

## Mystikal

### "Dirty South, Dirty Jerz"

Visit "[Dirty South, Dirty Jerz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Treach] No Limit  
[Myst.] Naughty!  
[Treach] Da bomb III  
[Myst.] Mystikal!  
[Treach] III Town  
[Myst.] Da Big Eazy.. (oh shit) HAH!

Chorus: Treach (2X)

Dirty South, Dirty Jerz, nigga fuck what ya 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  
\* 2X - last line replaced with YEAYY-YAY! \*

Verse One: Mystikal

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  
Blaow, 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!

Chorus

Verse Two: Vinnie

Yo, yo, yo  
I heard somebody wantin Naughty to get raw, ha  
I dismantle your fuckin crew just like Apartheid, nigga  
ya 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, motherfuck all those who  
curse me  
I'm, 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 I 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

Chorus

Verse Three: Treach

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 (it stops here)  
Cause I'm raws likes strawberries on shortstops (it  
comes now)  
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  
IllTown, 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

Chorus

Visit [Mystikal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.