

# Whacha Want, Whacha Need

Mystikal

Shouldn't a did that  
Me and Busta Rhymes

Ha ha ha ha hahahaha

Bitch I'm on a mission  
Not the one to be mixed up from this nigga and that nigga  
Hundred percent, full blooded natural, rap whipper  
Ass kicker, mad spliffer, back flipper  
That much colder than the last nigga  
Come from my pops so y'all aint fucking with me  
I come to get down, its time to get down  
I think u chicken bust a cap  
I'm the one mixed with Duggery and Master P Ugh!  
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes  
Ohh shit the shocker and the guillitine  
Down, now put my gun on fire  
One eight zero zero can't nobody fly  
Like the cotton off your bottem then its gotta be me  
Late at night, lights out, you in a perminent sleep  
Aint many of these niggas coming harder than me  
Flip Mode, No Limit, who you thought it would be?

Wacha want nigga?  
Wacha need nigga?  
We gonna give it to ya  
Untill u bleed nigga  
Now where my live niggas?  
Where my live bitches?  
This for my live niggas  
This for my live bitches  
Now wacha want nigga?  
Wacha need nigga?  
We gonna give it to you  
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Contact we will bomb that  
All I know is they will make a nigga  
We will omb back when we contact  
For better or worse  
Make a niggas heart sweell up and burst  
You know one of my niggas busting shots first  
Bust another shot off into the earth  
Leave a nigga stressed  
Feeling the pain of a women giving child birth  
See now a days everywhere we go we'll carry ya  
Even when we swinging with bitches down at the Mariot  
Chickens that will bust back on you and the ferries that  
Waiting for me to marry ya  
Ride up in my chariot  
Sorry but I aint having it  
Thinking u can roll cause you wearing a little glamour and acting all irogan  
t

Bitch Nigga  
Beet it like Micheal and fuck up you cycle  
Blast you with my grandfather's rifle  
I'm great to stifle  
Bitch  
Create a crises your paying the prizes  
With the devil you was never richous  
I think i might just, hit you now?  
You know u can fold here, niggas know it aint all there  
Prepare for warfare, niggas is everywhere  
Fuck with my niggas we are double there  
Flip Mode nigga you'll find trouble here  
Tipsy and turning, crispy and burning  
Hoping and learning  
You yerning to take hold of a niggas burning  
Reps for every grain of salt from every street corner  
The ones you wanted from Brooklyn to the south of the border  
No Limit and Flip Mode in this bitch  
While Mystikal and Busta Rhymes be straight busting your shit

I want another side of fries with my poppa's chicken and bisquit  
Take the wall out, fall out  
I'm not playing with these dumb bitches  
What you doing if your riches don't fit ya?  
Ball playing and swinging on a track  
We some big old niggas  
Not some dead old niggas  
Bitch you trying to do something  
I'm gonna get on with ya  
I'm scratchy!  
You can't match  
I'm known for getting nasty  
With my ciggerette ass  
Once I get this fucker started you can't stop  
Oww you done fucked up now  
Mystikal and Busta Rhymes like Dolomite and Red Fox  
They frightened of the braids, running from the dread lox