13 Years

Blackout Party

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 decling, 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 catastrophy, 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! Owwwwww!
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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