

Mystikal, I'm

(Intro: Mystikal)

MAN!! (I ain't never felt like this before)
DAMN!! I ain't never felt like this before
I AIN'T RIGHT!! fuck, this shit ain't right
Huh, huh, I AIN'T RIGHT!!, huh
Shit ain't right

(Chorus:Mystikal)

I'm thrown off (fuck) I'm thrown off
I'm thrown off (huh) I'm thrown off

(Mystikal)

I'm fucked up in the head
but everytime I go on- bitch, ran my coat on
bitch gonna taje my clothes off
you niggas are crazy like roaddogs
you can do what you wan' do
and say what you want- just don't play wit' me
go wit'cha flow go, just don't call me bitch ok?
back off, back off!! mind your business
damn dog, didn't know you were ever gonna drop
nigga, soon as i finish, i'm gonna make your motherfuckin'
record store look like it just got broke with a crowbar
i ain't gotta stand up in tihs bitch, take your hands on-

(Chorus)

niggas be testin' the streets like dick-birds
then they start day-dreamin', watch my tons and hit curbs
the i fuck my eyes and spit in my face- they got bad nerves
i smoke-funny-ain't lust and use bad words
but i'm in another revolution- motherfuckin' seem with his ass heard
if you ever in your car and you play my game, throw the password
cause it dosen't rest its head with an exquisite hand and they blast
first

i can't stand my next door neighbor, s i'm here to get a transfer
they won't stay over my grass- fur, i ain't right

(Chorus)

check this part out right here
fe-fi-fo-fum- i smell a sticky nigga roll up one
get back if you ain't got none
if you ain't bout it, then nigga don't come
we tear this bitch everytime we come through
actin' stupid, bitch- you know what i do
lookin like i come from artabozoo
where they feed us gumbo and cross-fetch too, huh
i get down because i come up around the checkin line
Kell- stop that fuckin track- i'v lost my mind

(Chorus)

hickery-dickery-dock-get 'em- jump off my cock
bitch- get out of my face- hoe- stay out of my pocket,thats right
everytime i come in the kitchen ,bitch you in the kitchen
gettin' fat, eatin all the fuckin' food up but ain't washin' the dishes
the fuck you mean do i have something else to drink
you just got through emptyin' the jug out the hands- is the time
that's it-gotta get the fuck out
bitch about to schold your hands to the door
nigga, i don't play that shit, better ask somebody
bitch-thought you know

(Chorus)