

The Return

Mystikal

This one here, the return
This for my dirty disco dancin', low-down
No good muthafuckas
The braided-up pimp is back

The return of the shit-talker
The lyrical explicit content, the original muthafucker
I rip the surf, I hit the worst like brass knuckles, damn
Give em crushes, bust ass and smash records

I live it how I talk it, I bring it how I feel it
This my spot 'cause I done marked it
I show the teeth between waitin' and eatin'
Bitch, I stay aggressive like it's matin' season

I'm hot, you gotta put me where I belong
On top, I'm guaranteed to fuck up everything I get on
You lovin' everything I put out
I keep it real do what you lin-ike in the riz-ep in the sin-outh

Hoes say, "Ooh, he a donkey"
And baby you gon' find out if I hit you with that Raunchy
Don't let me put you in that V-90
You want this kinda fuckin', bitch it's just fine

It's my turn, shit, it's my time
Watch out there now, come on
You fuckin' with my groove, groove
It's the return, the braided up pimp is back

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It's safe to say I'm old school, way back
I went from 4-track to the a-dat and from a-dat to the Pro-Tools
Dreamin' of layin' that hot shit
Playin' hit, bit, don't quit, 'cause you know you not it

Now what would make you think that I ain't the man
Ain't my family, tell ya, I can't complain
Tighter or hype they can't half bang
Even appeal to older people, they say, "Oh, yeah, he bad"

I still be jammin' off the last one
I said, "Where you get that, Pops?"
He said, "I stole it from my grandson"
Now you know me when I step through
They say, "Son, I got yo record ain't you James Brown's nephew"

I keep 'em movin', leave 'em thinkin'
I'm wrestled and respected like Aretha Franklin
All I'm askin', all nigga, part-time lover
It's my turn, watch out there muthafucker

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'Cause then when that I rock the beat, now I can need influence
I'm fire, fire, off the hook, Michael Tyler, how you doin'
Take that out and leave me on
Kerry, Ves, Stevie, Jack, Beezy Boy, DJ Ron

So, when they ask you, you can tell it
Already signed Shonnie and Maxminelli
They fuckin' with the Belly Boys fo sho
The Guillotine, O.G. Bone, and the rest of them

Oh, yeah, King Yella, that's my nizzle
Oh, that's my brother Reesy and my brother B-Kizzle
I'm just a fashion rap recite
That's Happ, that's Shot, that's Roc, and he tight

This time I'm fuckin' with the Poisonous Dart
Bitches in line waitin' for the party to start
We buyin' rides without leases
'Cause this year niggas runnin' rockin' Big Truck pieces

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Braided up pimp, braided up pimp is back
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