

Whacha Want, Whacha Need

Mystikal

Camera rolling
Shouldn't a did that
Me and Busta Rhymes
Busta Rhymes and Mystikal Nigga
Ha ha ha ha hahahaha
Bitch I'm on a mission
Not the one to be mixed up from this nigga and that nigga
Hundred percent, full blooded natural, rap whipper
Ass kicker, mad spliffer, back flipper
That much colder than the last nigga
Come from my pops so y'all ain't fucking with me
I come to get down, it's time to get down
I think you chicken bust a cap
I'm the one mixed with duggery and Master P-ugh
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes
Ohh shit the shocker and the guillotine
Down, now put my gun on fire
One eight zero zero can't nobody fly
Like the cotton off your bottom then its gotta be me
Late at night, lights out, you in a pertinent sleep
Ain't many of these niggas coming harder than me
Flip mode, no limit, who you thought it would be?
Wacha want nigga?
Wacha need nigga?
We gonna give it to ya
Until you bleed nigga
Now where my live niggas?
Where my live bitches?
This for my live niggas
This for my live bitches
Now wacha want nigga?
Wacha need nigga?
We gonna give it to you
Until you bleed nigga
Now where my live niggas?
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This for my live niggas
This for my live bitches
Contact we will bomb that

All I know is they will make a nigga
We will bomb back when we contact
For better or worse
Make a niggas heart swell up and burst
You know one of my niggas busting shots first
Bust another shot off into the earth
Leave a nigga stressed
Feeling the pain of a women giving child birth
See now a days everywhere we go we'll carry ya
Even when we swinging with bitches down at the Marriot
Chickens that will bust back on you and the ferries that
Waiting for me to marry ya
Ride up in my chariot
Sorry but I ain't having it
Thinking you can roll 'cause you were wearing a little glamor and
Acting all irogant
Bitch nigga
Beet it like Micheal and fuck up you cycle
Blast you with my grandfather's rifle
I'm great to stifle
Bitch
Create a crises your paying the prices
With the devil you was never richeous
I think I might just, hit you now?

You know you can fold here, niggas know it ain't all there
Prepare for warfare, niggas is everywhere
Fuck with my niggas we are double there
Flip mode nigga you'll find trouble here
Tipsy and turning, crispy and burning
Hoping and learning
You yearning to take hold of a niggas burning
Reps for every grain of salt from every street corner
The ones you wanted from Brooklyn to the south of the border
No Limit and Flip Mode in this bitch
While Mystikal and Busta Rhymes be straight busting your shit
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Wacha need nigga?
We gonna give it to ya
Untill you bleed nigga
Now where my live niggas?
Where my live bitches?
This for my live niggas
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Now wacha want nigga?

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This for my live niggas
This for my live bitches
I want another side of fries with my poppa's chicken and bisquit
Take the wall out, fall out
I'm not playing with these dumb bitches
What you doing if your riches don't fit ya?
Ball playing and swinging on a track
We some big old niggas
Not some dead old niggas
Bitch you trying to do something
I'm gonna get on with ya
I'm scratchy
You can't match
I'm known for getting nasty
With my cigarette ass
Once I get this fucker started you can't stop
Oww you done fucked up now
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes like Dolomite and Red Fox
They frightened of the braids, running from the dread lox
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