

Mystikal, Not That Nigga (Remix)

I'm the ready type of nigga to play the gangsta
Cause you's probably coolin
But straight off the motherfuckin breast
I ain't comin for no foolishness
100 volts on the mic kept knowin (????) then I'm probably chillin
Tilt that crazy off bottle 'til I'm blitzed
Fuckin yeah nigga yall know that feelin
But I ain't that type of nigga to shoot the shit on my shit list
But I'm that talkin bro nigga thats quick to handle my business
Im makin a run with shit that I've done
Im wavin a gun at shit that you've brung
Make niggas get brung stoned and hung with the slip of a tongue
I unfold a truck-load as I explode
You bitches can't hold the side-door when I'm in my front-load
Im keepin'em (??) I'm keepin'em hype
I'm leavin'em right I'm even uptight
Holdin the mic and say the word FUCK more times then Dolomite
I'm the nigga that got the last words you got served
Smokin fat herbs and gunnin niggas down like back burs
With fast words I'm zipper I'm funky like raptors
And I'm much much more then a mouth full of adverbs and bad words
Stick it to a nig like chop sticks
(? My rapper I'm rapper ?)
More flava more flava more cooler then a tub of Kool-Aid
I'm never in doubt before so nigga then why try
Hittin harder then Popeye slappin motherfuckers like Cha-Cha
I fuck with a capitol "F" put (?) to death (??) crowd def
And I'ma continue to flow until I come up on my last breath
So homie raise up (OH!)
Hold these tricks up (OH!)
See I'm that nigga that tells whether or not a nigga stay now look here

(Chorus) (x8)

I'm not that nigga
I'm not that nigga
I'm not that nigga to fuck

You been picked off
Keep fuckin wit a nigga like me get hip-tossed
Fuck fightin faggot nigga I know
He jumped your bitch ass like Kriss-Kross
And look at a riddle that I be little
When I'm a jumbo now a fiddle
I jump in your eardrum and play (?Baradiddle?)
Stop wanting to ditch'em
I'm in this bitch and comin out rich
In case yah know 'bout a FIRED UP son of a bitch
Inch by inch as I drench
I'm a sense clench
That bullshit that yall niggas (???????) (?play of a pinch?)
I got the gimmick to make them bitches rough like they can feel me
They can't get near me cause they fear me but yall don't hear me
Just like that bitch I saw
Who hit my fucking car
Look-it-hear I'm playin that hoe from (?Chipiwalk?)
Whatchu talk?
I'm very (?hard pressin?) so niggas can kick this fuckin lesson
I am fluorescent as if caressing from that fuckin crescent
A nigga that know how
Nigga that been to serve (Go Child)
Mamma that pushin shake my head just like they got a loo-ow
So come with the pussy the paper the pen and the pussy now PASS ME THE MIC
Show you around jump on yo' ass just like a (???)
I shot more shit then Shawn Kemp but got more bitches then a world pimp

And got more flavour then a brown shrimp
I'ma be comin out flossin shit that make a nigga gon' talk some shit
But if you ain't brought shit
Then I ain't the nigga to start shit wit'

(Chorus) x8

You couldn't fuck the old but all of a sudden what make you think you can
fuck wit the new shit
You stuck on stupid
I ain't that nigga to fool wit'
A nigga might sprout up talkin about WHAT
The only way to keep my muthafuckin name out your muthafuckin mouth
is keep your muthafuckin mouth shut
I don't step (?????) fire then a gutter
I'm takin'em 10 at a time cause I ain't SCARED of you muthafuckers
I'm strippin'em up
I'm rippin'em up and flippin'em off
And I'ma continue to flow on rhymes then single'em out and choppin'em all up
Making classics
See massive titties and pussies and asses
But got more hoes then a value class
More vicious then BooBoo wash you up like we do
I'm blacker then Voo-Doo, harder then a rough rhyme (????)
Black like Sheep, I'm Cool like Jay in effect like Rex
I'm Grand like Pub huh, huh daddy are you?
I'm Ice like T, rock like Kim fuck it
Spice like One but got more Enemies then the Public nigga
I kick it around (???) (?choke on bread crumb?)
(?Rich'n and pitchin?) (?????) to the hair drum
The bigger opponent nigga thats you
You can't compare a nigga like Mystikal to Skidrow or Ugly Kid Joe
But yet you suddenly pickin terf wit me
You irkin wit me jerkin wit me when I tell your bitch to stop flirting wit me
I'm giving it (?mad house like fan belt?) I came tho
I know you niggas can't fuck wit me cause I can't fuck wit my damn self
I'm making yall mumble (or what I thought of.....)
Nigga you beating me is like cuttin a Philly grass with wire cutters I,
Be keeping to you all so breakin'em off
And still uh, fuck with me you faithful walkin around with pork chop drawers
I'm ready to graze and blaze pump up the gauge and pick up the pace
I'm more deadly then having safe sex, with a bitch with AIDS
A nigga like myself is BAD for you hoe tho
I fucked that bitch one time and now that hoe can't hold herself
That shit be kicks and niggas be smokin in cliques and fuckin'em tricks
I rollin from that Big Easy
Where the buddha are beyond and niggas they rumble, over the least mumbo-jumbo
Standing tall like this Mutumbo but turn that shit to Briant Gumble
That's how we do it when we kick it back on my block
It's pop or get popped
Kill or get killed
Drop or get dropped
And nigga be wondering why they always spunnin is off of some dumb shit
Cause I ain't, cause I ain't, cause I ain't that nigga to fuck with bitch

(Chorus) Fade till End