

Mystik Journeymen

"The Edge Of The Blade"

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One, one, one, one, one.
One, hear I go, mic check, here I go, mic check.
One, one, one, one, one.
That's that shit, that's that shit nigga, that's that shit.
(That's that shit)
Ya'll smell that shit?
That's that shit.

That's the reason the bitches be trying to get the worm
out the zipper
That's the reason niggas gon' have to learn that I'm the
ripper
I scrape off crumbs and turn 'em into nickels
Bounce 'em into dimes and turn 'em into flippers
And I can't come around, like you do your rhyme,
cause I'm different
You can't make your shit sound like mine cause it isn't
I run whether it's top of the line, get your mind right
nigga
Murder was the case cause I shine at night nigga
The man with the braids in his hair, two tounge live
nigga
Let him fire nigga, I ride with five niggas
Live from the west, bring it back home
Ducked off in the Burnerville, blowing up the zone
Strollin', cutting up on my cell phone
Hundred miles per hour in the wind and I'm gone
Watch them jails find the twenty inch wheels twirls
Hoes hatin' in the back, fuck 'em girl
I stand up like a pitch, swing the big dick
Take a picture, feet stickin' like scotch tape bitch
I swear to God I'll fuck over yay yay
Have you sitting on your porch, gettin' pushed in your
rocking chair

I know you hear it, I know you hear it, I know you hear it
That's that shit nigga
I know you smell it, I know you smell it, I know you smell
it
That's that shit nigga
I know you feel it, I know you feel it, I know you feel it

That's that shit nigga
I know you scared, I know you scared, I know you
scared

I come in the bitch to put my two cents on a two inch
I'm tearing down the fuckin' building and the blue
prints, any sign of
intrudence
Tear your ass down, make that ass look foolish
Raise your hand and talk to the teacher, no, students,
students
I like to sing a about the boota and the tooters
Smoke the purple bubble gum, merge crazy blue vooda
Ya'll past tense, I'm the black prince ruler
Sharp shooter, I'm chopatula, to talula
Point black bitch, gone, gone
Full blast turning up the water all the way on
Hi, my name is, Mystikal
I handle my business, deliver my lyrics ever since I hit
the door
When I come around in this muthafucka your arms fall
off
You can't touch me, your jaw broke, you can't say
nothing
Fuck around and let my second wind kick in
I better be makin' it sound like the booty that the dick
went in

That's that shit, that's that shit nigga
Yeah, that's that shit
Yeah, that's that shit nigga
Yeah that's that shit
Yeah, that's that shit nigga
Yeah, I know you smell it, (I know you smell it)
I know you smell it, that's that shit nigga
I know you feel it, I know you feel it, I know you feel it
That's that shit nigga
I know you hear it, I know you hear it, I know you hear it
That's that shit nigga
Is you scared, is you scared, is you scared
Cause that's that shit nigga

I got that shit.
That's that shit nigga.
I keep that shit.
I own that shit.
That's my shit.
Bitch, that's my shit.
Uh, fucks wrong with you nigga?
Bitch.
Get the fuck off.

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