

Mystikal "Bullshit"

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Nigga that's that bullshit, nigga that's that bullshit.
They got me fucked up, right now on that bullshit.
Nigga that's that bullshit, nigga that's that bullshit.
Got us fucked up in here on that bullshit.
Nigga that's that bullshit, nigga that's that bullshit.
Got us fucked up out here on that bullshit.
Nigga that's that bullshit, that's that bullshit.
They got me fucked up, right now on that bullshit.

Same nigga hump the beat like a pussy.
Fuckin' right I put the dick on the track.
Same nigga he just got outta jail.
Same nigga that's 'bout to go back.
So what the rapper got 90 more days?
Should have never hit that bitch in the head.
I know she pushed you and you probably felt played.
Better next time you gonna walk yo ass away.
Get yo shit together, nigga get yo mind right.
Every nigga in here smarter than Albert Einstein lookin'
at it from hindsight.
Hope this shit starts sankin in before it's a cell you be
stankin in
No bitches, no titties, no pussy prints tell my (?) sucka
you wasn't thinkin' then
I said, "uhhh." The judge say, "'Uhhh' my ass!"
Tell yo people how much that you miss 'em and you
love 'em talkin to 'em from behind that glass.
Hello Canteen Line, I plan about five racks
Lemme get that in coffee and hygiene, stamps and
bugler packs.
You're mad 'cause I'm movin' fast, so you're usin' that
Now you're out here talkin' shit, but bitch I'm used to
that.
Bitch, I never give up. I said I'll never go back.
But judgin' from the way the ball done bounce, I might
get to see my nigga Mack.

[Chorus]

Tryna do me like a low-down dog. Treat me like a hen
pecked freak.
A mother like a one legged gimp. Or something like a

four-eyed geek.
Cause you up in there huffin' and puffin talkin' 'bout I
lie and cheat.
Bitch I want you outta my house, She said I want you off
these streets.
Damn! Hold up, sorry baby. Ain't gotta be all that.
You know how much I love you. Don't do nothin' crazy.
Yo man, you kiss yo panties, you might as well pack yo
bags.
And of course standing next the DEA, my brother can't
you hear me like kiss my ass.
Say goodbye to those shows, and peace out to those
beats
Tell 'em how I got you out the truck, yeah nigga hand
over those keys.
There you go, take it baby. It's yours darling.
Turn the motherfucker sideways, stuff that bitch where
you sit on the toilet
'scuse me speakin' in tongues. But she forgot about the
charger.
I know that she know nothin' bout the charger
Now that bitch got me (?) charges
I guess it go like that, and it be like that
Momma said knock that lightweight out, 81 days you
gon be right back

[Chorus]

Bitch you tryin' to swing below the belt, hoe you tryin' to
hit behind the knee.
If this were Silence of The Lambs, our troubles would
be over. Popo Clarice.
Shoo, shoo, shoo. Fly, fly, fly.
I repent if you think that this is gonna be the end of me
bitch it's a goddamn lie.
Hey there mike mike mike man, now that you're my my
my.
Seen me thinkin' if you had a restraining order off I'd
be a love and all'd be fine (This is wrong.)
Daddy gotta go through the joint just to get to the door.
Daddy gotta climb over these hoes just to make it back
home to the (?).
Now we know that big girls don't pout, and big boys
don't cry.
Y'all better not fight in this bitch and cry, y'all play nice.
Do just as I say, but not as I do.
In the house, you start fuckin' up, guess what? I'll
whoop your lil bad ass too.

[Chorus]

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