

Mystikal, Tarantula

(Mystikal)

Well bitch I'm country as cowboy boots
I debut beating boy band groups
Nigga let me know what the fuck yall wanna do
You need to keep up but you can't, can't
Mildew or barbeque! Cracker do your thang!
Dang I ain't here for the no dumb shit
You demo while I'm the harders nigga lyrics of the drum kick
And when it's finished over and done with
Imma smoke a blunt and knock the pussy off some bitch!
I ain't no speedy and you said I beat too much
I ain't gon eat it and you ain't gon drown me and I pound it enough
They see me leavin with the big butt women
Women walking funny pussy up in her stomach
Sittin in the front cause the tv's runnin
Peanut butter leather seat with "Big Truck" on it
I musta kidnapped a nigga main honey, cause I heard em hollin
"Hold on baby I'm coming"

{Chorus}

We hushed those (sssh) who ever thought we would get this far
But bitch I told you-Tarantula so do what you 'spoed to-Tarantula
Guve me brains stop lookin' strange bitch shit changed
It's just lilke I told you-Tarantula- came up like I 'm sposed to

(Mystikal)

And I'm known as the black prince of the south
So wop-ba-ba-lo-bop bitch watch out
I make ya mamma shake a tail feather
Don't tell ya daddy that I'm here cause you know it make him feel
threatened
Go get ya dexy dress to turn me on
While he down ther quotin Betty Wright, I know you not gon to sing that
song
I hit the charts and never move off or homie cool off
Before you nose look like Rudolf
I give it to em and this bitch can't handle it
Well ugly jealous mutha fucka this shits jammin
Ridiculous amounts of raw uncut talent
On top of bass strings and piano
They callin me big bucks no whammies
This year I'm sceaming Jive Records Big Truck god dammit
It's fight and never get to move
Rank: CEO/rapper/fool

{Chorus}

I'm fixin to blow up like the jaws of Dizzy Gillespie
Heavnes to Betsy
Julio Iglesias couldn't our-rock me
Speedy Gonzales couldn't come catch me
The grammy-nominated Especially... The Soul Train
Award Winner
Call me Black Elvis Preslely

You Probably can't keep up with what you see me on
Either 106 & Park, Queen Latifah, Chris Rock or Jenny Jones
Knock down buildings chop downs trees
I kick so fuckin hard they say, Yous Japanese
I'm up in the millions cause if what I invent
Look at ya over there with ya seatbelt light your're approachin your
descent

A.k.a "The Tarantula"
Hot rymes coming from a canister
I'm keeping my fans something to brag on
These people in here ain't leaving to I finish my fuckin last song
Bitch walk a barbarian
Tall dark and cut and keep them fuckin hoes starin Tarantual