

# Not That Nigga

Mystikal

I'm not really the type of nigga to play the gangsta  
Cause usually I be coolin  
But straight off the motherfuckin breast  
I ain't comin for no foolishness  
100 volts on the mic kept on it seven nine doing that then I'm probably chil  
lin  
Totin' that crazy off bottle til I'm blitzed  
Look-a-here nigga yall know that feelin  
But I ain't that type of nigga to shoot the shit if you're on my shit list  
But I'm that type of nigga that's quick to handle my business  
Im makin a run with shit that I've done  
Im wavin a gun now see what you've brung me  
Make niggas get brung strung then hung with the slip of a tongue  
I unfold a truck-load as I explode  
Them bitches can't hold they self though when I'm in my fuck mode  
Im keepin'em tight I'm keepin'em hype  
I'm leavin'em right I'm even uptight  
Holdin the mic and say the word FUCK more times then Dolomite  
I'm that nigga that got the last words you got served  
Smokin fat herbs and gunnin niggas down like backbirds  
With fast words observe I'm funky like badgers  
But I'm much much more then a mouth full of adverbs and bad words  
Stick dick to your lip like chapstick  
My graphic I rap with  
More flava more paper I'm colder then a cup of Kool-Aid  
Ain't never been done before so nigga then why try  
Hittin harder then Popeye slappin motherfuckers like ChaCha  
I fuck with a capitol F put Maxwells to death cuz nigga I club there  
And I'ma continue to flow until I come up on my last breath  
So 'fo we raise up (OH!)  
Homies chase a (HOE!)  
See I'm that nigga that said so where the nine look nigga stay low  
look-a-here

I'm not that nigga  
I'm not that nigga  
I'm not that nigga to fuck with  
([background:] He ain't that nigga to fuck with)

You'll get picked off  
Keep fuckin wit a nigga like me get hip-tossed  
Fuck fightin faggot nigga I know  
Had jumped your bitch ass like Kriss-Kross  
And look at the riddle that I belittle  
Witout a trumbone nor a fiddle  
I'll jump in your eardrum and play paradiddle  
Stop wantin' to ditch  
I'm hummin' this bitch and comin up rich  
In case you hadn't noticed I'm 'bout a FIRED-EM UP son of a bitch  
Inch by inch as I drench  
I'm a silver clench  
That bullshit that y'all niggas thought was a criminal choke the pain of a p  
inch  
I got more gimmicks to make them bitches bounce like DJ Jimmy  
They can't get near me cause they fear me  
But yall don't hear me  
Just like that bitch I saw

Who hit my fucking car  
Look-a-here I'm ran that hoe from Chipawah to Wichita  
I'm steady professsin' so niggas can get that funky lesson  
I effervescent as i'm that resident from that fuckin crescent  
That nigga that know how  
Makin' them bitches say (Go Child)  
Poppin' that pushin and shakin' that ass like at a loo-ow  
So pass me the pen and the paper the pen and the pussy now PASS ME THE MIC  
Show you I'll jump on yo' ass just like a Palmadite  
I shot more shit then Shawn Kemp I got more bitches then a world pimp  
And got more flavour then a brown shrimp  
I'm a be comin up off some shit that make a niggas want to start some shit  
But if you ain't brought shit  
Then I ain't the nigga to start shit wit'

You couldn't fuck with the old but all of a sudden what make you think you c  
an  
fuck wit the new shit  
You stuck on stupid  
I ain'ts that nigga to fool wit'  
A nigga might sprout up talkin about WHAT  
The only way to keep my muthafuckin name out your muthafuckin mouth  
is keep your muthafuckin mouth shut  
I don't stumble and fumble more fire in the gutter  
I'm takin'em ten at a time cause I ain't SCARED of you muthafuckers  
I'm strippin'em up  
I'm rippin'em up and flippin'em off  
And then I continue to flow on rhymes I single then double then triple 'em u  
p huh  
Making passes  
Seen massive titties and pussies and asses  
But got more hoes than the Bayou Classic  
More vicious then BooBoo wash you up like doodoo  
I'm blacker then Voodoo, harder then a raw ramen noodle  
Ice like T, I'm Cool like Jay, in effect like Rex  
I'm Grand like Puh huh, huh daddy are you?  
I'm Ice like T, rock like Kim, fuck it  
Spice like One but got more Enemies then the Public nigga  
I kick it at random standin' here gummin' til the bare gum  
Bitchin' and pitchin' a temper tantrum to the hair drum  
The bigger will pummel a nigga that's little  
You can't compare a nigga like Mystikal to Skid Row or Ugly Kid Joe  
But yet you steadily pickin dirt with me  
You irk me  
What when you jerk your woman now tell your bitch to stop flirting wit me  
I'm giving it to you man y'all strong as a fan belt,  
I came though  
I know you niggas can't fuck wit me cause I can't fuck wit my damn self  
I'm making a mumble as i utter  
Nigga you beating me is like cuttin a field of grass with wire cutters  
I, Get deeper than Lou Rawls I'm breakin'em off  
Instead of fuckin' with me you safer walkin' in a lion's den with pork chop  
drawers  
I'm ready to gaze and blaze  
Flip up the gauge and pick up the pace  
I'm more deadly then having safe sex, with a bitch with AIDS  
A nigga like myself is BAD for you hoe health  
I fucked that bitch one time and now that hoe can't help herself  
That shit be kicks a niggas be smokin in cliques and fuckin'em tricks  
I roll in from that Big Easy  
Where they boot-up bitch

A niggas that rumble over the least mumbo-jumbo  
Standing tall like Mutumbo but talk more shit than Briant Gumble  
That's how we do it when we kick it back on my block  
It's pop or get popped  
Kill or get killed  
Drop or get dropped  
And nigga be wondering why they always findin' theyselves in some dumb shit  
Cause I ain't, cause I ain't, cause I ain't that nigga to fuck with bitch