

# Mind Over Matter

Ice-T

It's been a long while  
Since I hit ya with freestyle  
High tech selections  
From the vaults of the Ice files  
Kick back relax  
And watch as I melt wax  
Don't ever let a borther llike me  
Ride a dope track  
Cause once I hit it with the vocltone  
It's mine, have motherfuckers  
Rush'n to rewind  
Cause I'll flow slow  
And still twist your tongues up  
Rock the house from night  
Till the sun's up  
Cause it relly ain't  
How much you say  
it's what you sy  
I got no fuckin' time on the mic  
To play  
I write rhymes  
With addition and algebra  
Mental geometry  
Don't even come at me  
Talk'n that weak and  
Popin' that bullshit  
Get out my face  
A fool could get his head split  
A lot of doubters  
Said it couldn't be done by me  
them same suckers  
Are now lookin' from under me  
Wonder'n what i did  
I didn't play myself kid  
I respected my faans  
And made the high bid  
Sometimes I write my rhymes  
At night and fall asleep  
Wake up with new techniques  
Grab the pen  
And place it on some loose leaf  
Nothin' soft, always the tough meat  
The white paper and  
Blue lines excite my mind  
Not allow'n me to stop the rhyme  
Until the whole motherfuckin'  
Book's complete  
Then I write on the  
Back of the sheets  
I maade promise  
To my brothers in street crime  
We'd get paid with the use  
Of a sweet rhyme  
We put our minds together  
Made the tracks clever  
Now we're checkin'  
More bank than ever

[CHORUS]

Mind over matter

I can drop rhymes in twos,  
And threes and fours  
And still have much shit  
Left for encores  
Cause once my mind locks  
In on a dope idea  
Mothercukin' ducks  
Should stand clear  
Cause I'm a hit the topic point blank  
It's jail ya better keep your shank  
Cause I got mine  
And I'm out on a solo creep  
(Uggga!) Your face hits the concrete  
You wanna roll  
With the niggas that don't play  
I think you got false courage  
Get out my damn way  
Cause the car I'm in  
Is rollin' full of men  
No kids or boys, E got the Mac 10  
Islam's got the Zulu Nation back up  
DJ Aladdin's who  
Hooked the fuckin' track up  
Syndicate's make'n the move  
With the ski masks  
And I'm house'n the long cash  
So now you realize  
You underestimated the Ice  
You thought that I was OK  
But now you realize I'm nice  
But that's alright  
Cause I knew I'd make it in the end  
Those who like me now  
Might not of liked me then  
But I'm a keep impressin'  
Stressin' my lesson  
And keep motherfuckers guessin'  
Armor plate my mind  
With walls and shields  
As I escape from the killing fields  
Mind over matter

Wise up

Move the tempo of this hype groove  
You know this shit is dope  
So what you try'n to prove  
Vu's max as Evil E  
My niggaa dogs the wax  
My brain's a handgrenade-catch  
I'm a hit you with an over load  
Of bottomless thought  
Reversin' all the shit you're taught  
Then throw words at you  
Syl-la-ble-at-a-time  
Your brain recites the rhyme  
No matter what you do  
The power's over you  
when you sleep  
You'll be say'n these rhymes too

Cause the brain has the power  
To control all  
Think positive  
You'll be unable to fall  
Brain cells swell  
Thought process becomes a trance  
Makes you feel possessed to dance  
I'll say I want a million  
My mind is so deep  
I'll be bustin' a check for it next week

[CHORUS]