

Mystikal "Keep It Hype"

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Testin', testin', testin'
You can hear me, what what what?
Testin', testin', testin'
You can hear me, what what what?
Mic, check , check, check check
You can hear me?
I'm loud enough?
Mic mic, microphone, check, check
Can you hear me?

Yikes, you know what I like?
I keep it hype, the words that I write
I rock the whole crowd, I don't need a mic
I say my rhyme loud, with all of my might

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People say that nigga crazy, I'm throwin' off, I raise my
voice up then, go off
The king of different, Titan of screamin' chantin' louder
than
A hundred people clappin' keep them fuckin' speakers
crackin'
Rockin' it, about to roll the sticker on the tag can't make
it ragged
Vocals that'll blow horns 'til your ass in traction
Disgusting like that valve on your bike with the basket
Bling bling comin' through, not excuse me
I'm the nigga that's makin' this loud ass music

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The doctor slapped my ass, so I've been hollerin' since
an infant
Gotta make sure they hear me 'cause I wants my
attention
Disturb the class, so I stayed in detention
Couldn't whisper when I was talkin' so they sent me to
the office
The principal say, "Young man what seem to be the
problem?"
Said, "I try to be quiet but I just can't seem to lower the
volume"
"Hmm, what's your name?" "Michael Tyler"
"Perhaps you'd be interested in joining our school
choir?"

Said, "Nah, that's for funny boys"
"Either that or a suspension," While you roll, here I
come boy
I wanna holla, but I gotta try
Doe ray mi fah soh! Ahh no!
That ain't gonna cut it, that ain't gonna get it
Then the teacher said, "Maybe you can try something
mathematic"
But I'm too clumsy so I went to the band
But I made more noise honkin' than I did when I was
playin'

Yikes! That ain't workin' so I'm leavin'
The very next day I was in R O T C
Had no problems soundin' off like I had a pair, three
four
But I just ain't like them tight ass green pants that I had
to wear
All this time inside, made me tired, on top of that
One of my teachers wanna see my ass outside
I went downstairs to the yard
When I got there I seen my teacher with about eight
fine broads

I said, "You lookin' for me? I'm the one who be talkin'
loud"
She said, "Damn, nigga we need you on our
cheerleadin' squad"
Hell no, never ever Trevor
Either that or a report card filled with the F letter
Go, team, fight, win
Nah this shit ain't cool, fuck these teachers and this
school
I gotta loud mouth but I don't know what to use it for
'Til they told me that they was gon' put me in the talent

show

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Yikes
Yikes
Yikes
...

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