

[Mad Skillz]

Rappers came with their styles and I left with their heads
Their crews became victim of the body-snatchin dread
The world is now mine, the world belongs to me
I carefully planned the extinction of all wack MC's
Now innocents must prepare for my slaughter
My style will inherit the world, just like water
Cover it like sauce, think about who lost
Niggaz minds was the reason for the MC holocaust
I'll be the first to admit, I'm on some next shit
Two rappers stepped up and left bullemic, and anorexic
I told humans I'd conquer and bomb shit
Now I stand alone and take care of my continents
A&R's used to ignore me (yep) realized I was nice
Now it's no one left here to write my life story
Ninety-five rappers shelled like pearls
Hit by genocide, I inherited the world

Chorus: repeat 4X

Humanity gets crushed, with a style that's hard
"Crews crumble up, under pressure God!"

[Mad Skillz]

I came alone, draggin bags of bones
Slit my own wrists, and bleedin out microphones
Consider me the MC who lives forever
Rainin hemlock on niggaz, yes, the God of the weather
The end of time as you know it without a shotty
In the simple game of freeze tag, I touched EVERYBODY
Man's worst creation like the bomb
Just exist in life form, then I'm leavin town tomorrow
If I hadn't done it, the world wouldn't be clean
Now I memorize rhymes, work on my time machine
Nothin shall breathe, or be conceived
They shoulda known, now it's on and the world's on it's knees
I feel relieved, free from their directions
Now I battle my reflection, ask rhetorical questions (uh-huh)
My actions, they might make mortals earl
I won't have that problem, I inherited the world

Chorus

[Mad Skillz]

Now put thought to the word one
Cause now I got Mad time to think about what I done
It's too quiet here, I'm losin my mentality
I'm actually alone and I'm startin to see reality
No more hip-hop -- what was I thinkin of?
No more fat tracks and no family to love
No incidents makin black people tighter
No more real MC's doin time in the cypher
No wreckin shows, no more gettin biz
I fantasize and hear voices sayin, "Yo that shit was fat kid"
Nothin to look forward to, day after day
So why write rhymes - who's gonna hear what I have to say?
And if I do, who's gonna appreciate it?
Humanity terminated, I'm alone and I hate it
I lost it all, my crew and my girl
All because I had to inherit the world..

Chorus (-Mad Skillz) * repeat to end *

Uhh.. Mad Skillz.. keep on
Peace out to everybody that's here
All the corpses, all the wack MC's..