

The Edge of the Blade

Mystikal

Come here.

I got sumthin to tell you.

I don't know how to explain it... but, I'm different.

You crazy? Naw, I ain't.

I'm just saying. I'm, I'm not like you.

I'm not like others.

It's like I've been here before.

[Verse One]

504's the dope name, I don't play

MY RHYME GON BANG!

Make the 8 for the pape, light the flame

Ignite like propane

No sweat, no blood, no pain, no gain (Blade!)

No guards, no deal, no dice, no game, no thang

I'm giving you bitches sumthin vicious

Got em falling to pieces like porcelain dishes

I'M DIRTY!

I get all the way down to the ground, BITCH, WHAT!?

Memorize this by the pitch, by the book... I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!

I was blamed to BLOW! Ground rebucked!

Stay here... LAY DOWN AND GET FUCKED!

Nigga, you underneath me, out my entries

Out my entries, I can count a hundred thousand pennies every century

Look at that, look at that, look at that, GET BACK!

I get very scary like the Gatlin... BITCH, WHAT'S HAPPENING!?

I rip tracks and pop tapes

I'm so popular, they just gosta rock what I spray

It's time I gotta watch what I say!

I get surprised when sumthin from round the crocodiles play

Oh, won't be nothin'!

I make em say, "Aw, give it to me, don't be that way!"

I'm telling ya, I'm cutting into ya w/ the music

I been doing this shit, I'm highly trained on how to use it

The objective supply the proper perspective

Tacky or selective, maximum effective

Narcoleptic, brine neglected

It just don't get no cooler, if I don't perfect it

Y'all niggaz couldn't pop a rubber band on my brain

Chopping and slicing with the edge of the blade!

[Chorus: KLC]

The Blade!

(24X)

[Wesley Snipes]

There are worse things out tonight than vampires.

[N'Bushe Wright]

Like what?

[Wesley Snipes]

Like me!

[Verse Two]

I turn a sucka into a supper!

They gotta suffer!

Bout a had enough, that's why I'm coming!

COME ON, FUCKER!

I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired

They can't hide from the pain 'cause the noise won't stop

They don't stand a ghost of a chance, but they try

A side of my mind tell me to get em

Bloody side, lettin it ride

Even when a couple hundred years go by

They still gone bite and I'm still gone fly

Yes, five fingers around they necks

I run thru your back and come out your chest

You moving too fast, forgot to brace yourself

AW SHIT! Here it come, nigga, brace yourself!

Oh my God!

Don't worry, I'm a get ya, it don't matter how I put it

Let me say sumthin, let me talk in the telly

Let me stand as tall as the fellas

You would, if you could, but you don't git up off it

I'm the hand on the hammer, on the nail, in the coffin

I'm marching to a different drummer

At the head of the parade, I'm the edge of the blade!

[Chorus: KLC: 32X]

[KLC saying "Blade" w/ marching sounds till fade]

Mystikal appears courtesy of No Limit / Jive Records, 1998.

Posted by Shy-Stee JB

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