

My Mind Right

Memphis Bleek

Remix

I'm sorry I ain't
I ain't get right back at'cha niggas
I've been a little busy with this dynasy shit
But uh got my mind right, money been right
I'm ready for war
Young Hovah, holla yeah

I got the fifth niggas
You have to pick niggas off of the ground
When I pick niggas off with tha pound
Go get your click nigga
This nigga running with clowns
I'm a rich nigga
I get you clipped at cost right now
Niggas forget niggas as soon as your coffen off in the ground
Family man, look at your kids orphans now
Used to just smack rappers
I'm extorting them now
Taking all that's important to them now down to your bitch
Nigga you sick fronting like you tougher than what you are
Till the gun is coming thru the drivers side of your car
Using my name in vein like I won't damage the boy
You think niggas was shooting you out of canons before (I'm that nigga)
Niggas is pompous, first they in Evil Kanevil jumpers
Than they turning over Rovers like they want it with Hovah
It's not about rich and po', nigga, it's about Richard Poe
Understand I'm here to get this dough
It ain't about Brooklyn or Harlem
No more them it's about fame or stardom
It's about me being on blocks you borrowed from
I'm setting myself apart from rappers who use other peoples names
So other motherfuckers can watch 'em
It's as sample as this - y'all niggas get off my dick
I'll let you eat after I get off my bricks
The world's most dangerous clique; R.O.C. - mind right bitch

I got my mind right, money right
(yeah)
Ready for war
(uh-huh)
Nigga, we ready for y'all
I got my mind right, money right
(yeah)
Ready for war
(uh-huh)
Nigga betta study your forms

If there's wars with my dogs, it's war with H
Act pumped and get left with a sawed off face
Respect carter, respect the R.O.C or respect the shots
Or respect the shots 21 thrown out the heckle or cock
The Co'd's no respect for the cops
Even if the park right next
To the spot we setting up shop
I got my mind and my cash right, a bad wife
Gripping a bag tight while yall living a mad life

I chase down niggas, shake down niggas
Head back to the honeycomb to break down figures
I love 38's but the trey pounds bigger
Throw in the bank, trucks the size of tanks now nigga
I don't rap for pleasure I rap for cheddar
Guns clap for treasure straight like that forever
H, Bleek & Jay on a track together
It's a wrap for y'all dog
We ready for war

I keep the gun tucked nigga
Which one of you tough
Which one of think you can go around with the pump
My clique for real
I ain't gotta talk no more
One in the leg, bet he won't walk no more
Ladies love me, why?
Cuz I give em backshots
Niggas wanna throw slugs but I bust back shots
It ain't even about trying to diss these niggas
It's about these niggas ain't built for these niggas
The R.O. yeah we simply street
You niggas cotton candy you simply sweet
I let the fifth spit without the red dot
I point and pop, pop, pop and drop
I got my mind right, money right ready for war
For that doe Bleek bustin that for
This how real we get deep in the streets kid
The R.O.C. exclusive remix motherfucker

I got my mind right, money right
And it's not right here
Who want a war?
Nigga I'm right here
Get mind right, your money light
Don't make me come out there
Snatch your whore and get it done right there
Little niggas ain't ready for war
Better get ready for bed
Buck shot land at your head
Buck shots right at your head
Sit you niggas in a permanent chair
Give you niggas permanent stares
Shut down the party with the cut down shotti
Make doctor, cut down your body
Keep a hammer fuck a strong arm robbery
I blast I push the gas on the road part Johnny
I'm fast stay on the road so the law can't find me
In some quiet town tying it down
That's right Mac still supplying it now
By the pounds, stop trying it now
I got my mind right nigga