

Neck uv da Woods

Mystikal

This is, Mystikal and Outkast
I'm representin'[Mystikal]
I'm out for the big bucks and NO WHAMMIES
You can't stand it!
Make em feel the impact and I ain't even in Miami
Handlin' with my man 'nem in Atlanta And they play me 'cause they know I bring the kinda shit you feelin
As I'm sayin' it
I'm like the NBA sore thumb on pawn shop tech nine,
Bitch I'm known for jammin'Smoke Mary, Mary, Mary
Put a mean ass flow on top of bad vocabulary
I bust through, intrude, move through distractions
Withstand hits and blows don't lose no traction I threw a round off flip flop flip flop back at em
If a nigga comin clown then I'm going get the cannon
And the get God back Knuckle up boy, don't be no fucked boy
Me and Guillotine we run some niggas in a big truck boy
Run flat boy, run that boy
Bitch where I'm a send you you can't come back boy I bring flames to a four alarm fire
I wash him up and ring him out and throw him in the dryer
I hit the door, I'm blowin' him like southern band
And they always tryin' to find something to say about the brother man I invent em flip em and send em
Rhymes set you jumped like I poured King Cobra over ya
Guess what, this is a stick up
Give me back my shit before I start pickin bricks up Garbage mc's better run for it
Don't come this way 'cause you can't walk on this side of the yard, (?)
And respect me for takin' it to em
So expect me to lay it down and represent my neck of the woods Yeah, like that, ha ha, yeah yeah yeah
Mystikal and Outkast, ha ha [Hook: x2]
If it don't bump off in the club you can't rock
If it ain't 808 in the trunk it ain't knock
If you round our neck of the woods you better stop
'Cause the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahhhh [Big Boi]
All a the heat rise to the beat wise
To that nigga that spit that street fire
Mystikal, Andre and Big Boi takin' em out of the park like Mark McGwire
Sosa, you so so, you brown and small like Toto You're bitch made like Dorothy
You belong in a soroioty, I'm a call you Cocoa
Like candy, go sing a song with Brandy
But rhyming and double timing, what is you sayin G? I take my thirteen shot I pray my style is drunken
And you know we doin' the big beat oh hell yeah it's gonna be bumpin'

Givin' you somethin' to beat the block with, meet the cops with
My stamina's incredible so sucka don't try to stop thisThe D-U-N-G-E-O-N Family, merrily
Life is but a dream, I mean a nightmare 'cause it's scarin' me
But I live, gotta give one double O percent above the rest yeah
That daddy fat sacks gon burst, and you know that, YEAHYeah know that East Point never stop like that
All the way to Decatur[Hook: x2][Dre]
Hey, what's your name?
Andre 3000, the year to fear is already here
Must look beyond, sounds from the center of the sun
Reason for a gun, only oneStrong believer in self-preservation
Aahh, OOF!
In the State of confused
City of forgotten fate, County of the bluesStreet address Generation X Avenue
But Generation why high to the point that I drink
Runnin' on a new one
Walkin' in my silver boots, need a shoe horn and some church socksWhat if I told you that even if you made
clocks?
Stops, time rewinds, see what he finds
Then re-arrange and change things that's on your mind
Would you swallow like fine wine or peanut butter?Would you holler that I'm live and ask another?
Or take no heat and run for cover?[Hook: x3]

Songwriters

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