that you fuck up and blink
Motivated by a Kennedy Fried, tropical fantasies
7-1-8, Chris Wallace and James Yancy

Suck, the prodigal son chosen
Lyrical landmark, father with the flows is
So youngin' don't confuse me with nothin' them dudes be
My leap year is outta your dude's reach
Skyzoo change for change?
Hardly
Meanin' I'm signin' my contract with a Sharpie
Motherfuckers is buggin' if they want me to beg
I'll be creepin' on a come up like [?]
Deal with it
And through all that, I'm still with it
The beat is still sluttin' so yeah, I still dick it
Huh, it's clear as day but y'all don't see it ock
I guess I'm like a lost episode of Graffiti Rock
Or somethin' like the wax that the record is made from
They need me more than they say son
Okay Player?
So you can type whatever you want to type
But I still write better than everyone that you like

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