Neck Uv Da Woods

Mystikal

This is, Mystikal and Outkast
I'm representin"
I'm out for the big bucks and no whammies goddammit
You can't stand it
Make 'em feel the impact and I ain't even in Miami
Handlin' with my man 'nem in Atlanta
And they play me 'cos they know
I bring the kinda shit you feelin as I'm sayin it
I'm like the NBA, sore thumb or pawn shop tech nine
Bitch I'm known for jammin'
Smoke Mary, Mary, Mary
Put a mean ass flow on top of bad vocabulary
I bust through, intrude, move through distractions
Withstand hits and blows don't lose no traction
I threw a round off flip flop flip flop back at 'em
If a nigga comin' clown then I'm going get the cannon
And then get God back
Knuckle up boy, don't be no fucked boy
Me and Guillotine we run some niggas
In a big truck boy run flat boy, run that boy
Bitch where I'm a send you you can't come back boy
I bring flames to a four alarm fire
I wash him up and ring him out and throw him in the dryer
I hit the door
I'm blowin him like southern band and they always tryin' to find Something to say about the brother man
I invent em flip 'em and send em
Rhymes set you jumped like I poured king cobra over ya
Guess what, this is a stick up
Give me back my shit before I start pickin' bricks up
Garbage MC's better run for it
Don't come this way 'cos you can't walk
On this side of the yard and respect me for takin it to 'em
So expect me to lay it down and represent my neck of the woods
Yeah, like that, ha ha, yeah yeah yeah
Mystikal and Outkast, ha ha
If it don't bump off in the club, you can't rock
If it ain't eight o eight in the trunk, it ain't knock
If you round our neck of the woods, you better stop
'Cos the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahh

If it don't bump off in the club, you can't rock
If it ain't eight o eight in the trunk, it ain't knock
If you round our neck of the woods, you better stop
'Cos the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahh
All a the heat rise to the beat wise
To that nigga that spit that street fire
Mystikal, Andre and big Boi takin em out of the park like Mark Mcgwire Sosa, you so so, you brown and small like Toto
You're bitch made like Dorothy
You belong in a soroioty, I'm gonna call you cocoa
Like candy, go sing a song with Brandy
But rhyming and double timing, what is you saying?
I take my thirteen shot I pray my style is drunken
And you know we doin the big beat
Oh hell yeah it's gonna be bumpin
Givin' you somethin to beat the block with
Meet the cops with my stamina's incredible
So sucka don't try to stop this the d-u-n-g-e-o-n family
Merrily life is but a dream
I mean a nightmare 'cos it's scarin' me but I live
Gotta give one double O percent above the rest
Yeah that daddy fat sacks gon burst, and you know that, yeah
Yeah know that east point never stop like that
All the way to decatur
If it don't bump off in the club, you can't rock
If it ain't eight o eight in the trunk, it ain't knock
If you round our neck of the woods, you better stop
'Cos the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahh
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Hey, what's your name?
Andre three thousand, the year to fear is already here
Must look beyond, sounds from the center of the sun
Reason for a gun, only one
Strong believer in self-preservation
Aahhhhh, oof
In the state of confused
City of forgotten fate, county of the blues
Street address, generation X avenue
But generation Y high to the point that I drink
Runnin' on a new one
Walkin' in my silver boots, need a shoe horn and some church socks
What if I told you that even if you made clocks

Stops, time rewinds, see what he finds
Then re-arrange and change things that's on your mind
Would you swallow like fine wine or peanut butter?
Would you holler that I'm live and ask another?
Or take no heat and run for cover?
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