

Mind Full Of Hatred

Andre Nickatina

I don't wanna cry no more so it's on.
You caught up in the mode of the new Jim Jones
Problems of the world make Mary Jane a hit
Young motha fuckas gettin raised like pits.
Nigga, can you feel the hatred, I want you to die.
Creepin bolo, always solo, chewy got me high
My eyes are low, my heart is cold, my stare'll cause you pain
My niggas, man they want the dank
These white girls like the 'caine
Problems of the world make niggas wanna kill
So I save my roaches
Make a joint
To break you off the real
Foul rat daddies make my mind go smash
Niggas smoke all day, but still about they cash
Are u a killa,
Or are you a fake ass nigga?
Dirty like a worm
Slimy like a caterpillar
Mind full of hatred... kill em!
And if they don't come, then go n get em!
It's like World war 3 in the motha fuckin zone
An anything goes when street lights come on
And I'm sweatin,
Every night sleepin all 'noid
Always mad, never glad, Indo brings me joy
So lay it down to your motha fuckin nemesis
You say you caught me? Then Imma ask for witnesses
It's like Enter the Dragon, I creep like Bruce
Callin all cars, cop killer on the loose

Once in my scope, there aint no hope, because I don't care.
You walkin now, but when you see me, picture "wheel chair"
Because my bear hug be fuckin off your vertebrae
And now you lookin like a cat on the freeway
You start actin like a child and Imma call you 'son'
You try to play me like a bitch and Imma cut yo tongue
And I aint ever met a nigga that aint lied about pussy to this day
But I aint trippin, motha fucka roll a J
Cuz I don't give a fuck, nigga what's the score
I got mines and nigga, I want yours
And rat head motha fuckas get government cheese
And get the full extent of punishment by any fuckin' means
So I'm livin like a dope dealer poppin in his prime
An example motha fucka the dope game in '89
Is like FUCK YOU MANE, CRACK COCAINE!
That one hitter quitter done got yo brain
Now it's on and poppin, it aint no stoppin
Money comes first nigga bodies start droppin
Niggas get hit like they comin across the middle
Cuz I aint got no time for no motha fuckin riddles
Cuz bullshit walks, and money talks loud
Smiling shows weakness, so niggas don't smile
Mind full of hatred, gonna think right
Nigga I'm head huntin, motha fuck yo life!

It's like peek a boo peek a boo, nigga I see ya

But what I got for ya fool, I wouldn't wanna be ya
The 6'6 killa whale's in the cuts, like Starsky and Hutch
And I'm puffin on skunk.
So nigga knuckle up and your grill u better guard
Cuz Imma try to stick you like a snitch on the yard
I walks my walk I talk my talk sometimes I might give orders
Deceptacons, get ready to roll on all these Transformers
Cuz niggas don't care, they takin chewy to the brain
Mind full of hatred, off that 'cane
To the face
Bow down u little bitch here to tape
Respect gets took like statutory rape
And it's on, voices goin off in my dome
Steady gettin high in my Cutty all chrome
CHIT CHATTA! Motha fuckas really don't matter
Niggas get beat like pancake batter
Cracked like eggs, fried like pork
I got niggas runnin east, west, south, and north
Like a compass, yo life don't mean shit to me, fuck it
Mind full of hatred smokin chewy in a bucket
These cock a roach fucks get ate like fish
Skinned like shrimp, beat then lynched
Cuz foo I'm know to rip shit and fool I'm known to burn shit
And all that other bullshit Dre Dog is not concerned with
FUCK EM.
FUCK EM.