

# Keep It Hype

Mystikal

Testin testin testin  
You can hear me, what what what?  
MIC, check one, check, check check  
You can hear me? YO!  
I'm loud enough? Yo!  
Mic mic, microphone, check, check  
Yo, can you hear me?  
Yo!

Yikes! You know what I like? (What?)  
I keep it hype, the words that I write (Oh)  
I rock the whole crowd, I don't need a mic (Huh?)  
I say my rhyme loud, with all of my might

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People say that nigga crazy, I'm throwin off  
I raise my voice up then, go off!  
The king of different, titan of screamin chantin louder than  
A hundred people clappin (go) keep them fuckin speakers crackin  
Rockin it, about to roll  
The sticker on the tag can't make it ragged  
Vocals that'll blow horns til your ass in traction  
Disgusting like that valve on your bike with the basket  
Bling bling comin through, not excuse me  
I'm the nigga that's makin this loud ass music

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The doctor slapped my ass, so I've been hollerin since an infant  
Gotta make sure they hear me cause I wants my attention!  
Disturb the class, so I stayed in detention  
Couldn't whisper when I was talkin so they sent me to the office  
The principal say, "Young man what seem to be the problem?"  
Said, "I try to be quiet but I just can't seem to lower the volume"  
"Hmm, what's your name?"  
"Michael Tyler"  
"Perhaps you'd be interested in joining our school choir?"  
Said, "Nah that's for funny boys"  
"Either that or a suspension," while you roll, here I come boy  
I wanna holla, but I gotta try:  
DOE RAY MI FAH SOH! Ahh no!  
That ain't gonna cut it, that ain't gonna get it  
Then the teacher said, "Maybe you can try something ath-letic"  
But I'm too clumsy so I went to the band  
But I made more noise honkin than I did when I was playin!  
YIKES!!! That ain't workin so I'm leavin  
The very next day I was in ROTC  
Had no problems soundin off like I had a pair, three four  
But I just ain't like them tight ass green pants that I had to wear  
All this made me tired, on top of that

One of my teachers wanna see my ass outside  
I went downstairs to the yard  
When I got there I seen my teacher with about eight fine broads  
I said, "You lookin for me? I'm the one who be talkin loud"  
She said, "Damn, nigga we need you on our cheerleadin squad"  
Hell no, never ever Trevor  
Either that or a report card filled with the F letter  
Go, team, fight, win  
Nah this shit ain't cool, fuck these teachers and this school  
Got a loud mouth but I don't know what to use it for  
'Til they told me that they was gon' put me in the talent show

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