

# Mystikal, I Fold All

(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 fold all (fuck), I fold all (huh)  
I fold all (huh), I fold all

(Mystikal)

I'm fucked up in the head  
but everytime I go on - bitch, ran my coat on  
Bitch gonna take 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 this bitch, take your hands on - fold all, fold all

(Chorus: Mystikal)

I fold all (huh), I fold all  
I fold all, I fold all

(Mystikal)

Niggas be testin' the street like dick-birds  
Then they start day-dreamin', watch my tons and hit curbs (oops!)  
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 - motherfucker seem with his ASS HEARD!!  
If you ever in your car and you play my game, throw the password  
cause it doesn't rest its head with an exquisite hand and they BLAST FIRST!!  
I can't stand my next door neighborhood, so I'm here to get a transfer  
They won't stay over my GRASS - fur, I ain't right

(Chorus: Mystikal)

I fold all (huh), I fold all  
I fold all, I fold...

(Interlude: Mystikal)

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

(Mystikal)

We tear this bitch up everytime we come through  
Actin' stupid, bitch - you know what I do  
Lookin' like I come from Artabozoo  
Where the feeders gumbo and cross-fetch too, huh  
I get down cause I come up around the checkin' line  
Kell - stop that fuckin' track - I've lost my mind

(Chorus: Mystikal)

I fold all, I fold all (huh)  
I fold all (huh), I fold all (huh)  
I fold all (huh), I fold all (huh)  
I fold all (huh), I fold all

(Mystikal)

Hickery-dickery-dock - get 'em - jump off my cock  
Bitch - get out my face - whore - stay out my pocket, that's right  
Everytime I come in the kitchen, put two in the kitchen  
Gettin' fat, eatin' all the fuckin' food up but ain't washin' the dishes  
The FUCK YOU MEAN do I have somethin' else to drink?  
You just got through emptyin' the jug out the hands - its the same  
THAT'S IT - gotta get the fuck out  
bitch about to schold your hand to the door

Nigga, I don't play that shit, better ask somebody  
Bitch - thought you know  
(Chorus: Mystikal)  
I fold all, I fold all  
I fold all, I fold all  
I fold all, I fold all  
I fold all, I fold all