

If It Ain't Live, It Ain't Me

Mystikal

Why , why why why why
Cause I keep bangin' y'all mother-fuckin ass, with this shit
If it ain't live, it ain't me
Oh nigga I'm too def to move a step, too shy to slip or slide
I'm too hard to fall apart, I'm too cold to get old
I'm too hip to drip, I do it to 'em like this
I wan't-a load it up, cock back don't miss
Y'all ain't goin' believe this
Got the preacher's wife talkin' bout rock that shit
All they do is say the mans name
You watch how many bitches start comin', it's a damn shame
They know I got the wood for 'em
If they in the hotel room and get the dick, that's good for 'em
Big pussy and it's soft dick time, bitch I got to get'cha, mm-hm, uh-huh
Tell me what you goin' do
If you got your friends with you, you could bring them ho's too
Come and turn around, let me get behind you
Move somethin' for me baby, I ain't goin' tell no body
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When I'm here they got to have it
White lines so live they jump off the cabinet
It's Micheal Tyler not Black Sabbath
It's springin' hunter so watch out for the cat parrot
I'm a whole and kaniver, the hot enchilada, Big Truck driver
Hittin' hookers is a side high
Tuckin' guts stackin' paper formin' lyrics is my real job
Got my fingers and my shit tight
Got another album and contract bitch get right
Form a crowd like a fist fight
Take my time with it if it takes me sun-up to midnight
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I'm too man to try to handle, I'm too bad and loaded too for you to hold
Too tight to out-write, too strong to out-sold, too much to out-bust
I'll talk shit and cuss, foul-dog rimp and the walk talk spit crush
The paper towels and toilet tissue, start your engine set the table
Clean your plate and wash the dishes
Can I please get a source cup
And if they don't give me my grammy, feel so sorry for your mother
And after I'm goin' get Jive
I done bust my ass, y'all ain't do y'all job
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