

That's The Nigga (a.k.a. That's The Rapper)

Mystikal

Say K, are we gon' lay up back?
Kick this bitch raw, you heard me
Like some of that ol' [Incomprehensible] shit
Microphone check, check, check one
Microphone check, check, check two
Microphone check, check, check three
Microphone check, check, check four
What y'all niggas wanna do, how y'all gon' do it?
Check, check one, kick this shit raw
Y'all know me
They say that's the nigga, that's the nigga
Turn your hands towards your ass an' say bye bye
From the South side, South side, puff ya ya ya
Nothin' but the fire ya
Eardrums snatchin', champion, cheap rhyme busters
'Til the day I die
I say I lie
Bitch, I'll be fuckin' on your grave singin', ?Ay la ba?
I throw 'em off, I'm two scoops from coo coo
I swoosh through your fruit loops, poo poo in your Fubu
Y'all niggas remember what happened to that mosquito
Tweeter tweeter, the MC, the sweeter I be [Incomprehensible]
Stop your water, turn off your gas, cut off your lights
Move you out, cut your grass, watch your kids, fuck your wife
Like a bacon, egg an' cheese sandwich, I'm good
Mmm, like syrup on the biscuit an' orange juice [Incomprehensible]
Come an' let me take you by the hand an' walk ya
I'm the thief in the night that slide your drawers off ya
Watch where ya steppin', I'm a verbal weapon
Bring more pain then when John Wayne came on old westerns
What is the actual fuckin' meanin'?
I come in this bitch without leavin', this bitch that think we leanin'
It's been like that since way back
I used to rock eight tracks before I rocked eight decks
Concepts goin', stay fat, concerts goin', stay packed
Ownership's goin', stay black, nigga, this is payback

I scrape ya somethin' crawlin' to establishment
Now I'm Country Club livin' from the scribble, scrabblin' my talent
Proper, proper droppin' somethin' decent
Y'all niggas is as fucked up as Santa Clause for Easter
I'm a keep comin' as long as KLC keep drummin'
An' the only way to stop me is call the people for me
Fuck them people, I'll fuck over you if I have to
That's the nigga, that's that bastard
That's the nigga, that's the nigga
That's the nigga, that's that bastard
I'm that nigga, I'm that the nigga
Who that with that say they can't sell, boy?
They from third ward, I'm from 12th ward
For y'all [Incomprehensible]
The guitars on these boys an' get down an' go off
All sides get high when they ride to my words
They mine an' they high when I'm live in concert
Fuck who you bringin', just ain't no show [Incomprehensible]
I don't need nine or ten pack
Of niggas rappin' with me, I'm independent
Make frontin', stuntin' niggas lose their stomach
They lose their clout, they lose their cool
An' after I come in this bitch, they lose their woman
Hello Ghetto Fabulous an' big mansions an' fine fabrics
Like a man, my money an' my pussy come automatic
You don't wanna status with a hardcore rhyme fanatic
Full speed dead at it, vocabulary acrobatic
That's him, that's that rapper
That's the man, that's the nigga, that's that bastard
That's the nigga, that's the nigga
That's the nigga, that's the nigga
What is the actually fuckin' meanin'?

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