

Neck Uv Da Woods

Mystikal

This is, Mystikal and Outkast
I'm representin

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 cuz 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 cuz 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

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
Cuz the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahhhh

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 this

The D-U-N-G-E-O-N Family, merrily
Life is but a dream, I mean a nightmare cuz 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, YEAH

Yeah know that East Point never stop like that
All the way to Decatur

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 one
Strong believer in self-preservation
Aahhhhh, OOF!
in the State of confused
City of forgotten fate, County of the blues
Street address Generation X Avenue
But Generation Y high to the point that I drink
Runnin on a new one
Walkin in my silver boots, need a shoe horn and some church socks
What 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?