

## **Janis Joplin) Lyrics by Etheridge Melissa**

### **"Mood Swing"**

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(\*talking\*)

Ghetto Status let's go, hey

[Chamillionaire]

If any of them was on top, he's the throne there's a new king

So watch what you doing, I'm having a mood swing  
Your lip gon get stiffed, get my drift better move swing  
My fist till it hit your lip, and it's blue as a mood ring  
That's just for assuming, Chamillion can't throw the up  
Or standing over you saying, that famous cool by Chris Tucker

Tough luck, I'm the definition of hustler  
Gun to me and my brother, make niggaz adjust the  
Combination to the safe, I am the money magnet  
You got some money stash it, cause we coming to grab it

You got a tight B, better put it up in a bag kid  
Put me in a straight jacket, I straight jack it  
Yeah that nigga Chamillionaire, he got the baddest  
Hoes from the left side, to the right side of the atlas  
Wanna get in the palace, and see how big the pad is  
Make another wish, Ms. click your heels like Alice  
And if I do let you in, you won't get no cabbage  
You gon see the entrance to the bedroom, and see the mattress

And after that Ms., disappear  
There's a exit in the front, and a exit in the rear  
Pick the closest one near, yeah

[Rasaq]

Hey niggaz taking shots at Rasaq, and hope I respond  
You little peons, don't make me yawn  
Don't get peed on, or get my N-U-T on  
The top of your lips, like a dunk coming from Keyon  
You best just be gone, cause when I pop the neons  
In the trunk, I'm prime-time like Deon  
Get off my ding-dong, little niggaz cling on  
My balls and bounce back and fourth, like it's ping pong  
I set the V on, twenty inch deon's

And them 21's, your honey come and sing along  
Big swangas and vogues, spit game to these hoes  
They addicted, like white things in they nose  
The God of the gutter, I found my way out  
Only to get lost and tossed, back in another  
Now I'm back in the hole, like golf ballas and a putter  
And I only wanna touch this green, but this white man  
with a stick  
Keeps knocking me, away from that shit  
Till I lay in a ditch, and they don't even come get me  
They just get another me, and keep swanging a stick,  
damn

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