

# 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've 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)