

Mystikal "Mind Of Mystikal"

Visit "[Mind Of Mystikal](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Walking through the mind of Mystikal
No holds barred
Still don't give a fuck about ya'll

I'm still not the nigga to fuck with busta
[Unverified] the average nigga don't fuck with me
Fool a nigga in size, ain't much none of ya'll niggas can
do with me
Typically speakin', I'm not what your seekin'
Now vision the rhymes that I be keepin'

I fuck like a Mohican, ain't drunk like them demons
I'm quicker then one of those Puerto Ricans
Get it off your chest, don't run on my set, I'm breakin'
your neck
If you gettin' upset I'm breakin' a sweat, y'all niggas
ain't ready yet

I'm catching my breath, ya'll niggas ain't findin' wind
I'm keepin' they momma from tryin' again
I done fucked up more niggas then Henikken
Fuck, I'm cute as a puppy, you smart as a guppy

Now how you gonna fuck me, that bitch get lucky she
fucked me
And now that hoe can't stop thinkin' of me
I'm thinkin' of much wealth, come tell ya how gettin'
fucked felt
Ask them niggas that know me now
Even them bitches will tell you i'm somthin else

Bitches, they like my good looks
But niggas can't stand that right hook
They might look but they stay put
I done stomped more niggas than Big Foot

What I mean is I'm grand, you can't fuck with this
peacan man
You don't know who I am, you goin' too fast, slow down
Tito, damn

Nigga, go ring the alarm

I came in this bitch and I'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin' this bitch into Vietnam

Nigga, go ring the alarm
I came in this bitch and I'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin this bitch into Desert Storm

I stick to the left like a thumb tack
I hum that to the drum track
No wives, tote no knives
Bitch I'm sharper then a pair of Filas

See I'm humble, you fuckin 'em right, I'm makin' 'em
mumble
Don't stumble, hoe I [unverified] the seen it for your
fuckin' gumbo
When a homie compare me but spare me I'm a rap
figure
Please never don't dare me, bitch I barely kept an
[unverified] nigga

I run with the real niggas, they kill, they them ill niggas
You best to chill niggas
I don't fuck with them run-of-the-mill niggas
Here's what you gonna feel nigga

Heavy pressure from both sides, as the brain collides

I'm tellin' them lip lies, I hang with hip guys
I split thighs, bitch don't ask me for shit
You get nothin', no tighter than grip [unverified]
Fuck nigga, don't bother me and try to be and tired of
me

Walkin' out the hood with more bitches number then
lottery
Look, I like fuckin' around but I ain't fuckin' with no
fuckery
Luckily, none of you niggas in here ain't cold enough to
fuck with me
Fuck niggas can't touch that, no [unverified], get the
fuck back
Fore you find yourself achin' from you ass crack to your
nut sack

I run these hoe brand niggas from the back of the map
To the front of China
Just when you thought it was safe to back in the water
I'm right behind ya

We as one must combine to never be stopped nann
man

Novice, servants, fiendins, demons, devils
Griffins, goons, raidin' rebels
Women, wizards, warlocks, witches
Punk fags like bitches

Gold, platinum, silver, copper
Any kind of pussy popper gets wopped or chopped
When Mystikal hits that door, now watch
Nigga want a big cock, get popped like Hitchcock

When I rib shot, when I hip hop, that zip lock thats thick
knot
Ohh, it's goin' though me, got me struttin'
When E.F. Hutton talks everybody listens

Nigga, go ring the alarm
I came in this bitch and I'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin' this bitch into Vietnam

Nigga, go ring the alarm
I came in this bitch and I'm in the swarm
My niggas are already armed
Were turnin this bitch into Desert Storm

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