We Got The Clout

Mystikal

[mystikal]Bitch we ain't your standard his and hers rap duo x2
Mystikal, mia x, who the fuck you take us for x4
You better cover your nose cause rhyme flows run like diahrrea
Burn like gonorrhea, that's me and mama mia.....x
Explicit mistress, unlady like diva
You gonna know when you see her
You stack like you don't know
Now we run this motherfucker
That's what them no limit soldiers
Done this motherfucker
Ain't no stopping us now, long way from finished
Just gettin started, gaining momentum
See our faces on magazines, hear our music at parties
Movies and videos, it's kind of hard to avoid us
How many motherfuckers try to come out the south and don't sell out
Make up all the money, take up all the clout
Chorus:
Mystikal, mia x we got clout
Mystikal, mia x
Mystikal, mia x
Mystikal, mia x who the fuck you take us for x3
[mia x]Tank mama (who) mama (mia) drama (what) biggest (mama) mama (who) y'all know mia
My rhymes are the pins in all the voo doo dolls
Got your earholes hexed, mrs. x I come to set it off

With the unpredictable big ole (whooo)
Crooked like a roach leg dick nigga mystikal
And they knows who got the clout all that
On that nigga and that broad with the tanks around they necks
We connect like infra-red dots and can't be stopped
Collosols in this game check the billboard spots, we on top
But chatter knocks and ice rocks they can't wait
That's why these no limit soldiers always break street date
Fakers hate yet they smile kissin ass no doubt
But two faces get you punched them both in your mouth
Who got the clout, no need to answers that
It's not a matter of who, it's a matter of fact
We got the clout
Chorus

(mystikal) [mia x]
(biggest momma and that nigga mystikal)
(don't hold on your chest, bitch let it go)
Whoa, we got tornadoes, nigga spinnin that ass no doubt
We got the hook up, we bout it bringin the world to the south
(never gon bounce off the billboard count)
(no limit in there, how they do that there)
Yeah, you can give me trigger man and that hard shit
And mama mia still gon stay up on her guard bitch
(gettin rich makin hits to the filthy dirty)
(bitch I'm almost 30, we livin like we slangin birdies)
You heard me, you heard him you know what we bout
You know you can't doubt that we got the clout
(bitch we got the clout)
Chorus until the end

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