

# Mystikal, That's That Shit(Foolish Soundtrack)

One, one, one, one, one.  
One, hear I go, mic check, here I go, mic check.  
One, one, one, one, one.  
That's that shit, that's that shit nigga, that's that shit.  
(That's that shit)  
Ya'll smell that shit?  
That's that shit.

That's the reason the bitches be trying to get the worm out the zipper  
That's the reason niggas gon' have to learn that I'm the ripper  
I scrape off crumbs and turn 'em into nickels  
Bounce 'em into dimes and turn 'em into flippers  
And I can't come around, like you do your rhyme, cause I'm different  
You can't make your shit sound like mine cause it isn't  
I run whether it's top of the line, get your mind right nigga  
Murder was the case cause I shine at night nigga  
The man with the braids in his hair, two tounge live nigga  
Let him fire nigga, I ride with five niggas  
Live from the west, bring it back home  
Ducked off in the Burnerville, blowing up the zone  
Strollin', cutting up on my cell phone  
Hundred miles per hour in the wind and I'm gone  
Watch them jails find the twenty inch wheels twirls  
Hoes hatin' in the back, fuck 'em girl  
I stand up like a pitch, swing the big dick  
Take a picture, feet stickin' like scotch tape bitch  
I swear to God I'll fuck over yay yay  
Have you sitting on your porch, gettin' pushed in your rocking chair

I know you hear it, I know you hear it, I know you hear it  
That's that shit nigga  
I know you smell it, I know you smell it, I know you smell it  
That's that shit nigga  
I know you feel it, I know you feel it, I know you feel it  
That's that shit nigga  
I know you scared, I know you scared, I know you scared

I come in the bitch to put my two cents on a two inch  
I'm tearing down the fuckin' building and the blue prints, any sign of  
intrudence  
Tear your ass down, make that ass look foolish  
Raise your hand and talk to the teacher, no, students, students  
I like to sing a about the boota and the tooters  
Smoke the purple bubble gum, merge crazy blue vooda  
Ya'll past tense, I'm the black prince ruler  
Sharp shooter, I'm chopatula, to talula  
Point black bitch, gone, gone  
Full blast turning up the water all the way on  
Hi, my name is, Mystikal  
I handle my business, deliver my lyrics ever since I hit the door  
When I come around in this muthafucka your arms fall off  
You can't touch me, your jaw broke, you can't say nothing  
Fuck around and let my second wind kick in  
I better be makin' it sound like the booty that the dick went in

That's that shit, that's that shit nigga  
Yeah, that's that shit  
Yeah, that's that shit nigga  
Yeah that's that shit  
Yeah, that's that shit nigga  
Yeah, I know you smell it, (I know you smell it)  
I know you smell it, that's that shit nigga  
I know you feel it, I know you feel it, I know you feel it  
That's that shit nigga

I know you hear it, I know you hear it, I know you hear it  
That's that shit nigga  
Is you scared, is you scared, is you scared  
Cause that's that shit nigga

I got that shit.  
That's that shit nigga.  
I keep that shit.  
I own that shit.  
That's my shit.  
Bitch, that's my shit.  
Uh, fucks wrong with you nigga?  
Bitch.  
Get the fuck off.