

Mystik Journeymen

"Yahh!"

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Da da da daah
Da da da daah
MC's!
Da da da daah
Da da da daah
Yaah!

[Chorus:] X 8
Yaah! (Say what?)

[Verse 1]
Break my joint, cut my tongue off if I ain't tight
Put a bullet in my head take my life and let me die if I
ain't fire
Cut me up feed me to the roaches, let me rot if I don't
rock
Let me go to hell, burn, sizzle and simmer if I don't
deliver
Pull my hair out if I sell out
Bury me on my stomach without no drawers on at all if I
don't go off
Or either lethal injection or straight electricity
Let the garbage man pick me up and get rid of me
If I lose creativity
Let me get forced into sexual activity
Let me get turned out by three skank freaks if I don't
bust to
The utmost of my ability
Take my head if I say it and don't feel it
Stop selling my record, give me the money back nigga
If I don't sell at least a million
Cut my dick off if I get down and don't get off
Crush my spine and cave my chest in if I come (?.)
If I ain't bad for my age and kick ass for my size
Close my fuckin eyes if you can stop me from sayin or
keep me from playin

[Chorus] X 16

[Verse 2]
Snap my pencil, dislocate my fingers and jam my

thumb
I ain't gon' write no more, tear my papers, strip clothes
if
It don't ship gold
Take my blessed, Baptist Holy Ghost Christian soul
If it take less than a year of playin my records and
tapes
Before they can say my shit old
If it don't bang, take me out the game, call me out my
name
Put me out my house, beat me out my change
Let em read my poem and tell em to seal my doom
When I'm dead read bitch ass nigga in the ground
Written across my tomb
Let the breeze take my leaves if my trees don't bloom
Put me in the sun and cut my air supply
If I give these niggas breathin room
If what I'm brewin ain't potent
If what I'm doin ain't rollin
Nigga, diss me, make a movie, talk about it on Oprah
Erase my fuckin vocals, burn my fuckin notebooks
Take my fuckin tank from me and give it back to
Goldman
I quit, my career's over
Turn me upside down and hang me from my scrotum

Da da da daah
MC's!
Da da da daah
Da da da daah
MC's!
Da da da daah

[Chorus] X 8

[Verse 3]

Give me my post office application if I ain't hear from
rap
Nothin if they ass ain't shake and they hands ain't clap
Take my happiness if it just so happens I ain't happenin
Let something happen to me if I ain't hardcore at it
maximum
Flip the dial change the channel if I can't handle
Forget me if I leave this bitch
Before I put my fuckin Grammy on the mantle
Let my next fifty concerts get cancelled
If I'm scared in front the camera
Then take my fuckin talent, take me from my family
Sneak me, fuck over me if I don't represent Louisiana
Jump my fence if I ain't the prince
Bitch keep me back if I can't keep up with the

presidents
If I don't run circles around these other rap guys
Let my momma Benz catch four flat tires

[Chorus till fade]

That's what the fuck I'm hearin in my head
Yaah!
That's what keep me going
Yaah!
That's what make me fuck over you
Yaah!
I can't stop that voice
Yaah!

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