

Mystikal

"Mystikal 13 Years"

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19 nigga 7, bitch what's happenin'?

Chorus:

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

I know what to do to knock your stupid ass out
bastard you ain't no challenge.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

This ain't no fluke, this pure deep talent.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

I know what to do to knock your stupid ass out
bastard you ain't no challenge.

Thirteen muthafuckin years!

[Verse 1]

Ahhh Beware, of the microphone I'm holding

I'll keep rappin until I hoarse or swollen

Thirteen years and rollin

Bringin the coldest to the CONUS

Gettin part of this, niggas don't want no more of this

Never leave you alone in your life, nigga I'm selectin
and sellin rhymes

Slap a nigga in his mouth thinkin his style sound some
like mine

Mad enough you screamin "It AIN'T!"

(This line whispered, can't hear)

You be pissin me off some the time, take you down one
at a time

I'ma be known for fuckin over your whole album

Who want my rhyme?

Keep decling, I'ma keep climbing

Keep duckin, I'ma keep findin

Keepin heat seekin rhymes comin to get you bitches off
me

Disrespect is costly, stir that muthafucka like coffee,
Hard to break, if it comes that way

It took me thirteen muthafuckin years just to make a
demo tape

But that don't mean that my rhymes one of the
strongest

All man I been trying to make it for the fuckin longest

Fuck the signing bonus, long as you done it

When I done it, gettin blunted bout to run this bitch

Takin them riders down with me, clown with me

Leave thirteen in your muthafuckin chest and you can

count em

Chorus

[Verse 2]

Nigga go pass the vibe, dividin mad this year
Creative catastrophe, leave MCs in closed caskets
Hit ya like full metal jackets, cut like hatchets
Tight as ratchets, and burn like matches
Thick than amino acids, flip like gymnastics, nasty as a
pissy mattress
Droppin like the temperature in December
Shimber me timbers, I been writin raps as far back as I
can remember
Fulla them rocks, everybody move key
It was ghetto Djs and sucka MCs
Handle your buisness in this industry of competition
Or be at F.W. Wolworth washin dishes
Bitch I was born to write million dollar rhymes
Battle in the hallways of Cohen back in 85
86, 87, 88, hooked up with Big Boy records and made
my first demo tape
We dropped some real shit in the basement
I had big ol' nigga tracks, raps like pavement
To come from New Orleans made it hard to surface
That's when I got discouraged and joined the service
Pissed off! and I before long
I went to war and served federal time before I made it
back home
No more rips in my jeans and gettin my cream
Ain't shit unlucky about my number thirteen

Chorus

[Verse 3]

I hit the bitch like BOOM! Owwwwww!
Never gon bounce throw in the towel before I foul
How in the fuck you like me right now
Told your ass this year I'd be on top of the pile
Cause my rap style is my hustle
I shot niggas up like Muslims
We flex like muscles
Use a, pretty delievery cause it's most important
I form a style that cut straight thru the frozen artic, I
came from my welps, gave up my belt
I got off from Big Boy records to put my single on the
shelf, now
Do I do it? Fuckin right I did it
Shoulda seen the little chir'en in the street singin I'm
Not That Nigga
Size ain't nothin nigga, I'm short
Shockin nigga, raah!
They gave me five hundred dollars, shit I quit both of
my jobs
Fuck em, got some other shit to do from nine to five

My birthday came, and my sister died
But next year, Mystikal signed a half a million dollar
deal with Jive
This shit thats tragic can't be no more
Because of my rings I work at A&P no more
I drive my landcruiser off the show floor
Got the Bondaville paid sittin on Momo's
Comin with scheme, up in my dream
Who'd a ever thought I'd be a No Limit soldier
by the end of that thirteen
Thirteen mammy muthfuckin years!

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