

# Tarantula (feat. Butch Cassidy)

## Mystikal

Oh bitch I'm country as cowboy boots  
High debut, beating boy band groups  
Nigga let me know what the fuck y'all want do  
Either keep up or you can't, can't  
Met him through a BBQ, cracker do your thang, thang  
I ain't come here for no dumb shit  
You tell me which one is the hardest nigga? Lyrics or the drum kick?  
And when it's finished over and done with  
I'ma smoke a blunt and knock the pussy off of some bitch  
I ain't no speedy, you see I beat it too much  
I ain't gone eat it, you ain't gone drown me, and I pound it enough  
See me leaving with a big butt woman  
With me, walking funny, pussy up in her stomach  
Sittin' in the front cause T.V.'s running  
Peanut-butter leather seat, with Big Truck on it  
I must've kidnapped her, the nigga man-hunting  
Cause I heard him hollering, "Hold on baby I'm coming!" We the stars (BABY I'M COMING)  
Never thought we would get this far (I'm Coming Baby!)  
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)  
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)  
Give me brains  
Stop looking strange  
Bitch shit changed  
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)  
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula) Man I'm the only mother-fucking Black Prince of the South  
So Ba-Ba-Ba-Lu-Bop, bitch watch out  
I make your momma shake her tail feather  
Don't tell your daddy that I'm here, because you know I'll make him feel threatened  
Go get your sexy dress to turn me on  
While he down there quoting Betty Wright, "I know you not gone sing that song"  
I hit the charts and never move off  
Little homie cool off  
Before your nose looks like Rudolph's  
I give it to him and this bitch can't handle it  
Old ugly, jealous, mother-fucker, this shit jamming  
Ridiculous amounts of raw uncut talent  
On top of Bass, Strings, Kicks, and Piano  
Callin' me big bucks, no whammies  
This year I'm screaming, "Jive Records, Big Trucks," cot dammit

Heads up, tighten up, so nigga move  
Ranked CEO/Rapper/Fool! We the stars  
Never thought we would get this far  
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)  
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)  
Give me brains  
Stop looking strange  
Bitch shit changed  
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)  
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula) I'm fixin' to blow up like the jaws of Dizzy Gillespie  
Heavens to Betsy  
Julio Iglesias couldn't out rock me, Speedy Gonzales couldn't come catch me  
Grammy nominated, especially  
The Soul Train award winner, call me Black Elvis Presley  
You probably couldn't keep up with what you've seen me on  
Either 106 & Park, Queen Latifah, Chris Rock, or Jenny Jones  
I knock down buildings, and chop down trees  
I kick so fucking hard they say, "You Japanese"  
I'm up in the minute because of what I invent  
Look at you, over there with your seat belt light on approaching y'all into descent  
A.k.a The Tarantula  
Hot rhymes coming from a canister  
They keeping my fans for something to brag on  
These people in here ain't leaving until I finish my fucking last song  
Bitch walk like a Barbarian  
Tall, dark and cut, now keep your fucking hoes down We the stars  
Never thought we would get this far  
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)  
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)  
Give me brains  
Stop looking strange  
Bitch shit changed  
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)  
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula) We the stars  
Never thought we would get this far  
But bitch I told you (Tarantula)  
So do what you're supposed to (Tarantula)  
Give me brains  
Stop looking strange  
Bitch shit changed  
It's just like I told you (Tarantula)  
Came up like I'm supposed to (Tarantula)