

## Mystik Journeymen

### "I'm"

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(Intro: Mystikal)

MAN!! (I ain't never felt like this before)

DAMN!! I ain't never felt like this before

I AIN'T RIGHT!! fuck, this shit ain't right

Huh, huh, I AIN'T RIGHT!!, huh

Shit ain't right

(Chorus:Mystikal)

I'm thrown off (fuck) I'm thrown off

I'm thrown off (huh) I'm thrown off

(Mystikal)

I'm fucked up in the head

But everytime I go on- bitch, ran my coat on

Bitch gonna taje my clothes off

You niggas are crazy like roaddogs

You can do what you wan' do

And say what you want- just don't play wit' me

Go wit'cha flow go, just don't call me bitch ok?

Back off, back off!! mind your business

Damn dog, didn't know you were ever gonna drop

Nigga, soon as i finish, i'm gonna make your  
motherfuckin'

Record store look like it just got broke with a crowbar

I ain't gotta stand up in tihs bitch, take your hands on-

(Chorus)

Niggas be testin' the streets like dick-birds

Then they start day-dreamin', watch my tons and hit  
curbs

The i fuck my eyes and spit in my face- they got bad  
nerves

I smoke-funny-ain't lust and use bad words

But i'm in another revolution- motherfuckin' seem with  
his ass heard

If you ever in your car and you play my game, throw the  
password

Cause it dosen't rest it's head with an exquisite hand  
and they blast

First

I can't stand my next door neighbor, s i'm here to get a  
transfer

They won't stay over my grass- fur, i ain't right

(Chorus)

Check this part out right here  
Fe-fi-fo-fum- i smell a sticky nigga roll up one  
Get back if you ain't got none  
If you ain't bout it, then nigga don't come  
We tear this bitch everytime we come through  
Actin' stupid, bitch- you know what i do  
Lookin like i come from artabozoo  
Where they feed us gumbo and cross-fetch too, huh  
I get down because i come up around the checkin line  
Kell- stop that fuckin track- i'v lost my mind  
(Chorus)  
Hickery-dickery-dock-get 'em- jump off my cock  
Bitch- get out of my face- hoe- stay out of my  
pocket,that's right  
Everytime i come in the kitchen ,bitch you in the kitchen  
Gettin' fat, eatin all the fuckin' food up but ain't washin'  
the dishes  
The fuck you mean do i have something else to drink  
You just got through emptyin' the jug out the hands- is  
the time  
That's it-gotta get the fuck out  
Bitch about to schold your hands to the door  
Nigga, i don't play that shit, better ask somebody  
Bitch-thought you know  
(Chorus)

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