

Mystikal

"That's The Rapper"

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Microphone check (what), check one
Microphone check (what), check two
Microphone check (what), check three
Microphone check (huh), check four
What chall niggas wanna do, how yall wanna do it?
Huh, check one
Kick this shit raw

Ghetto fabulous
Ghetto fabulous
Ghetto fabulous
Ghetto fabulous
Ghetto fabulous
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper

Turn your hands towards your ass and say bye bye
From the southside, southside, puff, ya ya ya
Nothin but the fiya ya
Eardrums snatchin champion cheap rhyme busters till
the day I die
I say I lie
Bitch I'll be fuckin on your grave singin ay la ba
I throw em off, I'm two scoops for coo coo
I swoosh through your froot loops, poo poo in your fubu
Yall niggas remember what happened to that mosquito
Tweeter tweeter MC, the sweeter I be ja meaner
Stop your water turn off your gas cut off your lights
Move you out, cut your grass, watch your kids, fuck
your wife
Like a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich I'm good
Mm hmm, like syrup on the biscuit and orange juice
Come and take me by the hand and walk ya
I'm the thief in the night that slide your droors off ya
Watch where ya steppin I'm a verbal weapon
Bring more pain then when John Wayne came on old

westerns

What is the actual fuckin meaning

I come in this bitch, without leavin this bitch that think
we leaning

It's been like that since way back

I used to rock eight tracks before I rocked eight decks

Concepts goin stay fat, concerts goin stay packed

Ownership's goin stay black, nigga this is payback

I scrape ya somethin crawlin to establishment

Now I'm country club livin from the scribble scrabblin
my talent

Proper proper droppin somethin decent

Yall niggas is as fucked up as Santa Clause for easter

I'm a keep comin as long as KLC keep drummin

And the only way to stop me is call the people for me

Fuck them people, I'll fuck over you if I have to

That's the nigga, that's that bastard

That's the rapper

That's the rapper

That's the rapper

That's the rapper

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That's the rapper

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That's the rapper

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That's the rapper

Ghetto fabulous

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

That's the nigga

Who that say they can't sale boy?

They the third ward huh, the 12th ward for all y'all

My dogs, my boys and my hogs

Gutiers on these boys and get down and go off

All sides get high when they ride to my words

They mine and they high when I'm live in concert

Stop what your thinking

This ain't no showoff of my business

I don't need nine or ten pack of rappers with me
I'm independent, make frontin, stuntin suckers lose
thier stomach
They lose their clout, their cool
And after I come in the cut they lose thier woman
Hello ghetto fabulous and big mansions
And fine fabrics
Like a man much money comes automatic
You don't wanna battle with a hardcore rhyme fanatic
Full speed ahead vocabulary acrobatic
That's him, that's that rapper
That's the man, that's the rapper
That's ghetto fabulous

That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper
That's the rapper

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