

## Mystik Journeymen

### "If It Ain't Live, It Ain't Me"

Visit "[If It Ain't Live, It Ain't Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mystikal]

Why..., why why why why

Cause I keep bangin' y'all mother-fuckin ass, with this shit

If it ain't live, it aint me

Oh nigga I'm too def to move a step, too shy to slip or slide

I'm too hard to fall apart, I'm too cold to get old

I'm too hip to drip, I do it to 'em like this

I wan't-a load it up, cock back don't miss

Y'all ain't goin' believe this

Got the preacher's wife talkin' bout rock that shit!

All they do is say the mans name

You watch how many bitches start comin', it's a damn shame

They know I got the wood for 'em

If they in the hotel room and get the dick, that's good for 'em

Big pussy and it's soft dick time, bitch I got to get'cha, mm-hm, uh-huh..

Tell me what you goin' do

If you got your friends with you, you could bring them ho's too

Come and turn around, let me get behind you

Move somethin' for me baby, I ain't goin' tell no body

[Hook]

If it ain't live, it aint me

Oh nigga I'm too def to move a step, too shy to slip or slide

I'm too hard to fall apart, I'm too cold to get old

If it ain't live, it aint me

Oh nigga I'm too def to move a step, too shy to slip or slide

I'm too hard to fall apart, I'm too cold to get old

I'm too hip to drip

[Mystikal]

When I'm here they got to have it

White lines so live they jump off the cabinet

It's Micheal Tyler not Black Sabbath

It's springin' hunter so watch out for the cat parrot  
I'm a whole and kaniver, the hot enchilada, Big Truck  
driver  
Hittin' hookers is a side high  
Tuckin' guts stackin' paper formin' lyrics is my real job  
Got my fingers and my shit tight  
Got another album and contract bitch get right  
Form a crowd like a fist fight  
Take my time with it if it takes me sun-up to midnight

[Hook]

[Mystikal]

I'm too man to try to handle, I'm too bad and loaded  
too for you to hold  
Too tight to out-write, too strong to out-sold, too much  
to out-bust  
I'll talk shit and cuss, foul-dog rimp and the walk talk  
spit crush  
The paper towels and toilet tissue, start your engine set  
the table  
Clean your plate and wash the dishes  
Can I please get a source cup  
And if they don't give me my grammy, feel so sorry for  
your mother  
And after I'm goin' get Jive  
I done bust my ass, y'all ain't do y'all job

[Hook 2x]

Visit [Mystik Journeymen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.