

That's the Nigga (a.k.a. That's the Rapper)

Mystikal

Microphone check (what), check one
Microphone check (what), check two
Microphone check (what), check three
Microphone check (huh), check four
What chall niggas wanna do, how yall wanna do it?
Huh, check one
Kick this shit raw

Ghetto fabulous
That's the rapper

Turn your hands towards your ass and say bye bye
From the southside, southside, puff, ya ya ya
Nothin but the fiya ya
Eardrums snatchin champion cheap rhyme busters till the day I die
I say I lie
Bitch I'll be fuckin on your grave singin ay la ba
I throw em off, I'm two scoops for coo coo
I swoosh through your froot loops, poo poo in your fubu
Yall niggas remember what happened to that mosquito
Tweeter tweeter MC, the sweeter I be ja meaner
Stop your water turn off your gas cut off your lights
Move you out, cut your grass, watch your kids, fuck your wife
Like a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich I'm good
Mm hmm, like syrup on the biscuit and orange juice ???
Come and take me by the hand and walk ya
I'm the thief in the night that slide your droors off ya
Watch where ya steppin I'm a verbal weapon
Bring more pain then when John Wayne came on old westerns
What is the actual fuckin meaning
I come in this bitch, without leavin this bitch that think we leaning
It's been like that since way back
I used to rock eight tracks before I rocked eight decks
Concepts goin stay fat, concerts goin stay packed
Ownership's goin stay black, nigga this is payback
I scrape ya somethin crawlin to establishment
Now I'm country club livin from the scribble scrabblin my talent
Proper proper droppin somethin decent
Yall niggas is as fucked up as Santa Clause for easter
I'm a keep comin as long as KLC keep drummin
And the only way to stop me is call the people for me
Fuck them people, I'll fuck over you if I have to
That's the nigga, that's that bastard

That's the rapper
Ghetto fabulous
That's the nigga

Who that say they can't sale boy?
They the third ward huh, the 12th ward for all y'all
My dogs, my boys and my hogs
Gutiers on these boys and get down and go off
All sides get high when they ride to my words
They mine and they high when I'm live in concert
Stop what your thinking
This ain't no showoff of my business
I don't need nine or ten pack of rappers with me

I'm independent, make frontin, stuntin suckers lose thier stomach
They lose their clout, their cool
And after I come in the cut they lose thier woman
Hello ghetto fabulous and big mansions
And fine fabrics
Like a man much money comes automatic
You don't wanna battle with a hardcore rhyme fanatic
Full speed ahead vocabulary acrobatic
That's him, that's that rapper
That's the man, that's the rapper
That's ghetto fabulous

That's the rapper