

Beelow

"Dont Call Me"

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Say bra, say bra

SHIT!

You know who you sound like man? Man hold up

AHH!

Mama, say Mama come listen to this nigga say bra,
you know who you sound like?

Don't call me, nigga don't call me nigga
don't call me no fuckin' MYSTIKAL!
I'ma Thug Rider, I'ma on Fire, You don't wanna fuck
with me
I fuck over every MC, I fuck over every MC
Don't call me, nigga don't call me nigga don't call me
no fuckin' MYSTIKAL!

I'm the Jesse James in this Rap Game,
I come tighter then Black Supremes on a nigga head
I'm BAD!, the type of nigga fuck with you Bad!
I fuck over ya, DROWN ya with yo stupid ass!
I'm askin', why I decided to stay State Capital
Bad ass lil' rascal, I'm that nigga, bitch I'm that RAPPER!
Indosposeable, Uncontrollable, I run yo ass over
Like an motherfuckin' BULL DOZER!
I told ya BOY, a soldier BOY!
I ain't no motherfuckin' play toy
I'm that nigga, people be talkin' bout
Boy you WRONG! the coldest nigga that you ever hear
Play it on the track, like a fukin' Guitar
I make it jingle, and glingle, and wrap it up like a Wrath
of Terror
I can throw it and blow it, high up in the AIR!
I'ma super duper, lil' trooper spit shit like a buger
Come through the speaker like Freddy Krueger

Die Bitch!, and do a lil' somethin' to ya
You know, I told you motherfuckers from the GET GO!

Damn bra, you sound just like that nigga Mystikal man

Man, I don't sound like no motherfuckin' Mystikal

I ain't lyin', say bra say that shit again

Man, I say what the fuck I wanna say

Man, say that shit again, nigga sound just like Mystikal

bra

Damn, don't he sound just like that nigga, let me get yo

Autograph

I'm sick and tired of motherfuckers lyin'

Talkin' bout I'm try'na sound like somebody

Try'na get down like somebody

I'm respected highly, lyrical violent

I'm that other nigga on the Mic, hollin'

Stylin', comin' through this motherfucker straight up

hirin'

Flossin' in the Bat Cave, like Batman and Robin!

Actin' like a man on FIRE!

Fuck with me nigga, better put a bullet in yo fuckin'

NOGGIN!

Chop, chop ya is my fuckin' HOBBY!

They bout that BULLSHIT! I doubt IT!

They label me a black John Gotti!

Nigga, I'ma be cold when I'm 90!

Whoopin' highly, on the mic still crackin'

You ain't heard bout ME!

That mean, ya probably ain't fuckin' worried bout ME!

So don't call me no other nigga call me THUG ADDICT!

Don't Call Me!

Don't Call Me!

No fuckin' Mystikal!

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