

# Neck Uv Da Woods

Mystikal

This is, Mystikal and Outkast  
I'm representin

I'm out for the big bucks and NO WHAMMIES  
You can't stand it!  
Make em feel the impact and I ain't even in Miami  
Handlin with my man 'nem in Atlanta  
And they play me cuz they know I bring the kinda shit you feelin  
as I'm sayin it  
I'm like the NBA sore thumb on pawn shop tech nine,  
bitch I'm known for jammin  
Smoke Mary, Mary, Mary  
Put a mean ass flow on top of bad vocabulary  
I bust through, intrude, move through distractions  
Withstand hits and blows don't lose no traction  
I threw a round off flip flop flip flop back at em  
If a nigga comin clown then I'm going get the cannon  
And the get God back  
Knuckle up boy, don't be no fucked boy  
Me and Guillotine we run some niggas in a big truck boy  
Run flat boy, run that boy  
Bitch where I'm a send you you can't come back boy  
I bring flames to a four alarm fire  
I wash him up and ring him out and throw him in the dryer  
I hit the door, I'm blowin him like southern band  
And they always tryin to find something to say about the brother man  
I invent em flip em and send em  
Rhymes set you jumped like I poured King Cobra over ya  
Guess what, this is a stick up  
Give me back my shit before I start pickin bricks up  
Garbage mc's better run for it  
Don't come this way cuz you can't walk on this side of the yard, (?)  
And respect me for takin it to em  
So expect me to lay it down and represent my neck of the woods

Yeah, like that, ha ha, yeah yeah yeah  
Mystikal and Outkast, ha ha

If it don't bump off in the club you can't rock  
If it ain't 808 in the trunk it ain't knock  
If you round our neck of the woods you better stop  
Cuz the people on the block gonna show you where to drop, ahhhh

All a the heat rise to the beat wise  
To that nigga that spit that street fire  
Mystikal, Andre and Big Boi takin em out of the park like Mark Mcgwire  
Sosa, you so so, you brown and small like Toto  
You're bitch made like Dorothy  
You belong in a soroioty, I'm a call you Cocoa  
Like candy, go sing a song with Brandy  
But rhyming and double timing, what is you sayin G?  
I take my thirteen shot I pray my style is drunken  
And you know we doin the big beat oh hell yeah it's gonna be bumpin  
Givin you somethin to beat the block with, meet the cops with  
My stamina's incredible so sucka don't try to stop this

The D-U-N-G-E-O-N Family, merrily  
Life is but a dream, I mean a nightmare cuz it's scarin me  
But I live, gotta give one double O percent above the rest yeah  
That daddy fat sacks gon burst, and you know that, YEAH

Yeah know that East Point never stop like that  
All the way to Decatur

Hey, what's your name?  
Andre 3000, the year to fear is already here  
Must look beyond, sounds from the center of the sun  
Reason for a gun, only one  
Strong believer in self-preservation  
Aahhhhh, OOF!  
in the State of confused  
City of forgotten fate, County of the blues  
Street address Generation X Avenue  
But Generation Y high to the point that I drink  
Runnin on a new one  
Walkin in my silver boots, need a shoe horn and some church socks  
What if I told you that even if you made clocks?  
Stops, time rewinds, see what he finds  
Then re-arrange and change things that's on your mind  
Would you swallow like fine wine or peanut butter?  
Would you holler that I'm live and ask another?  
Or take no heat and run for cover?