

Whacha Want, Whacha Need

Mystikal

Shouldn't a did that
Me and Busta Rhymes

Ha ha ha ha hahahaha

Bitch I'm on a mission
Not the one to be mixed up from this nigga and that nigga
Hundred percent, full blooded natural, rap whipper
Ass kicker, mad spliffer, back flipper
That much colder than the last nigga
Come from my pops so y'all aint fucking with me
I come to get down, its time to get down
I think u chicken bust a cap
I'm the one mixed with Duggery and Master P Ugh!
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes
Ohh shit the shocker and the guillitine
Down, now put my gun on fire
One eight zero zero can't nobody fly
Like the cotton off your bottem then its gotta be me
Late at night, lights out, you in a perminent sleep
Aint many of these niggas coming harder than me
Flip Mode, No Limit, who you thought it would be?

Wacha want nigga?
Wacha need nigga?
We gonna give it to ya
Untill u bleed nigga
Now where my live niggas?
Where my live bitches?
This for my live niggas
This for my live bitches
Now wacha want nigga?
Wacha need nigga?
We gonna give it to you
Untill u bleed nigga
Now where my live niggas?
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Contact we will bomb that
All I know is they will make a nigga
We will omb back when we contact
For better or worse
Make a niggas heart sweell up and burst
You know one of my niggas busting shots first
Bust another shot off into the earth
Leave a nigga stressed
Feeling the pain of a women giving child birth
See now a days everywhere we go we'll carry ya
Even when we swinging with bitches down at the Mariot
Chickens that will bust back on you and the ferries that
Waiting for me to marry ya
Ride up in my chariot
Sorry but I aint having it
Thinking u can roll cause you wearing a little glamour and acting all irogan
t

Bitch Nigga
Beet it like Micheal and fuck up you cycle
Blast you with my grandfather's rifle
I'm great to stifle
Bitch
Create a crises your paying the prizes
With the devil you was never richeous
I think i might just, hit you now?
You know u can fold here, niggas know it aint all there
Prepare for warfare, niggas is everywhere
Fuck with my niggas we are double there
Flip Mode nigga you'll find trouble here
Tipsy and turning, crispy and burning
Hoping and learning
You yerning to take hold of a niggas burning
Reps for every grain of salt from every street corner
The ones you wanted from Brooklyn to the south of the border
No Limit and Flip Mode in this bitch
While Mystikal and Busta Rhymes be straight busting your shit

I want another side of fries with my poppa's chicken and bisquit
Take the wall out, fall out
I'm not playing with these dumb bitches
What you doing if your riches don't fit ya?
Ball playing and swinging on a track
We some big old niggas
Not some dead old niggas
Bitch you trying to do something
I'm gonna get on with ya
I'm scratchy!
You can't match
I'm known for getting nasty
With my ciggerette ass
Once I get this fucker started you can't stop
Oww you done fucked up now
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes like Dolomite and Red Fox
They frightened of the braids, running from the dread lox