

# Respect My Mind (feat. Guillotine)

## Mystikal

Fuckin right I'm hip-hop  
I hoe hop, I'm funky as a pair of Reeboks with no socks  
I'm hot like a nigga ? the beef to the beers with no brats  
I'm tight like them twistin up under the 6 with no top  
I've been up all night  
Writing like a motherfucker cluck with no clock  
Been platinum and I'm still stompin  
Rock jam-packed concerts and bitch filled parties  
Done had them standin more than a hot comb when I perform  
Gotta em feelin like they in Saigon when they hear what I got  
I got funk  
No Limit legitimate respect the man of power  
I turn your motherfuckin thunderstorm into scattered showers  
Yo Bam, bitches can't get down  
like me and the Pound can, we ain't gotta bring up SoundScan  
I come into focus when they all starin  
I turn your fuckin head and, spin your fuckin ball bearings  
Hit the antenna so they all scatterin  
Believe that cause I'm tellin you  
they don't challenge what they can't handle  
M-Y-S-T-I  
Smoke spinach, eat chicken, shit bullets, SPIT FIRE  
I'm above you like the sky  
Like the clouds like the Gods like the birds and the pilots  
You know why I'm here, come to say it loud  
For the one-thousand nine-hundred and nine nine  
to infinity and BEYOND  
Now.. now.. now.. now.. bitch Respect my motherfucking mind  
Fuck what you feelin, fuck what you think  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my fucking mind  
Fuck what you think, fuck what you feelin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my mind  
Fuck what you think, fuck what you feelin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my fucking mind  
Bitch I kill you, bitch I kill you  
I said BITCH I KILL YOU Back-bending, That's That Nigga spinning

Y'all done feeling my line before I finish my SENTENCE  
This microphone's for holdin  
I don't give a fuck, as quick as you bring them niggaz  
then that's how fast them niggaz get FUCKED OVER  
No prisoners at no time  
I'm so advanced I put your ass in the blender  
with my OWN rhyme, bitch say, "Damn that nigga tight!  
I heard what he did to that other rapper that other night  
and Dawg that shit wasn't right!"  
I'm nothin nice in the shinin lights  
No band, no choir, just me and my fucking Nike's  
But am I missing something? FUCK NO  
I got the whole crowd bucked up, "UH OHHH!"  
I smash a rapper into smithereens  
Make him spill his beans  
Then I'm running with the guillotine  
Diss on my rhymes bitch and diss on my records  
Diss on my moms bitch you gon' respect it! Respect my fucking mind  
Fuck what you thinkin, fuck what you feelin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my mind  
Fuck what you feelin, fuck what you thinkin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my mind  
Fuck what you feelin, fuck what you thinkin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my fucking mind  
Fuck what you feelin, fuck what you thinkin  
Bitch I kill you  
Respect my mind  
Bitch I kill you, bitch I kill you, bitch I kill you  
Respect my fucking mind  
Bitch I kill you, bitch I kill you, bitch I kill you!

Songwriters

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