

Izit

"Don't Call Me"

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{Beelow Talking}
Say bra, say bra

{Thug Addict}
SHIT!

{Beelow}
You know who you sound like man? Man hold up

{Thug Addict}
AHH!

{Beelow}
Mama, say Mama come listen to this nigga say bra,
you know who you sound like?

{Thug Addict}
{Chorus}
Don't call me, nigga don't call me nigga
don't call me no fuckin' MYSTIKAL!
I'ma Thug Rider, I'ma on Fire, You don't wanna fuck
with me
I fuck over every MC, I fuck over every MC
Don't call me, nigga don't call me nigga don't call me
no fuckin' MYSTIKAL!

{Thug Addict}
I'm the Jesse James in this Rap Game,
I come tighter then Black Supremes on a nigga head
I'm BAD!, the type of nigga fuck with you Bad!
I fuck over ya, DROWN ya with yo stupid ass!
I'm askin', why I decided to stay State Capital
Bad ass lil' rascal, I'm that nigga, bitch I'm that RAPPER!
Indosposeable, Uncontrollable, I run yo ass over
Like an motherfuckin' BULL DOZER!
I told ya BOY, a soldier BOY!
I ain't no motherfuckin' play toy
I'm that nigga, people be talkin' bout
Boy you WRONG! the coldest nigga that you ever hear
Play it on the track, like a fukin' Guitar
I make it jingle, and glingle, and wrap it up like a Wrath

of Terror
I can throw it and blow it, high up in the AIR!
I'ma super duper, lil' trooper spit shit like a buger
Come through the speaker like Freddy Krueger
Die Bitch!, and do a lil' somethin' to ya
You know, I told you motherfuckers from the GET GO!

{Chorus}

{Beelow}
Damn bra, you sound just like that nigga Mystikal man

{Thug Addict}
Man, I don't sound like no motherfuckin' Mystikal

{Beelow}
I ain't lyin', say bra say that shit again

{Thug Addict}
Man, I say what the fuck I wanna say

{Beelow}
Man, say that shit again, nigga sound just like Mystikal
bra
Damn, don't he sound just like that nigga, let me get yo
Autograph

{Thug Addict}
I'm sick and tired of motherfuckers lyin'
Talkin' bout I'm try'na sound like somebody
Try'na get down like somebody
I'm respected highly, lyrical violent
I'm that other nigga on the Mic, hollin'
Stylin', comin' through this motherfucker straight up
hirin'
Flossin' in the Bat Cave, like Batman and Robin!
Actin' like a man on FIRE!
Fuck with me nigga, better put a bullet in yo fuckin'
NOGGIN!
Chop, chop ya is my fuckin' HOBBY!
They bout that BULLSHIT! I doubt IT!
They label me a black John Gotti!
Nigga, I'ma be cold when I'm 90!
Whoopin' highly, on the mic still crackin'
You ain't heard bout ME!
That mean, ya probably ain't fuckin' worried bout ME!
So don't call me no other nigga call me THUG ADDICT!

Don't Call Me!
Don't Call Me!
No fuckin' Mystikal!

{Till song finishes}

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