

# Mystikal, Who Rock This

We got the hook-up  
Hook it up hook it up

[Chorus]

Who rock this bitch  
We rock this bitch  
Who run this bitch  
We run this bitch  
That No Limit click  
That Wu-Tang click  
That No Limit click  
That Wu-Tang click

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo, yo, yo I demolish emcees in the south go south  
Sound few projects that really don't doubt  
Well as I remember I was 12 years old  
Didn't know about fronting or playing a role  
Yo thought I was slick, felt harder than bricks  
With my Mr. duh and my uptown kicks

[Mystikal]

Its my time to come in this bitch and put my foot down  
I'm getting ready to fitting knock your mothafucking door down  
Cause when Ol Dirty Bastard doing something you know its bout to go down  
All them motherfuckers that didn't know I bet they know now  
Bitch you better slow down before you get tore down  
The click I roll with, weak niggas can't go round  
(Ya'll what)  
Nigga we hot bring your ass to the ground  
OWWWW, hard to pronounce

[Chous]

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[Ol Dirty Bastard]

Watch cha waiting thru your rap fatigues  
If the mc world was a minor league  
See would niggas cease where it is unique  
Tear itzzzz up from an old antique  
Don't inspect the project, bet on you frees  
Hardhead, startin that said siamese  
I never like rhymes that's incomplete  
Then again obsolete, shall I repeat  
Its an easy street for a nigga who earn  
Learn so dern and a nigga return  
Add intelligent, positive messenger  
Experiment negative Lucifer  
I'm intelligent so excellent  
Girls wanna talk to me I don't give you know hint  
Will I wait a moment give you a compliment  
Bitch do you think this is some sort of entertainment

Forget about that, that's just experiment  
Damn a nigga blew a fuse off the things I invent  
Allow myself, my fresh reducement  
Better step to the left of the rap lightning  
There's no replacement for my supplement  
Of the new testament cause what I say is what I meant

[Chorus]

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[Mystikal]

Motherfucker WOO SHIT I'm a stomp you bitch  
H-bomb on a nigga cause you can't do this  
When I pull up my bitch we all spray, bitch be gone its gone be on  
It'll be a motherfucking murderer on this microphone  
I ain't gone die no hoe BOY, I'm out the N.O  
I'm a 5-0-4 BOY, you a fucking fool  
I'M A 5-0-4 BOY, No Limit and WU  
I'M ROWDY ON THE FLOOR BOY  
Huh nigga what

[Chorus]

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