

I'm

Mystikal

I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm

See I'm that nigga that's, fixin'
To do my dirt under the sun
I been hustlin' since the morning become
I keep a couple of rocks under my tongue
Watch out here come the cop
Might notta stand still where you chill
Run to no automobile 'cause it can kill

My destination can feed my home purpose
I'm vibrating' on the down low in the first place
You want me show me the money you gonna be payin'
Pop ya ass up out of the van
And take these rocks up out my hand

'Cause I don't trust ya and I ain't tryin'
Hold up nigga, I don't know
Ya gotta reach out at the same time
You want some, come get some
Tyson's on the drum and I'm

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Ya livin', in livin' up in my people's rentin'
Windows tinted, nigga from a couple houses down
Get Skinny, bump it to last amount of spittin'
It's senseless how them dudes be smokin' that shit
Gettin' roped in that shit, jump in this shit
I got to flippin' on nigga, you want some more of that shit

Live in that click where niggas do what they gotta do
Blast 'em with burnable fuck 'em and watch 'em fuck you
Nigga be livin' that life, playin the role of a gangsta
But them niggas ain't gangstas
Bitch you gotta be big enough
To think about bein' a fuckin gangsta

Most of them niggas be comin' real
Bring it to ya blood field but that nigga got killed
That's how it be's on that rough side
The tough die, the strong die

Fuck with the wrong niggas on with the wrong chrome
Check the wrong shit, walk the wrong zone
Nigga you good as dead and gone
(Problem serious)
Nigga don't hear me that's how we livin' till the saga stops

Every nigga and his mom gotta glock on my block
Niggas push rocks and dodge cops till they pissed and tired
Nigga, you livin' by the gun
Y'all need to handle y'all fuckin' business 'cause I'm

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Don't sell it, arm and hammer got my rocks swellin'
Laws is yellin', prosecutors yellin'
I'ma glock ya spot, ya head pop like a fuckin' melon
Do my thing destiny I'm a felon
But I ain't just a young, black nigga rebellin'

Breath by breath, step by step, day by day
Playin' this game of death
My nigga remind ya of manslaughter
Niggas slangin' quarters
Georgia, Cali, to New Orleans rollin'

I'm in the pen, pumpin' that iron until I'm swole up
Grits and cheese made me bigger
Now I'm just a lil' bit harder than that next nigga
The first one up to run up
That nigga there gon' get done up
When I put that fuckin' gun up

They told ya, ya hip bone gone gone
That lil' roam don't live long, pop me to stop it
Cock block me, you bitches can't drop me
Hoes gon' still jock me
Got me now the niggas mock me

I seen Scarface twice now I'm a fuckin' carbon copy
Missing on society
And insane probably 'cause I'm full of animosity
I'm kind of like at all
I might huff and puff and blow ya fuckin' hat off
Tear it off, swear it off

Now get the 411 to 911 to Red Cross
My moaning make me lead
Ten steps to feel these got me cocked these
Swingin' like Conan
Wanted from no man with boo-koo ho fans

Talk more garbage, funk, filth, shit, trash, and lies
Rhymes so funky they draw flies
If I rock one up, shock one up
It simple enough to be did
But your shit terror rig, change your big
Niggas be sayin' big
Pass the fig, don't give me no fuckin' pig

I don't choose no swine but eat Popeye's chicken
And eat watermelon to the fuckin' rind
Feel the grip of this black chrome
That don't fuckin' rhyme, nigga get ya back broke
Fuckin' with them black folks

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