

Mystikal, Round Out Tha Tank

me that's who,
me me that's who,
me me that's who,
I'm tha round out tha tank,
I'm tha round out tha tank,
I'm tha round out tha tank,
I'm tha loud blacca blacca, wacca wacca coming from behind cha
Me that's who

(Chorus X 2)

I'm tha "weee" before tha "boom"
I'm tha fire in tha hole coming from tha tube
I'm tha claymore mine sittin in the dirt
I'm tha probe of support,
I'm "doom doom doom" three round burst
sleepin bag in tha freezin weather
I'm tha fragmentation vessel for shrapnel and flyin metal
I'm tha auto on tha fire select
I'm tha thousand shells bouncin off tha brass deflector
squeeze tha trigger send tha mass when it's time to take aim,
I'm tha "waahhhaa" fool when they ricochet down range,
creeping and seeking and keep in my target
I'm tha biological threat you don't wanna go to war wit
listen hear I make your fuckin bread where you live at
I'm almost there click away from yo Bivouac
flash yo brains, highly illuminated
this is operation fuck all my destination

(Chorus X 2)

Ha, I'm all you rank and ribbons strips and brass and decorations
I'm that fucking hole in tha earth after detonation
C 130 episode coming from tha sky
recognize round two rollin just like hypmatize
I think in aromas so save ya breath
if I don't get cha with tha rifle I'm a catch cha with my bayonet
I roll with M1's, tote em how I would
I'm a 45 day 45 night field prep
I'm yo' smart book in tha live exercise begins
and when it get dark I'm noisy like discipline
twelve bravo run you out the foxhole
make it to tha bunker it ain't no survival
I'm that war vet that's combat ready
whether arctic or jungle or the middle of the desert
they try to make it when they know they can't
how the fuck yo gon run from the round out the tank

(Chorus X 4)