

Nelly Furtado

"Who Got Tha Clout?"

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Intro:

Who Got Tha Clout?

Don't act surprised cuz it's that bitch from the South.

Pumpin' out the N-O.

You don't want no clout.

Who Got Tha Clout?

Don't act surprised cuz it's that bitch from the South.

1st Verse [Mia X]:

Who's 'bout to come?

Who they cleared the way for?

Who all them niggas respect?

Who got them hoes scared to flex?

Well here's a track that gets wrecked.

Who's got the industry hexed?

Well now, it's mama, full of marijuana.

Headline nigga, whatcha' whatcha' want, huh?

You can see them niggas writin' rhymes,

but don't need none, want some.

Hoes run from these here,

who gon still be the boss bitch next year?

Who ain't gotta brag cuz the realness is there?

Who be havin' muthafuckas bucked everywhere?

When you think the biggest mama,

who be on yo' fuckin' mind?

When you hear 'bout it, 'bout it,

who you waitin' for to rhyme?

Whose time is now?

Who you can't doubt?

Who's got clout?

Say my name loud.

Bridge One:

Mia X (4 Times)

[Records Scratching]

Mia...X... When Mystikal hits the door.

Verse Two [Mystikal]:

You better hold yo' breath,

cuz I'ma leave this bitch SMOKIN', like ganja.
Not only will I run 'ya, BITCH I'LL RUN BEHIND 'YA.
I, stay sharper than yo' barbershop barber,
it's my honor, to rock it wit' the biggest mama.
I ROLLS, like hoes jaws go off from, RAW,
it's me the meat claws off.
Oh, you supposed to be balla?
It take tall props to call shots, that's bigger than bald spots,
y'all workin' off small pox.
You know, like I know, leave yo' fuckin' jaws locked,
stop worryin' 'bout niggas thats out to leave, work what y'all got.
Believe none of what you hear, and some of what you saw,
Mystikal, Mia X, who the fuck you think it's for?
Look we ain't yo' standard his and hers rap duo,
we cut the fuckin' fool, who try somethin' TRU.
Been bustin' ass since days of old school,
I refuse to leave this bitch without my props and the jewels.

Bridge Two:

When Mystikal Hits The Door,
How ya' daughter got popped
(7 Times)
When Mystikal Hits The Door, When Mystikal Hits The Door

Verse Three [Both]:

[Mia X] Mama comes through this bitch, like Hurricane Bessy, messy hoes know, chill wit that ass like a mill.

[Mystikal] I know they knew this ain't no damn Jack and Jill,
we run this fuckin' hill, got this bitch locked down,
so tight, zipped up, shit sealed!

[Mia] Still, I gotta keep my pocketbook filled...

[Mys] And you WILL, just gotta keep my wallet on til'.
Build our nine together, watch what kinda car we build.
Nigga better find some silence fo' yo'self, stop walkin' on
STEEL.

[Mia] For real, you know we actin' plum donkey, black prince
of the South and mama Mia tag teamin' boku funky...

[Mys] Stankin' like Monkey Shit!

[Mia] On the side of Limberger...

[Mys] On top of fart rocks...

[Mia] Washed down with skunk piss.

[Mys] I don't think they heard us,
stop trippin' cuz you playin' wit' yo'self,
bitch we rappin' for the world, just say that shit to
yourself.

[Mia] Intentions of wealth, who you see?
That nigga wit' the braids, and that squeaky voiced
bitch,
lyrics hurtin' yo' head for days, nigga. Representin' the
South, fuck all that asshole and nasty, you gonna
gimme my clout.

Outro:
I represent...
Who got the clout?...
(10 Times)

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