Mr. Shittalker

Mystikal

Diaherrea mouth muthafucka,
Talk shit constantly,
Talk so much shit....wipe my mouth with toilet paper...
[First Verse:]WHO DAT?
Think they talkin' more shit than Mr. Shit Talker?
Run around, disgustin' muthafuckas make me get Foghorn,
Don't make me pick your ass apart like a vulture,
Next thing you know I be preparin' these rhymes for you like sculptures
I thought the last seven would have taught'cha,
I'm known for remarkable feats with my points in the tape recorder,
Mystikal into MC Mad Slaughter,
Standin' and I dropped a couple of rhymes and they dropped the charges,
I ran 'em by deep margins,
How dare you try to compare a fuckin' private to a FIRST SERGEANT?
I come with more rounds than a hundred soldiers when they marchin',
I make more noise than a yard of German shepards when they BARKIN',
Spin the bin, it, will make heads split when they hear them,
Shit you get flipped from this MACHINE GUN MOUTH NIGGA,
My rhymin' skills be dirty if I wash'em,
I keep pepper on my tongue so approach me with CAUTION!!!!
[Chorus:]That's MISTER!!!! Mr. Shit Talker
You fuck with the old,
And all of a sudden what make you think you can fuck with the new shit?
That's, Mr. Shit Talker....
FOUL MOUTH SON OF A BITCH!!!!!!!
MISTER!!!! Mr. Shit Talker
You fuck with the old,
And all of a sudden what make you think you can fuck with the new shit?
That's, Mr. Shit Talker....
FOUL MOUTH SON OF A BITCH!!!!!!!
[Second Verse:]
I fly past ya like you're movin' backwards,
You fuckin' good for nothin', no talent, non-rappin' bastard!
I can tell you outta breath, like asthma,
I can see clean through ya like CASPER!!!
Done went from ordinary to spectacular
Refuse me then I'm swingin' at you bitches til' I see the platinum,
And I bet it make you mad, ha?
Well brace your fuckin' self cuz it's about to be some shit now,

Bet'cha I'ma make a foot a part of ya,
Since you tryin' to kick some dust up, got to make it hard for ya,
Slow ya down like you drinkin' booze,
Started workin' in the studio all night LIKE IT'S THE THING TO DO!!!
Opening act to main attraction,
Therefore disrespect is not allowed no form or no FASHION!
Sell my album and I'm still smashin', BLASTIN',
Who the fuck that is, is what they askin'?
[Chorus][Third Verse:]I talk more shit than a LIL' BIT!!!
Makin' it rough enough, y'all can sure feel it,
Nigga be fussin' that bitch be feelin' faint,
Just like a cheerleader I'm bout to (go, go) TO THE BANK!!!
And watch, the baddest niggas even gonna shrink,
Keep them bitches out my damned face like my breath stank,
Starin' at niggas like wet paint,
You done ran out of gas that's why your shit don't wanna drank,
You hit the charts but you can't stay up,
You want a contract, but you don't weigh up,
Mic-clutchin', rhyme bustin',
Ain't no fuckin' rushin', cuz I'm perfected to the percussion,
Start to finish chorus to the verse,
Bout to fight you niggas with FIRE so prepare yourself for the WORST!
If I tell you to take precaution then you oughtta,
You ain't heard it til' you heard it from MISTER SHIT TALKER!!!!!
[Chorus (2x)]

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