

# Mystikal

## "I'm"

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I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm

See I'm that nigga that's, fixin'  
To do my dirt under the sun  
I been hustlin' since the morning become  
I keep a couple of rocks under my tongue  
Watch out here come the cop  
Might notta stand still where you chill  
Run to no automobile 'cause it can kill

My destination can feed my home purpose  
I'm vibrating' on the down low in the first place  
You want me show me the money you gonna be payin'  
Pop ya ass up out of the van  
And take these rocks up out my hand

'Cause I don't trust ya and I ain't tryin'  
Hold up nigga, I don't know  
Ya gotta reach out at the same time  
You want some, come get some  
Tyson's on the drum and I'm

I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm  
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Ya livin', in livin' up in my people's rentin'  
Windows tinted, nigga from a couple houses down  
Get Skinny, bump it to last amount of spittin'  
It's senseless how them dudes be smokin' that shit  
Gettin' roped in that shit, jump in this shit  
I got to flippin' on nigga, you want some more of that  
shit

Live in that click where niggas do what they gotta do  
Blast 'em with burnable fuck 'em and watch 'em fuck  
you  
Nigga be livin' that life, playin the role of a gangsta  
But them niggas ain't gangstas  
Bitch you gotta be big enough  
To think about bein' a fuckin gangsta

Most of them niggas be comin' real

Bring it to ya blood field but that nigga got killed  
That's how it be's on that rough side  
The tough die, the strong die

Fuck with the wrong niggas on with the wrong chrome  
Check the wrong shit, walk the wrong zone  
Nigga you good as dead and gone  
(Problem serious)  
Nigga don't hear me that's how we livin' till the saga  
stops

Every nigga and his mom gotta glock on my block  
Niggas push rocks and dodge cops till they pissed and  
tired  
Nigga, you livin' by the gun  
Y'all need to handle y'all fuckin' business 'cause I'm

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Don't sell it, arm and hammer got my rocks swellin'  
Laws is yellin', prosecutors yellin'  
I'ma glock ya spot, ya head pop like a fuckin' melon  
Do my thing destiny I'm a felon  
But I ain't just a young, black nigga rebellin'

Breath by breath, step by step, day by day  
Playin' this game of death  
My nigga remind ya of manslaughter  
Niggas slangin' quarters  
Georgia, Cali, to New Orleans rollin'

I'm in the pen, pumpin' that iron until I'm swole up  
Grits and cheese made me bigger  
Now I'm just a lil' bit harder than that next nigga  
The first one up to run up  
That nigga there gon' get done up  
When I put that fuckin' gun up

They told ya, ya hip bone gone gone  
That lil' roam don't live long, pop me to stop it  
Cock block me, you bitches can't drop me  
Hoes gon' still jock me  
Got me now the niggas mock me

I seen Scarface twice now I'm a fuckin' carbon copy  
Missing on society  
And insane probably 'cause I'm full of animosity  
I'm kind of like at all  
I might huff and puff and blow ya fuckin' hat off  
Tear it off, swear it off

Now get the 411 to 911 to Red Cross  
My moaning make me lead  
Ten steps to feel these got me cocked these  
Swingin' like Conan  
Wanted from no man with boo-koo ho fans

Talk more garbage, funk, filth, shit, trash, and lies  
Rhymes so funky they draw flies  
If I rock one up, shock one up  
It simple enough to be did  
But your shit terror rig, change your big  
Niggas be sayin' big  
Pass the fig, don't give me no fuckin' pig

I don't choose no swine but eat Popeye's chicken  
And eat watermelon to the fuckin' rind  
Feel the grip of this black chrome  
That don't fuckin' rhyme, nigga get ya back broke  
Fuckin' with them black folks

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