

Mystikal "Beware"

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Chorus: Mystikal Making Noise

First Verse:

BEWARE!

The man with the braids done walked in
Mild mannered like Clark Kent
I'M rougher and tougher than dead shark skin
This man gonna be have you flippin' like the pages of
(???)

Evil like Cruella

Five minutes later I'ma still be hard as an armadillo

Roll like an eighteen wheeler

Shinin' like the slipper

Of Cinderella

And bad weather

And acapella

THIS FELLA

TOP SELLER!!!!

Gonna be that way til' I'm old as Mandela

STILL GETTIN' BETTER!!!!!

Writin' rhymes I'm best of 'em

I'm the arrester, I'm the professor

I'm the nigga that keep his picture on your girlfriend's
dresser

Now really

Tell me what you muthafuckas know about gettin'

ROWDY

Tell your whole Sunday gang bout it

BITCH I BEEN BOUT IT!!!!!

Now, I kick the rest of you into HASH

BOW GRASSHOPPER, BOW TO THE MAN!!!!!!!

Chorus

Second Verse:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Bet'cha runnin'

I bet'cha, bet'cha I'm best that I'm better

Run with a letter

Swift as a jet or keep up with the pace setter

Sparkle like glitter
HARD HITTER
HOE GO-GETTER
SIDE STEPPIN' FROM NO NIGGA!!!!!!
Whenever you bitches decide you gonna get too big for
your britches
Leavin' you stitches
Diggin' ditches
Sufferin' hickeys, cuts, scrapes, bruises, welts
Don't fuck with the RHYMIN' BLACK BELT
WATCH YOURSELF!!!!!!!
BOOM!!!!!! HERE I GO!!!!!!!
BOOM BOOM!!!!!!! Â I KNOW!!!!!!!
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the man with two tongues,
'cause that's the way I flow
'cause I can get hot like fire
And you can't put it out, it's like tip-toein' on top of
barbed wire
For instance, persistance
No resistance, stay your distance
Is vital to your existance
You leave it to me to show you the way out
I'm never gonna play ya
I'LL TAKE YOUR OLD LADY
EVEN IF I TOOK MY BRAIIIIIIIIIDDDDDDS OUT!!!!!!!!!!

Chorus

Third Verse:

And I'm uh, ready, and it looks like ALL you bitches are
rusty
Y'all can't buss me, don't cuss me
Hit'cha, so much muthafuckin' we gone leave this bitch
musty
You disgust me
Trust me
When Mystikal hits the door, you bitches be SCREAMIN'
to touch me
I'm the invisible man you can't see me
I'm mackin' illusions and confusion
I'm abusin', your conclusion, and contusions, from the
bruises
Issuin' these muthafuckas with the style that them
bitches want
FIVE FOOT ELEVEN, screamin' to heaven
I say FUCK SHIT GOD DAMN
Bitch respect me like a reverend, and...
Congregation say "Amen"
(Amen)
Come through this muthafucka swingin' like a

CAAAVEEMAAAN

And you against me, you better not say it go back in the
water

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come

UP JUMP THE SHIT STORM!!!!!!

From the rats

Rollin' out

Since you wanna BOW muthafucka

BOW to the master!

Chorus

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