

Mystikal Fever

Mystikal

Humph, come on
It's the nigga that get hard than starch in your fuckin' creases
Rip it to pieces
Slicin' and dicin' and icin' em' right with the mic I use
That's as clean as a wild teacher
Eyes stay tight when they fade
To watch swarm bleedin'
From out the freeza'
Can't you see 'em?
Jesus!
Big tittie Tina Boppas out she catchin' Mystikal Fever
Ol' you'll be sayin' you ain't takin' no shit this time
Nigga me neither
You could leave nigga fuck we don't need you
Rapper, killer , loaded, beat
Swivel, shark, butchers meat
A lot of you niggas believe in walkin' a thin line
But when I get through with cha' all I be hearin' is, aaw
Of all maps and adages knocking off hats
Y'all know
Act a ass
But don't call me that
Fix your fuckin' shirt
Tie your fuckin' shoe strangs
Jive and Mystikal comin' up in the bull dagger
Big tittie bitches catchin' Mystikal Fever
These niggas know
These niggas know when it's Mystikal season
Big tittie bitches catchin'
Big tittie bitches catchin' Mystikal Fever
These niggas know
These niggas know when it's Mystikal's Fever
Keep my mutherfuckin' fist balled up
Case a motherfucker tryin' to start somethin'
Takin' Ginseng got yo lil'dick hard makin' it harder
Think you gon' jump in the ring
And go pound for pound with the knockout king?
No shit like that gon' happen 'cause them
Niggas down here ain't gon' fuck wit' what I bring

You heard the the motherfuckin' door open
You heard that ar, you know that's me
If it was a wrestlin' match
You'll be on your back like one-two-three
Come off the top ropes leave you knocked out
With your mouth open
And they gon' have to take yo ass home
And leave you in a hot tub and soak
Bar banga' and if you don't want swang
Wit' a mic I tell you nigga
I'm wild ass a gorilla on chain
Time to flow wit a natural-born go getter
This for my Hustlas to Ballas, gangstas and Cap Pilla's
Hustlas to Ballas
Gangstas and Cap Pilla's
Hustlas and gangstas
Gangstas and Cap Pilla's
Hustlas to Ballas
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Big tittie bitches catchin'
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I'll go pound for pound wit' the knuckle coffin motherfucker
Rush 'em and touch 'em
Then stand over his ass and screamin' I told you not to start nothin'
I'ma damage you
You ain't got the stamina
Half the talent to match, to dance wit' the Tarantula
When I'ma chargin' at cha
Niggas be tryin' to copy cat
Wanna jump on the mic and do what I do but can't keep up
Ain't no thankin'
That shit's gon' change
'Cause when I drop off Mystikal sound a likes
Gone have to get the fuck off
Crackin' they glasses
Smashin' they records
Smash and catchin' they ass all day and tackle they ass
Tell 'em all settle shop down

Close for show
Put it down like 1990 M.C. Hammer
I hope
Big tittie bitches catchin'
Big tittie bitches catchin'
Big tittie bitches catchin' Mystikal Fever
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