

# Mind of Mystikal

## Mystikal

laughing)  
Walking through the mind of Mystikal  
No holds barred  
Still don't give a fuck about ya'll I'm still not the nigga to fuck with busta  
? the average nigga don't fuck with me  
Fool a nigga in size, ain't much none of ya'll niggas can do with me  
Typically speakin, i'm not what your seekin  
Now vision the rhymes that I be keepin  
I fuck like a mohican, ain't drunk like them demons,  
I'm quicker then one of those puerto ricans  
Get it off your chest  
Don't run on my set, i'm breakin your neck  
If you gettin upset i'm breakin a sweat  
Ya'll niggas ain't ready yet  
I'm catching my breath, ya'll niggas ain't findin wind  
I'm keepin they momma from tryin again  
I done fucked up more niggas then Henikken  
Fuck, i'm cute as a puppy, you smart as a guppy  
Now how you gonna fuck me, that bitch get lucky she fucked me  
And now that hoe can't stop thinkin of me  
I'm thinkin of much wealth, come tell ya how gettin fucked felt  
Ask them niggas that know me now  
Even them bitches will tell you i'm somthin else  
Bitches, they like my good looks  
But niggas can't stand that right hook  
They might look but they stay put  
I done stomped more niggas than Big Foot  
What I mean is i'm grand, you can't fuck with this peacan man  
You don't know who i'am, you goin too fast, slow down Tito, damn  
(chorus)  
Nigga go ring the alarm  
I came in this bitch, and i'm in the swarm  
My niggas are already armed  
Were turnin this bitch into Vietnam  
Nigga go ring the alarm  
I came in this bitch, and i'm in the swarm  
My niggas are already armed  
Were turnin this bitch into Desert Storm I stick to the left like a thumb tack  
I hum that to the drum track  
No wives, tote no knives,  
Bitch i'm sharper then a pair of Filas  
See i'm humble, you fuckin 'em right, i'm makin 'em mumble

Don't stumble, hoe I? the seen it for your fuckin gumbo  
When a homie compare me, but spare me i'm a rap figure  
Please never don't dare me, bitch I barely kept an? nigga  
I run with the real niggas, they kill, they them ill niggas  
You best to chill niggas,  
I don't fuck with them run-of-the-mill niggas  
Here's what you gonna feel nigga:  
Heavy pressure from both sides, as the brain collides I'm tellin them lip lies, I hang with hip guys  
I split thighs, bitch don't ask me for shit  
You get nothin, no tighter then grip?  
Fuck nigga, don't bother me and try to be, and tired of me  
Walkin out the hood with more bitches number then lottery  
Look, I like fuckin around, but I ain't fuckin with no fuckery  
Luckily, none of you niggas in here ain't cold enough to fuck with me  
Fuck niggas can't touch that, no?, get the fuck back  
Fore you find yourself achin from you ass crack to your nut sack  
I run these hoe brand niggas from the back of the map  
To the front of China  
Just when you thought it was safe to back in the water,  
I'm right behind ya We as one must combine to never be stopped nann man Novice, servants,  
fiendins, demons, devils,  
Griffins, goons, raidin rebels  
Women, wizards, warlocks, witches  
Punk fags like bitches  
Gold, platnium, silver, copper  
Any kind of pussy popper gets wopped or chopped  
When Mystikal hits that door, now watch  
Nigga want a big cock, get popped like Hitchcock  
When I rib shot, when I hip hop, that zip lock thats thick knot  
Ohh, it's goin though me, got me struttin  
When E.F. Hutton talks everybody listenschorus 2x

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>