

3T**"My Melody"**Visit "[My Melody](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[King Midas]

"Word, best to feel me, boy
It's about to come off, it's about to come off
Whether you love it or you hate it
Ain't none of this drug game can stop my flow"

My malignant melody's a felony, at least that's what
they tellin' me
Belle and three deep in hell and Tree
Sellin' my new T-A-P-E
for paper, D- King get real violent with terminators
Determined haters gettin' wiped out by exterminators
in German 'Gators, fully prepared for the perpetrators
They try to fade us- My style is layed down in perfect
layers
If adgetated, then my melody moves wildly
Niggas that doubt me don't know nothin' about me
Without me, rap would be weak wit'out a beat,
but it got me, so it's unique and kinda sweet
Yet you slot me, so I take pride in your demise
Seek to stop me and I must rise with my a-llies
at the top, man- Hard to maintain but I got game
and it's plain to see without pain and forever reign
You losers' not me, so I recommend that you don't
begin
'cause to stop me is takin' the strength of ten men

[King Midas]

Drunken Master]
My, my, my...
...malignant melody
My, my, my...
It's just those wicked flow skills
My...
...malignant melody
Watch out. Watch out, 'bout to hurt ya!
My...
It's just those wicked flow skills

[King Midas]

See, when I see the microphone, I'm instantly turnin'

into a fire-breathin' M.C., internally burnin'
Never learnin' to watch your manners'll get 'cha
smacked in the mouth
Here's a present, I'm gon' have Santa come and blow
up ya house
Just from a clout, I'm gon' have to bless the skill of a
legend
Goin' in so many directions, you don't know where I'm
headin'
Now, I ain't bettin' but I believe I'm one of the best
Kinda upsettin' how I battle when I'm put to the test
Nevertheless, ladies' obsessed, now I confess that I'm
fresh
Could afford to ball for y'all a little bit and still have alot
left
What about death? I ain't afraid but, shit, I don't wanna
die
for myself- So when you try to slain me, bullets gon' fly
'til ain't nothin' left- It's self explanitory how I'ma ride
For my respect, I get wreck- Man, I can't go deny

[King Midas
Drunken Master]
My, my, my...
I'ma say it again for 'em, Dre
Look here, huh
My, my, my...
...malignant melody
My...
We gon' freak it for this one time, man
Drunken Master
It's just those wicked flow skills
My...
One time
...malignant melody
Two more times, man
Let me go towards 'em, man
My...
It's just those wicked flow skills

[Drunken Master
Dre from Outkast on a phone]
"Yeah, and that's the way we puttin' it down
Drunkenstyle, you-know-I-mean?
99.9 on your FM dial- Bangin' for real niggas only
Turn the volume up out there
Ayyo, right about now, let's go to the phone lines and
see what's
crackin' lately- See who ridin' wit' us, ya-know-I-mean?
Yo, Drunkenstyle, you on the line"
"Yo"

"Yo, what's the deal, nigga"
"Wuz up, man"
"Yo, who is this?"
"This Dre"
"Yo, Dre, what's goin' on out there in them city streets,
my man?"
"They jammin' ya"
"Ayyo, well, you on the air right now
Let niggas out there know who you ridin' wit', Playboy
Do your thang"
"Yo, y'all know who it is
Yes, straight outta Outkast, it's Andre 3000
Niggas know we be layin' low
Lower than roaches doin' push-ups
But I'm layin' low with, uh, DJ Dre, the Drunken Master
Y'all know what it is- Drunkenstyle '99
Go and pick up y'all tha album"
"Yeah, that's good lookin' out, Playboy
I'll see y'all when I get to Atlanta, you-know-I-mean?"
"Alright"
"Big shout-out to all the niggas in the Dirty South
ridin' wit' that Drunken Master shit in they deck
You know it don't stop, baby- Check the way that we
switch it up
Drunkenstyle, nigga- WHAT?!!"

[Record Scratches]

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