Beware

Mystikal

Chorus: Mystikal Making Noise
First Verse:
BEWARE!
The man with the braids done walked in
Mild mannered like Clark Kent
I'M rougher and tougher than dead shark skin
This man gonna be have you flippin' like the pages of (???)
Evil like Cruella
Five minutes later I'ma still be hard as an armadillo
Roll like an eighteen wheeler
Shinin' like the slipper
Of Cinderella
And bad weather
And acapella
THIS FELLA
TOP SELLER!!!!
Gonna be that way til' I'm old as Mandela
STILL GETTIN' BETTER!!!!!
Writin' rhymes I'm best of 'em
I'm the arrester, I'm the professor
I'm the nigga that keep his picture on your girlfriend's dresser
Now really
Tell me what you muthafuckas know about gettin' ROWDY
Tell your whole Sunday gang bout it
BITCH I BEEN BOUT IT!!!!!
Now, I kick the rest of you into HASH
BOW GRASSHOPPER, BOW TO THE MAN!!!!!!!
Chorus
Second Verse:
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
Bet'cha runnin'
I bet'cha, bet'cha I'm best that I'm better
Run with a letter
Swift as a jet or keep up with the pace setter
Sparkle like glitter
HARD HITTER
HOE GO-GETTER
SIDE STEPPIN' FROM NO NIGGA!!!!!!
Whenever you bitches decide you gonna get too big for your britches

Leavin' you stitches
Diggin' ditches
Sufferin' hickeys, cuts, scrapes, bruises, welts

Don't fuck with the RHYMIN' BLACK BELT
WATCH YOURSELF!!!!!!!
BOOM!!!!! HERE I GO!!!!!!!
BOOM BOOM!!!!!!!! I KNOW!!!!!!!
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the man with two tongues, 'cause that's the way I flow
'cause I can get hot like fire
And you can't put it out, it's like tip-toein' on top of barbed wire
For instance, persistance
No resistance, stay your distance
Is vital to your existance
You leave it to me to show you the way out
I'm never gonna play ya
I'LL TAKE YOUR OLD LADY
EVEN IF I TOOK MY BRAIIIIIIIIIIDDDDDDDS OUT!!!!!!!!!
Chorus
Third Verse:
And I'm uh, ready, and it looks like ALL you bitches are rusty
Y'all can't buss me, don't cuss me
Hit'cha, so much muthafuckin' we gone leave this bitch musty
You disgust me
Trust me
When Mystikal hits the door, you bitches be SCREAMIN' to touch me
I'm the invisible man you can't see me
I'm mackin' illusions and confusion
I'm abusin', your conclusion, and contusions, from the bruises
Issuin' these muthafuckas with the style that them bitches want
FIVE FOOT ELEVEN, screamin' to heaven
I say FUCK SHIT GOD DAMN
Bitch respect me like a reverend, and...
Congregation say "Amen"
(Amen)
Come through this muthafucka swingin' like a CAAAAVEEMAAAN
And you against me, you better not say it go back in the water
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come
UP JUMP THE SHIT STORM!!!!!!
From the rats
Rollin' out
Since you wanna BOW muthafucka
BOW to the master!
Chorus

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