

# Mystikal, The Braids

Chorus:

Don't fuck, don't fuck with the braids!  
Can't fuck, can't fuck with the braids!  
Don't fuck, don't fuck with the braids!  
Ya can't fuck, you can't fuck with the braids! (Barking)  
You can't stop me! How then?  
Watch me! Watch me! Ain't gonna be no congress  
Drop me, you can't block me, who stop me? Its outside!  
You should've known better!  
Is it cause I flow better?  
They kept me in the shade  
But now I'm back motherfucker, the nigga with the cannon for two  
Swinging with the braids!

Chorus

(Verse 1)

504! The doe man, got dogs in when the rhymes go bad  
Make ink on the page, catch flame  
Lit light like propane  
No sweat, no blood, no pain, no game  
No card, no deal, no dice, no game  
Giving these bitches somethin vicious!  
I got them falling to pieces, like porcelain dishes  
I'm dirty!  
I get all the way down on the ground  
And just wonder, memorize, take a picture, write a book  
I don't give a fuck!  
I man supply, ground ripper!  
I'm here, lay down and give it up!  
Nigga you ain't gonna leave me out my entrance (out my entrance)  
Count a hundred thousand pennies, every sentence!  
Buddatt, buddatt, buddatt! Get back!  
What's happening?  
I rip cracks and pop tapes  
I'm so hot they just gotta rock what I spray  
The type of guy that write what I say!  
I'm so wild, cause I'm round where them crocodiles play!  
(Can't be none there) I make you say, ow, give it to me (step it up!)  
Don't be that way I'm tearing ya, cause they tell ya with da music!  
I been doing this shit, how to train em', how to use em'!  
I'm a gangsta, better pop up respect  
Take a piece of lectum  
Maximum effect ya!  
But eclectic, ground perfected!  
It just don't get no colder, bet you if I won't effect it.  
Y'all niggas couldn't pop a rubberband  
You fucking with the man!

Chorus:

(Verse 2)

Bitch bout 55, got damn it!  
Get into it, get off, get down, get cross, get tied!  
For my Million (son) and my Mychelle (daughter),  
my mama, and my brother, and my nephew, and myself!  
The man upstairs, cause I kept it up,  
for my niggas, and my rounds, back down  
Bout to step it up (step it up)  
Put in some cash and some Outkast beats.  
Hop behind the wheel and come out from the fucking backseat!  
Michael Tyler! Rhyme and droating driver, miracle rip pleyer!  
The fasthold desire! On fire, reach a flyer, ain't nobody lie!  
Starting them out of a team, city of Seam,

with 100 suckers and a busta!  
And I'm still clean! Hollering hiya!  
Right before I chop you in your throat!  
Another rapper say I'm on my way  
To get the fucking hat and coat, and hit the motherfucking door!  
You can't stop me! How then?  
Just watch me, watch me!  
Ain't gonna be no calling congress!  
You can't drop me, you can't block me, who stop me?  
Its outside  
You should've known better!  
Is it cause I flow better? They kept me in the shade  
But now I'm back motherfuckers,  
the nigga with the cannon for the two  
Swinging with the braids!

Chorus: