

Not That Nigga

Mystikal

I'm not really the type of nigga to play the gangsta
Cause usually I be coolin
But straight off the motherfuckin breast
I ain't comin for no foolishness
100 volts on the mic kept on it seven nine doing that then I'm probably chil
lin
Totin' that crazy off bottle til I'm blitzed
Look-a-here nigga yall know that feelin
But I ain't that type of nigga to shoot the shit if you're on my shit list
But I'm that type of nigga that's quick to handle my business
Im makin a run with shit that I've done
Im wavin a gun now see what you've brung me
Make niggas get brung strung then hung with the slip of a tongue
I unfold a truck-load as I explode
Them bitches can't hold they self though when I'm in my fuck mode
Im keepin'em tight I'm keepin'em hype
I'm leavin'em right I'm even uptight
Holdin the mic and say the word FUCK more times then Dolomite
I'm that nigga that got the last words you got served
Smokin fat herbs and gunnin niggas down like backbirds
With fast words observe I'm funky like badgers
But I'm much much more then a mouth full of adverbs and bad words
Stick dick to your lip like chapstick
My graphic I rap with
More flava more paper I'm colder then a cup of Kool-Aid
Ain't never been done before so nigga then why try
Hittin harder then Popeye slappin motherfuckers like ChaCha
I fuck with a capitol F put Maxwells to death cuz nigga I club there
And I'ma continue to flow until I come up on my last breath
So 'fo we raise up (OH!)
Homies chase a (HOE!)
See I'm that nigga that said so where the nine look nigga stay low
look-a-here

I'm not that nigga
I'm not that nigga
I'm not that nigga to fuck with
([background:] He ain't that nigga to fuck with)

You'll get picked off
Keep fuckin wit a nigga like me get hip-tossed
Fuck fightin faggot nigga I know
Had jumped your bitch ass like Kriss-Kross
And look at the riddle that I belittle
Witout a trumbone nor a fiddle
I'll jump in your eardrum and play paradiddle
Stop wantin' to ditch
I'm hummin' this bitch and comin up rich
In case you hadn't noticed I'm 'bout a FIRED-EM UP son of a bitch
Inch by inch as I drench
I'm a silver clench
That bullshit that y'all niggas thought was a criminal choke the pain of a p
inch
I got more gimmicks to make them bitches bounce like DJ Jimmy
They can't get near me cause they fear me
But yall don't hear me
Just like that bitch I saw

Who hit my fucking car
Look-a-here I'm ran that hoe from Chipawah to Wichita
I'm steady professsin' so niggas can get that funky lesson
I effervescent as i'm that resident from that fuckin crescent
That nigga that know how
Makin' them bitches say (Go Child)
Poppin' that pushin and shakin' that ass like at a loo-ow
So pass me the pen and the paper the pen and the pussy now PASS ME THE MIC
Show you I'll jump on yo' ass just like a Palmadite
I shot more shit then Shawn Kemp I got more bitches then a world pimp
And got more flavour then a brown shrimp
I'm a be comin up off some shit that make a niggas want to start some shit
But if you ain't brought shit
Then I ain't the nigga to start shit wit'

You couldn't fuck with the old but all of a sudden what make you think you c
an
fuck wit the new shit
You stuck on stupid
I ain'ts that nigga to fool wit'
A nigga might sprout up talkin about WHAT
The only way to keep my muthafuckin name out your muthafuckin mouth
is keep your muthafuckin mouth shut
I don't stumble and fumble more fire in the gutter
I'm takin'em ten at a time cause I ain't SCARED of you muthafuckers
I'm strippin'em up
I'm rippin'em up and flippin'em off
And then I continue to flow on rhymes I single then double then triple 'em u
p huh
Making passes
Seen massive titties and pussies and asses
But got more hoes than the Bayou Classic
More vicious then BooBoo wash you up like doodoo
I'm blacker then Voodoo, harder then a raw ramen noodle
Ice like T, I'm Cool like Jay, in effect like Rex
I'm Grand like Puh huh, huh daddy are you?
I'm Ice like T, rock like Kim, fuck it
Spice like One but got more Enemies then the Public nigga
I kick it at random standin' here gummin' til the bare gum
Bitchin' and pitchin' a temper tantrum to the hair drum
The bigger will pummel a nigga that's little
You can't compare a nigga like Mystikal to Skid Row or Ugly Kid Joe
But yet you steadily pickin dirt with me
You irk me
What when you jerk your woman now tell your bitch to stop flirting wit me
I'm giving it to you man y'all strong as a fan belt,
I came though
I know you niggas can't fuck wit me cause I can't fuck wit my damn self
I'm making a mumble as i utter
Nigga you beating me is like cuttin a field of grass with wire cutters
I, Get deeper than Lou Rawls I'm breakin'em off
Instead of fuckin' with me you safer walkin' in a lion's den with pork chop
drawers
I'm ready to gaze and blaze
Flip up the gauge and pick up the pace
I'm more deadly then having safe sex, with a bitch with AIDS
A nigga like myself is BAD for you hoe health
I fucked that bitch one time and now that hoe can't help herself
That shit be kicks a niggas be smokin in cliques and fuckin'em tricks
I roll in from that Big Easy
Where they boot-up bitch

A niggas that rumble over the least mumbo-jumbo
Standing tall like Mutumbo but talk more shit than Briant Gumble
That's how we do it when we kick it back on my block
It's pop or get popped
Kill or get killed
Drop or get dropped
And nigga be wondering why they always findin' theyselves in some dumb shit
Cause I ain't, cause I ain't, cause I ain't that nigga to fuck with bitch