

Original

Mystikal

[Intro]

I'm a political refugee
That's how the f-ck I felt

[Birdman - Chorus]

Birds for the summer
Hummers for the runners
Candy on the paint
9 for the thunder

Throw a couple hundreds

Fishing on a fishtail

With big money, Cash Money oilwell

High roller, shot caller, big boss

Original, real nigga from the start

Head huntin', price on a nigga tab

Hit 'em up, for playing with a f-cking male

[Mystikal]

Say I'm better than Beethoven

To the beat that I rap over

Stay outta that medicine cabinet

Yeah, that's what they told me

Giving us piss tests, cause we stay rollin'

And know a nigga act better than a .45 caliber pistol when they loading

They penalize us, tryna slow us down

They constantly f-cking us up

That's why we're buck wild

Call me porch monkey, call me jigaboo

When you know you wanna f-ck my woman and eat my barbeque

How the f-ck you gon' watch my house

But don't wanna live on my street

The ape man told Tarzan "how the f-ck you better than me?"

Rap I run that rock, and got a jump shot

Who we got that black wife, up in that white house

I took a look and didn't sell out

I was in the ? and didn't bail out

Hoping the, didn't fail out

Back to the top from the jail house

Lace 'em up, tie ya shoe

Catch a cut, know what pressure do

[Birdman - Chorus]

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[Mystikal]
Who out c'here f-cking with me, huh? tell me that
I'm bout to drop that sh-t, where my pamper at?
Try to answer that, or give me my mantle back
I bury you cockroaches, shoulda left me where I was at
You dun made that f-cking bed
You dun built this f-cking castle
? Yeah nigga what the hell
Talking baby business, yeah
Don't be f-cking with me
Cause you wont get off easy
I feel just like Drew Brees
When they kick off football season
How I cut the ref, you can't stop me from bleeding
Rappers betta leave me 'lone
If they gon' keep on breathing
Now keep on starving and I'mma gonna keep on eating
And you keep on sucking, and I'mma keep on skeetin
You gon' be the one bussing or be the one fleeing
You better keep on trucking
Ain't nobody wanna f-ck with me this evening
[Birdman - Chorus]
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[Lil Wayne]

Uh, ain't it crazy how shit be
That's why I flush it
I got the Tommy gun with the drum
That's percussion
I just popped a couple pain pills, self destruction
I made something out of nothing, thanks for nothin'
I pistol whip ya bitch, knock her out Robitussin
Ran up in your house, killed everybody, no discussion
Rep, that muthaf-cking red flag like a Russian
Yeah, look, I told her baby I'm a thrasher
We kissed, I lit her ass up than I ashed her
No hard feelings, no car dealing, but I shuffle my queen
Duffle bag too heavy to carry to the car
My Mary in a jar
I'm food, I let the haters add a little salt
That's cool, I do it for all the niggas that try
And all the bitches I've f-cked, and all my niggas that died
Tunechi
[Birdman - Chorus]
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