

All in My Mind

8Ball & MJG

They told me to come clever, whatever
It don't make, it's on you
So I be who I be, and do what I gotta do
I'm one of the few, the proud and the pimpest
In this business I be the swiftest when I kick this
As if you didn't know it's Thorough from that Suave Camp
Best Vemp chimped, or get licked like a mail stamp
Amps and beats, technics is what I come with
Gangsta's and pimps and balla's is who I fuck with...

FUCK nobody safe when I see demons in tha mirror
Wicked as fuck feeling like a Murder & Killa
Witness I'm on the defense like Johnny Cochran
NOW GIVE UP YO THANGS MISTA, before this Glock hit the proper spot
Blocks on phones, they won't leave they homes, peeping through cracks
Cause blacks be coming back with all that past crap
Strap on your bullit proof vest and combat boots
It's NIGGA NIGGA DAY!!
And this time we go come on you
Baby blue disguise that's wise
Made me loose my 9-5 got myself a 4-5 im
Aimless spraying not playing with their vertabrates
These the Murda Dayz
So many niggas must come wicked
We done heard of wayz...

I see one, two, Niggas actin live
3 seconds past before I blast with my 4-5
6 shots, 7 cops, just to take 8ball
9 witnesses reported all the shit the recalled
Everlasting, blasting, niggas running fast when
Buckin gott'em ducking
Putting sucka's in the past tense
I be the holder of the gat therefore it shall not run
A psychic couldn't see such a feature for my momma's son
(Nigga) Breath taker, the overweight trouble maker
Fake trick breaker, Tennessee earthquaker
Shaking grounds when I'm walking smoking fat onion
I get lit, and beat the shit out of Paul Bunyon
Fightin, Clash of the Titans on your dial
I'm gettin blitzed stickin on medusa doggystyle
Word G, you heard me
The wicked bitch served
Now I'm playing soccer, gotta kick'em to da curb G
But she's not with it, put a spell on the fat mack
I hate stikin ho's but I can't help but to go back
I sound like a fiend, everytime is the last time
Could this be reality or all in my mind?...

Spill 9's like fluid, do it like some G's
They know me from Columbian streets to Portugeese
(nigga how you figga)
I got mo scratch than flea's
I got mo gat's than these
High powered sour nigga's
Steady slangin crack to fiend's
At ease, take a look at some black G's

Scopin the president, takin over residents like black kings
Stack G's with phat key's
Rats ease on your properties poppin me for my black jeans

I had a cracker on my scope and my finger still itchin
Visions of killing and then the strap start spittin, hittin
The prez, plottin payback on the devil
A rebel and a mason is what yall snakes facing
Chasing traders with my data cause I hata should be corpe
And peep game when it's being taught, or to picture this of us lyricists
Seeing nigga'z taking shots and the same nigga'z getting hit
Spit the gift and got fam like Gotti
Hittin her like hobbies
Killin everybody
Let my head grip the bed and I check the time
It's all a dream, I seen in my fuckin mind...

280 pounds of hay, every damn day I gotta test a
25 lighters on my dressa', yes ah
Breakfast being served by a ho that look like Genie
She press my every wish and keeps a tight ass bikini tini
Tiny as a Barbie Doll summer set
She all up in my house and I still ain't hit that pussy yet
I gives props to my butler, cause he know
That I know on the downlow he's a chiefin muthafucka for ya
Now as I flips through the calendar I spots the winter
If it ain't 3 mo freaky hoes wanna have dinner
But I can't do it cause my schedule just to tight
I just phoned, Quincy Jones said he needs my help tonight
He wanted me to pick the strong from the wimps
Them playa's with the limps to make a song called We Are The Pimps
I call's Ball, Ball calls the crew
We met up at the Penthouse, and Paris Round 2
Do, you know the code to the fence, if you don't
Then move on cause you ain't got no home in this residence
It's evident that I'm daydreaming high
All the time ever last line ALL IN MY MIND...