

Mystikal

"Dirty South, Dirty Jerz"

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No Limit
Naughty
The bomb III
Mystikal
Ill Town
Da big eazy, oh shit

Dirty south, dirty Jerz, nigga fuck what you heard
Your talk words don't serve while we slang on the curb
We take it from a fuckin' fight to a stage and a mic
If I don't take the Limo bitch I'm pushin' a bike

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We take it from a fuckin' fight to a stage and a mic
Yeah, yeah

Us big niggaz get pussy while songs get cooked
Fuck rough rhymes get hooked and young minds get
shook
Duck, don't rock, don't break, don't bend, don't fall
Not gon' play, don't fake, don't stop to rest, don't
pause none
Top dough top pro on bitches
Chop funk, not gon' bitch ass niggaz
I wring they neck and slap they fuckin' mouth
I run laps around the superdome

Breast stroke the whole Mississippi to represent, the
fuckin' South
That's right, I said it
I'm the fuckin' boxer in your face is where I'm headed
You gotta whole lot of nerve dissin' the, South
We ridin' all the way to Jersey
We gon' keep up, but you keep on, keepin' on
Y'all gon', keep on, gettin' the fuck on, bitch get gone
Y'all heard me? Mystikal and Naughty, New Orleans
and Jersey

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I heard somebody wantin' Naughty to get raw, ha
I dismantle your fuckin' crew just like Apartheid
Nigga you heard, there's no limit no gimmicks, to the
shit I spit
Ain't no magazine you know could count these mics I
rip
Comin' straight from Jersey, motherfuckers all those
who curse me
Running through you niggaz like Jackie Joyner Kersee

Now, how many niggaz comin' better than this?
Naughty by nature puts it down on some veteran shit
And chins out of devour, while fuckin' at your baby
shower
Spittin' lyrics on you a hundred miles an hour
Our zoo got no problems gettin' physical
Naughty by nature down with Mystikal, you bitches foul

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You get your ass kicked when your only assets is ass
bets
You cry quicker than Angela Bassett, 'cause your
cassette
I'll trash it, like potatoes, beets, I'll mash it
Bust dust to dust and turn ashes to ashes in masses
I'm massive mashing bastards faster
Question 'bout my pimping tell your bitch to ask it
Chip-chop like all tops the store stops
'Cause I'm raws likes strawberries on shortstops

The beast from the east, the big future for the pharoah
Diss my crew, do some spine travel on gravel
Some fuhrilla shit, go and, peel your shit
I want my, scrilla quick, on some gorilla shit
Rhyme illest, no mimic, no quit it, gon' feel it

Ill Town, divine mill it, no limit, fuck the spillage some
Hear my shit and go and switch they style
While I get down and wild with Mystikal

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