

# Mystikal, That's The Nigga(A.K.A That's The Rap

Microphone check (what), check one  
Microphone check (what), check two  
Microphone check (what), check three  
Microphone check (huh), check four  
What chall niggas wanna do, how yall wanna do it?  
Huh, check one  
Kick this shit raw

Ghetto fabulous (5X)  
That's the rapper (8X)

Turn your hands towards your ass and say bye bye  
From the southside, southside, puff, ya ya ya  
Nothin but the fiya ya  
Eardrums snatchin champion cheap rhyme busters till the day I die  
I say I lie  
Bitch I'll be fuckin on your grave singin ay la ba  
I throw em off, I'm two scoops for coo coo  
I swoosh through your froot loops, poo poo in your fubu  
Yall niggas remember what happened to that mosquito  
Tweeter tweeter MC, the sweeter I be ja meaner  
Stop your water turn off your gas cut off your lights  
Move you out, cut your grass, watch your kids, fuck your wife  
Like a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich I'm good  
Mm hmm, like syrup on the biscut and orange juice ???  
Come and take me by the hand and walk ya  
I'm the thief in the night that slide your droors off ya  
Watch where ya steppin I'm a verbal weapon  
Bring more pain then when John Wayne came on old westerns  
What is the actual fuckin meaning  
I come in this bitch, without leavin this bitch that think we leaning  
It's been like that since way back  
I used to rock eight tracks before I rocked eight decks  
Concepts goin stay fat, concerts goin stay packed  
Ownership's goin stay black, nigga this is payback  
I scrape ya somethin crawlin to establishment  
Now I'm country club livin from the scribble scrabblin my talent  
Proper proper droppin somethin decent  
Yall niggas is as fucked up as Santa Clause for easter  
I'm a keep comin as long as KLC keep drummin  
And the only way to stop me is call the people for me  
Fuck them people, I'll fuck over you if I have to  
That's the nigga, that's that bastard

That's the rapper (15X)  
Ghetto fabulous  
That's the nigga (8X)

Who that say they can't sale boy?  
They the third ward huh, the 12th ward for all y'all  
My dogs, my boys and my hogs  
Gutiers on these boys and get down and go off  
All sides get high when they ride to my words  
They mine and they high when I'm live in concert  
Stop what your thinking  
This ain't no showoff of my business  
I don't need nine or ten pack of rappers with me  
I'm independent, make frontin, stuntin suckers lose thier stomach  
They lose their clout, their cool  
And after I come in the cut they lose thier woman  
Hello ghetto fabulous and big mansions  
And fine fabrics  
Like a man much money comes automatic  
You don't wanna battle with a hardcore rhyme fanatic

Full speed ahead vocabulary acrobatic  
That's him, that's that rapper  
That's the man, that's the rapper  
That's ghetto fabulous

That's the rapper (5X)