

I Rock, I Roll

Mystikal

Huh, BOOM! Huh... guess who it is?
I rock, I roll... tear this motherfucker up (tear this motherfucker up)
Let's get ready to rumble!!

I come in this bitch to get paid to bust flow, I come for the gumbo
They know me for kickin' they ass from here to El Segundo
Let's get ready to rumble!
Shit sparks, spit flames the coldest thing up under the sun though

Spendin your money on them niggaz
you're wastin you time cause I'm the one hoe!
Smokin the blunt smoke, stay out of my bundle
I swung with the blast, I've never been matched

I hop on the track like a jump rope
I come with the guillotine to cutthroat
Holdin it down, fuckin why'all up
but the rest of them suckers be unsho'

Me? YEAH, I'm blessed - if you don't know
Pack a big boner, heavy strutted AND hung low
Wrecking-ball nuts and dick touch the flo'
If it's on yo' chest then bitch let me know!!

I hope you don't think I'm a runnin
I know you don't think I'm scared
You must of forgot who the fuck that I am
The man with the braids - BEWARE!!

That's yo' ASS Mr. Postman
Got them niggaz stompin and swingin with both hands

I rock, I roll
Tear this motherfucker up - let's get ready to rumble!
Shuttin systems down! You ready for war?
Start somethin, start fightin

Bats and pipes - broken bottles, glass, and knives
Jump in the mix and don't handle yo' business
and a nigga gon' turn out yo' lights!!
You'll be gettin' yo' stupid self up
askin' the people "Which one of why'all hit me?"
I don't know the way you went down looked like the ground was slippery
Attack 'em with sawed-offs, and niggaz get throwed off
The party get called off, when niggaz get sawed-offs
Go get my meat to meet and give me that raw dog
You, go get you a nasty, givin that pussy you bought off
I come with the real
I be with them niggaz with booted up grills
We don't do promotional shows that shit don't pay my bills
Keep it in the ballin ballin, promoters callin
Videos jumpin off nigga this the real New Orleans!
My neck of the woods, my side of the hood my part of town
Thugs, drugs, and violence - why'all niggaz is watered down
When I perform I'm that calm

And I'm the shit on the record I hit the studio and show 'em!

I rock, I roll

I roll, we by hype

Knockin 'em out, throwin 'em away, keep 'em off

Takin 'em out, bustin they head, breakin 'em off!