

## **Mystik Journeymen**

### **"What Cha Think"**

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Time to get with ya  
What ya think nigga  
Time to get with ya  
What ya think nigga

I already done told ya niggaz  
Shit I showed y'all niggaz  
When I slaughtered ya niggaz  
This how I sold ya niggaz  
Bitch if ya put yourself in a fight  
Here me kick it  
I get flashlight how we get it with it specific and artistic  
Spare rhymes and rough drafts get it done tighter  
I stay clear you cut the war underwear  
I'll hold ya back nigga cause ya shyvie  
When my blood start bubblin I get fystie  
Laced with cyanide  
Hard education if somebody try to bite me  
Scratchy, flows come across hypely  
Closer than your fuckin icy  
Reaching my level is highly unlikely  
Precisely I'm the right king I be  
Why in the sam hell would you take it upon yourself to  
ever try me  
Got be suffering some type of fault or malfunction  
You don't want this situation to get both dangerous and  
rambunctious  
Why y'all be thinking about beef I be thinking bout big  
numbers  
On top of things running shit why you bitches going  
under  
If I take your ass on this track it'll probably defeat the  
purpose  
Cause that half ass material you putting out  
Probably ain't gone never surface  
You harmless, you couldn't blow the bomb up  
Couldn't keep up the pace I set  
I'll whoop your ass with my warm-ups  
Entertainer rap composer and performer  
Map located on the southern corner  
I'm making the way like they at a parade

Niggaz get fitted for graves for going for brave  
When them bullets get sprayed  
So I ain't no hangman no gang bang  
Shit, I'm trying to change things  
We stuck on the same thang  
Stealing draws from Les Unplauge  
Then I can go back to the trunks of cars of the upper  
esilonge  
Blunts and guns roll like M1s tasers  
Smoke weed all the way to the bank  
Nigga what the fuck you think

[Chorus]

What cha thank nigga

[Verse-2]

Fuck ya'll niggaz think bad lines and bad words serving  
their purpose  
Doing videos and movie soundtracks and tv  
commercials  
Independent, smoke herb  
Walking this thing throughout your suburb  
Got young niggaz switching suburbans  
The tempo I run when I run around like a tortoise  
Your mom say run when I hear they come  
Ta get they titty slick and they pussies murdered  
Low down dirty  
Big old niggaz burn down the barn to make million  
dollar merges  
Never mix no bullshit with your business  
I'll snatch ya pull your head out ya ass that mothafuckin  
stay down  
There til I finish  
If I cut ya down I'm gone make you look bad  
I'm gone make them look at you  
The same way they look at the back of a dog's ass  
Hit it tell us, stomp through this mothafucka like  
elephants  
Swing though this bitch like apes and fly by you bitches  
like pelicans  
Playa haters are of no relevance  
I'm striving on intelligence  
And changing like them elements  
If you was up to my level I'd probably wail all on ya  
But you ain't bitch you bumb time don't tell on ya  
What the fuck you think it's time to come up  
And profit off the shit we sell  
Rode the band with BL why I gotta chance to back up  
with KL

Nigga next to me your shit be seeming fake  
You bests to move your fucking finger  
While I cuts my piece off the tank cake  
Move them ugly mothafuckas show me your mean face  
But stick your fingers in your mothafucking ears  
Cause these niggaz be dropping some mean bass  
Cause it ain't gone be no more after me  
It ain't no limit to these young black hustlers  
Ask that nigga Master P  
It has to be the paper if ya ask me man  
Ya'll niggaz know ya can't hang  
Nigga, what the fuck you think

[Chorus till fade]

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