

Mystikal "Yahh!"

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Da da da daah
Da da da daah
MC's
Da da da daah
Da da da daah
Yaah

Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?

Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
MC's

Break my joint, cut my tongue off if I ain't tight
Put a bullet in my head take my life and let me die if I
ain't fire
Cut me up feed me to the roaches, let me rot if I don't
rock
Let me go to hell, burn, sizzle and simmer if I don't
deliver

Pull my hair out if I sell out, bury me on my stomach
Without no drawers on at all if I don't go off
Or either lethal injection or straight electricity
Let the garbage man pick me up
And get rid of me if I lose creativity

Let me get forced into sexual activity
Let me get turned out by three skank freaks
If I don't bust to the utmost of my ability
Take my head if I say it and don't feel it

Stop selling my record, give me the money back nigga
If I don't sell at least a million
Cut my dick off if I get down and don't get off
Crush my spine and cave my chest in if I come

If I ain't bad for my age and kick ass for my size
Close my fuckin' eyes if you can stop me from sayin'
Or keep me from playin'

Yaah, say what?
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MC's

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MC's

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Snap my pencil, dislocate my fingers and jam my
thumb
I ain't gon' write no more, tear my papers
Strip clothes if it don't ship gold
Take my blessed, Baptist Holy Ghost Christian soul

If it take less than a year of playin my records and
tapes
Before they can say my shit old
If it don't bang, take me out the game, call me out my
name
Put me out my house, beat me out my change

Let em read my poem and tell em to seal my doom
When I'm dead read bitch ass nigga
In the ground written across my tomb
Let the breeze take my leaves if my trees don't bloom

Put me in the sun and cut my air supply
If I give these niggas breathin' room
If what I'm brewin' ain't potent
If what I'm doin' ain't rollin'

Nigga, diss me, make a movie, talk about it on Oprah
Erase my fuckin' vocals, burn my fuckin' notebooks

Take my fuckin' tank from me and give it back to
Goldman
I quit, my career's over, turn me upside down
And hang me from my scrotum

Da da da daah
MC's
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Da da da daah
MC's
Da da da daah

Yaah, yaah, yaah
Yaah, yaah, yaah
Yaah, yaah, yaah

Give me my post office application if I ain't hear from
rap
Nothin' if they ass ain't shake and they hands ain't clap
Take my happiness if it just so happens I ain't
happenin'
Let something happen to me if I ain't hardcore at it
maximum

Flip the dial change the channel if I can't handle
Forget me if I leave this bitch
Before I put my fuckin' Grammy on the mantle
Let my next fifty concerts get canceled

If I'm scared in front the camera
Then take my fuckin' talent, take me from my family
Sneak me, fuck over me if I don't represent Louisiana
Jump my fence if I ain't the prince

Bitch keep me back if I can't keep up with the
presidents
If I don't run circles around these other rap guys
Let my momma Benz get four flat tires

Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?
Yaah, say what?

MC's, MC's

That's what the fuck I'm hearin' in my head
Yaah, yaah, yaah
That's what keep me going
Yaah, yaah, yaah
That's what make me fuck over you
Yaah, yaah, yaah

I can't stop that voice
Yaah, yaah, yaah

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