

# That's That Shit

## Mystikal

Shit, shit, Mystikal  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit

That's the reason the bitches be trying to get the worm out the zipper  
That's the reason niggas gon' have to learn that I'm the ripper  
Scrape up crumbs and turn 'em into nickels  
Then bounce 'em into dimes then I turn 'em into flippers  
I can't do my rhymes like you do yo rhymes 'cause it isn't  
You can't make your shit try to sound like mine 'cause it isn't  
I run right at the top of the line, get your mind right nigga  
Murder was the case 'cause I shine at night nigga  
The man with the braids in his hair, two tounge live nigga  
Let him fire nigga, I ride with five niggas  
Live from the west and I bring it back home  
Ducked off in the bonnevillle, blowing up the zone  
Roamin', cutting up on my cell phone  
Hundred miles per hour in the wind and I'm gone  
Watch them jails find the twenty inch wheels twirls  
Hoes hatin' in the back, fuck 'em girl  
I stand up like a pit, swingin' my big dick  
Take a picture, feet stickin' like scotch tape bitch  
I swear to God I'll fuck over yay yay  
Have you sitting on your porch, gettin' pushed in your rocking chair  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit

I come in to put my two cents on a two inch  
Tearing down the fuckin' building and the blue prints  
Any sign of intrudence, come your ass down here  
And ask them who the fool is  
Raise your hand and talk to the teacher, no, students, students  
I like to sing a about the boota and the tooters

Smoke the purple bubble gum, merge crazy blue vooda  
Y'all past tense, I'm the black prince ruler  
Sharp shooter, chopatula to talula  
Point blank bitch, gone, gone  
Full blast turning up the water all the way on  
Hi, my name is, Mystikal  
I handle my business, deliver my lyrics ever since I hit the door  
When I come around in this muthafucka your arms fall off  
You can't touch me, your jaw break, you don't say nothing  
Fuck around and let my second wind kick in  
I better be makin' you feel like the booty that the dick went in bitch  
That's that, that's that  
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That's that shit  
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That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit  
That's that, that's that shit  
That's that, that's that shit bitch  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that, that's that  
That's that shit

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