

# 13 Years

## Mystikal

19 nigga 7, bitch what's happenin?

Chorus:

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

I know what to do to knock your stupid ass  
so bad you ain't no challenge.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

This ain't no fluke, this pure deep talent.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

I know what to do to knock your stupid ass  
so bad you ain't no challenge.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

[Verse 1]Bow, when I hold the microphone and hold it

Keepin me rappin until I hoarse and swollen

Thirteen years and rollin

I rate colder than coldest

Gettin part of this, niggas don't want no more of this

Never leave you alone in your life, nigga I'm selectin and sellin rhymes

Slap a nigga that style sound some like mine

Mad enough you screamin "It AIN'T!"

(This line whispered, can't hear)

You be pissin me off some the time, take you down one at a time

I'ma be known for fuckin over your whole album

Who want my rhyme?

Keep declin, I'ma keep climbing

Keep duckin, I'ma keep buckin

Keepin heat seekin rhymes comin to get you bitches off me

Disrespectors cow sled, (..?..)

Hard to break, if it comes that way

It took me thirteen muthafuckin years just to make a tape

But that don't mean that my rhymes one of the strongest

All I know I been tryin to make it for the fuckin longest

Fuck the side of all this, long as you done it

When I done it, gettin blunted bout to run this bitch

Takin them riders down with me, clown with me

Leave thirteen in your muthafuckin chest and you can count em

Chorus

[Verse 2]Nigga go pass the vibe, dividin mad this year

Creative catastrophe, leave MCs in closed caskets

Hit ya like full metal jackets, cut like hatchets

Tight as ratchets, and burn like matches  
Thick than amino acids, flip like gymnastics, nasty as a pissy mattress  
Droppin like the temperature in December

Clippin em, tippin em, been writin raps far back as I can remember  
Fulla them rocks, everybody move key  
It was ghetto Djs and sucka MCs  
Handle your buisness in this industry of competition  
Or be at F.W. Bulls washin dishes  
Bitch I was born to write million dollar rhymes  
Battle in the hallways of Cohen back in 85  
86, 87, 88, hooked up with Big Boy records and made my first demo tape  
We dropped some real shit in the basement  
I had big ol' nigga tracks, raps like pavement  
To come from New Orleans made it hard to surface  
That's when I got discouraged and joined the service  
Pissed of and I (?) before long  
I went to war and served federal time before I made it back home  
No more rips in my jeans and gettin my cream  
Ain't shit unlucky about my number thirteen

Chorus

[Verse 3]I hit the bitch like BOSH! Owwwwwww!  
Never gon bounce could rap and doin time before I bow  
How in the fuck you like me right now  
Told your ass she had said I'd be on top of the pile  
Cause my rap style is my hustle  
I shot niggas up like Muslims  
With the flex like muscle  
Use a, pretty delievery cause it's most important  
I form a style sharp enough to cut straight through the bones  
I came from my welts, gave up my belt  
I got off from Big Boy records to put my single on the shelf, now  
Do I do it? Fuckin right I did it  
Shoulda seen the little chir'en in the street singin I'm Not That Nigga  
Size ain't nothin nigga, I'm short  
Shockin nigga, raah!  
They gave me five hundred dollars, shit I quit both of my jobs  
Fuck em, got some other shit to do from nine to five  
My birthday came, and my sister died  
But next year, Mystikal signed a half a million dollar deal with Jive  
This shit thats tragic can't be no more  
Because of my rings I work at A&P no more  
I drive my landcruiser off the show floor  
Got the time to time to feel pain, sittin on Volvos  
Comin with scheme, up in my dream

Who'd a ever thought I'd be a No Limit soldier  
by the end of that thirteen  
Thirteen manic muthfuckin years!

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