

Tarantula

Mystikal

Oh bitch I'm country as cowboy boots
High debut, beating boy band groups
Nigga let me know what the fuck y'all want do
Either keep up or you can't, can't
Met him through a BBQ, cracker do your thang, thang
I ain't come here for no dumb shit
You tell me which one is the hardest nigga? Lyrics or the drum kick?
And when it's finished over and done with
I'ma smoke a blunt and knock the pussy off of some bitch
I ain't no speedy, you see I beat it too much
I ain't gone eat it, you ain't gone drown me, and I pound it enough
See me leaving with a big butt woman
With me, walking funny, pussy up in her stomach
Sittin' in the front cause T.V.'s running
Peanut-butter leather seat, with Big Truck on it
I must've kidnapped her, the nigga man-hunting
Cause I heard him hollering, "Hold on baby I'm coming!" We the stars (BABY I'M COMING)
Never thought we would get this far (I'm Coming Baby!)
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)
Give me brains
Stop looking strange
Bitch shit changed
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula) Man I'm the only mother-fucking Black Prince of the South
So Ba-Ba-Ba-Lu-Bop, bitch watch out
I make your momma shake her tail feather
Don't tell your daddy that I'm here, because you know I'll make him feel threatened
Go get your sexy dress to turn me on
While he down there quoting Betty Wright, "I know you not gone sing that song"
I hit the charts and never move off
Little homie cool off
Before your nose looks like Rudolph's
I give it to him and this bitch can't handle it
Old ugly, jealous, mother-fucker, this shit jamming
Ridiculous amounts of raw uncut talent
On top of Bass, Strings, Kicks, and Piano
Callin' me big bucks, no whammies
This year I'm screaming, "Jive Records, Big Trucks," cot dammit

Heads up, tighten up, so nigga move
Ranked CEO/Rapper/Fool! We the stars
Never thought we would get this far
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)
Give me brains
Stop looking strange
Bitch shit changed
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula) I'm fixin' to blow up like the jaws of Dizzy Gillespie
Heavens to Betsy
Julio Iglesias couldn't out rock me, Speedy Gonzales couldn't come catch me
Grammy nominated, especially
The Soul Train award winner, call me Black Elvis Presley
You probably couldn't keep up with what you've seen me on
Either 106 & Park, Queen Latifah, Chris Rock, or Jenny Jones
I knock down buildings, and chop down trees
I kick so fucking hard they say, "You Japanese"
I'm up in the minute because of what I invent
Look at you, over there with your seat belt light on approaching y'all into descent
A.k.a The Tarantula
Hot rhymes coming from a canister
They keeping my fans for something to brag on
These people in here ain't leaving until I finish my fucking last song
Bitch walk like a Barbarian
Tall, dark and cut, now keep your fucking hoes down We the stars
Never thought we would get this far
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)
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