

Mr. Hood Critic

Mystikal

Unh....yeah...

I got that Boot Camp Clicc in this muthafucka tonight

Me & my nigga 'Cise....

We done hooked some smooth shit up for y'all...

And we bout to throw down in this bitch, ya heard mes?

I had plenty of you niggas who that I couldn't, do it

Do what?

Grab the pen and the paper, put the fire to the blunt, time to get to it

Fuuuuuck how y'all niggas do it,

She quick to pursue it til' his pockets smell like body fluid,

Some niggas be walkin' up at the line,

Blow job then slob on my knob, bitch I been the shit

BITCH I BEEN THE SHIT!!!!

Ain't nothin' you can do to me

What this muthafucka talkin' about nigga who me?

Yeah you, said who see?

I'm bout'z to make gash, drivin' 'em out quick fast,

Bout time your muthafuckin' ass,

Put a nigga on the muthafuckin' map with'cha bitch ass

Wit'cha bitch ass

Takin' how long?

How long it took?

It took a nigga thirteen muthafuckin' years just to make a rap song.

But I'm on my winnings, in fact now niggas is jealous,

Y'all niggas don't faze me,

Hoes gone...hate me,

Bust up and then I may get they lips bloody,

Your back nutty,

Aw, y'all niggas ain't ready for me,

But if you want me, who clamps?

I'm shell-bound, watch me throw down on my first go-round,

Here's our shit, properly did it and now you're evicted,

Now admit it, fuck that yin-

yang, you talkin' behind my back Mr. Hood Critics,

You're all on my dick hun,

Get one, lick one,

Shit son, talk about me? Jealous man, you're done,

Fuck it, it's all good,

I'm not that nigga, I'm not that nigga, I'm not that nigga either, understood?

You're all on my dick hun

Mr. Hood Critic

Get one

Only way to keep my muthafuckin' name
Out your muthafuckin' mouth
Is to keep your muthafuckin' mouth SHUT!

Roll like a tank,
Comin' cold like a shake,
Every move that I make,
Be smooth like a, snake,
I got what it takes to make your eyes burn,
Hooked up in the jazzy fifth, with the pee-wee sideburns,
I dress better than a drug dealer,
Cuz when I jump shop I'm on my job nigga,
20/20 couldn't see me

Who you?

Q to the U to the I to the K, K, I be.....

Follow me now, open sesame,
You niggas ain't ready for the best of me,
I'm takin' you niggas nuts and givin' you bitches a hysterectomy,
I'm comin' up fast, runnin' in more ass,
Sharp as glass,
Bitch you might think this nigga be lickin' the pussy cuz my tongue fast,
Hoe, but that's a no-no,
Oh, you mean you don't know?
Mr. Hood Critic told you what? I'm lickin' pussy on the down-low?
Now if I'd did it, I'd admit it and walk around proud,
But tellin' no fables, on this label, pussy eaters ain't allowed,
Now I be comin' around the mountain like "Oh Susanna"

Nigga where the fuck you from?

New Orleans, Louisiana,
Home of the boot camp clicc,
And now it's time for rest of you muthafuckas
to bow down and respect the South shit,
Get your mouth split,
That's what thing that you can do up with this chemistry,
The Boot Camp Clicc is droppin' bombs on the industry

You all on my dick, hun

Mr. Hood Critic, the only way to keep my muthafuckin' name,
From out your muthafuckin' mouth,
Is to keep your muthafuckin' mouth SHUT!

G's oh, G-Quikk's a G so,
Want me to creep these hoes? I'ma keep these hoes,
On they tippy-tippy toes,
Shovin' that dick all in your daughter,
Called a nigga, fucked a nigga,
Sucked a lil' dick

BUT CAN'T GET A QUARTER!!!!

I'm not your everyday extraordinary busta,
Another soldier out that boot camp,
Bustin' you dick suckers

From walkin' round town tryin' to call Michelle,
Hit slow like shit you jump now nigga

Ain't nothin' colder, ain't nothin' cooler...
Ooh! Don't let the smooth ice fool ya

Cuz I ain't that type of nigga to get my...

Ass kicked

Caught 'em talkin'

Cash hit

Cha-CHING!

Bitch another smash hit