

Mystikal

"The Edge Of The Blade"

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[Intro:] [Mystikal]

Man I got something to tell you
I don't know how to explain it
But I'm different (crazy)
Naaaaa....aight
I'm, I'm, I'm not like you
I'm not like others
It's like I've been here before

[Verse 1]

504 is the domain I don't sang
My rhyme go bang
Nigga, ain't in the place get a flame and ya act like
propane
No sweat, no blood, no pain, no gain (Blade)
No cards, no deal, no dice, no game, no thangs
I'm givin you bitches something vicious
Now I'm partin the pieces like porcelain dishes
I'm dirty
I get all the way down in the ground witch
WHAT
Memorize, take a picture, nigga write a book, I don't
give a fuck
I'm blended bile, ground rip up
Darem here
They down to give up
Nigga you underneath, me out my entrance
Off by inches I can count a hundred thousand pennies
Help me center
Look at that, look at that, look at that, get back
I get that respect like that gatlin bitch whats happen
I rip tracks and pop tables
I'm so popular they just got the rock I spread
Time I got a blunt what I said (Blade)
I gets pride cus I'm from round where the crocodiles
play
(singing) ??? gonna be none that
I make em' say
Aww give it to me don't be that way
I'm tellin ya from cuttin ya tellin what the music
I've been doin this shit
I'm highly trained on how to use it

Start checkin somebody bout the prospective
Passes are selective maximum effectiveness

Brain celftic
Brown completic
It just don't get no ???
I'll perfect it
Yall niggas couldn't pop a rubber band on my parade
Choppin and slicin with the edge of the blade

[Chorus:] The blade [x 24]

[clip from movie]

[Blade:] There are worse things out tonight than
vampires

[Girl:] Like what?

[Blade:] Like me

[Verse 2]

I turn a sucka into supper
Got suffer
Mighta hada enough
Thats why I cus (come on fucker)
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
They can't hide from the pain cus the noise don't stop
They don't stand a ghost of a chance but the try
One side of my mind tell me to get the other say let em'
ride
Even when a couple of hundred years gone by
They still gonna bite and I'm still gonna fly
Yes....five fingers around their necks
I'll run through your back and come out your chest
You movin to fast you forgot to pace your self
Aww shit here it comes nigga brace your self
Oh my goodness
Don't worry I'ma getcha no matter how I put it
Imitates, I'm limit, tall limit, tell it (Blade)
Let me finish hedgehog and answer fella
You would if you could but you dont get up off
And I'm the hand on tha hammer on the nail in the
coffin
I'm marchin to a different drummer
At the head of the parade
I'm the edge of the blade
[Chorus x32]

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