

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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