

Mind of Mystikal

Mystikal

laughing)
Walking through the mind of Mystikal
No holds barred
Still don't give a fuck about ya'll I'm still not the nigga to fuck with busta
? the average nigga don't fuck with me
Fool a nigga in size, ain't much none of ya'll niggas can do with me
Typically speakin, i'm not what your seekin
Now vision the rhymes that I be keepin
I fuck like a mohican, ain't drunk like them demons,
I'm quicker then one of those puerto ricans
Get it off your chest
Don't run on my set, i'm breakin your neck
If you gettin upset i'm breakin a sweat
Ya'll niggas ain't ready yet
I'm catching my breath, ya'll niggas ain't findin wind
I'm keepin they momma from tryin again
I done fucked up more niggas then Henikken
Fuck, i'm cute as a puppy, you smart as a guppy
Now how you gonna fuck me, that bitch get lucky she fucked me
And now that hoe can't stop thinkin of me
I'm thinkin of much wealth, come tell ya how gettin fucked felt
Ask them niggas that know me now
Even them bitches will tell you i'm somthin else
Bitches, they like my good looks
But niggas can't stand that right hook
They might look but they stay put
I done stomped more niggas than Big Foot
What I mean is i'm grand, you can't fuck with this peacan man
You don't know who i'am, you goin too fast, slow down Tito, damn
(chorus)
Nigga go ring the alarm
I came in this bitch, and i'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin this bitch into Vietnam
Nigga go ring the alarm
I came in this bitch, and i'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin this bitch into Desert Storm I stick to the left like a thumb tack
I hum that to the drum track
No wives, tote no knives,
Bitch i'm sharper then a pair of Filas
See i'm humble, you fuckin 'em right, i'm makin 'em mumble

Don't stumble, hoe I? the seen it for your fuckin gumbo
When a homie compare me, but spare me i'm a rap figure
Please never don't dare me, bitch I barely kept an? nigga
I run with the real niggas, they kill, they them ill niggas
You best to chill niggas,
I don't fuck with them run-of-the-mill niggas
Here's what you gonna feel nigga:
Heavy pressure from both sides, as the brain collides I'm tellin them lip lies, I hang with hip guys
I split thighs, bitch don't ask me for shit
You get nothin, no tighter then grip?
Fuck nigga, don't bother me and try to be, and tired of me
Walkin out the hood with more bitches number then lottery
Look, I like fuckin around, but I ain't fuckin with no fuckery
Luckily, none of you niggas in here ain't cold enough to fuck with me
Fuck niggas can't touch that, no?, get the fuck back
Fore you find yourself achin from you ass crack to your nut sack
I run these hoe brand niggas from the back of the map
To the front of China
Just when you thought it was safe to back in the water,
I'm right behind ya We as one must combine to never be stopped nann man Novice, servants,
fiendins, demons, devils,
Griffins, goons, raidin rebels
Women, wizards, warlocks, witches
Punk fags like bitches
Gold, platnium, silver, copper
Any kind of pussy popper gets wopped or chopped
When Mystikal hits that door, now watch
Nigga want a big cock, get popped like Hitchcock
When I rib shot, when I hip hop, that zip lock thats thick knot
Ohh, it's goin though me, got me struttin
When E.F. Hutton talks everybody listens chorus 2x

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>