Shaquille O'Neal F/ Notorious B.I.G.
"Mind Tricks"

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[KRS]
My lawd
We have served you greatly over the years
And, and all, all we need is just
a messiah (right right) to rid us of our evil lyrical intents
My lawd
Can you send us a messiah, that speaks the truth
through his lyrics? We beg of you

"Mind tricks the body, body thinks the mind is crazy" --
> Buckshot
(repeat 2X)

Verse One: Supernatural

As I step through clouds of dust
Proceeding with the bust, sit down and I'll discuss
I'm a chemist, yo brother what is this?
Surrounded by twelve G evil lyricists
Yo they're pointing at me saying, "Yo, who is this?"
It's, the Supernatural, your arch-nemesis
That comes to get down on the track like that
As I turn DAT's and then I melt into wax
I wrap them throw em like a baseball I bat dem
Puffs of smoke, make my records turn platinum
Just like that yo, you know that I'm rocking
There will be no stopping

"Mind tricks the body, body thinks the mind is crazy" --
> Buckshot
(repeat 4X)

Verse Two: Supernatural

They said he couldn't make a record
Said he couldn't kick the gift
They said that Supernatural was a myth
I'm much more than a myth, take another look
Open up your mental got more colors than a comic
book
Graphically, I move to different planes

In your cerebellum as I drain all ounces from your brain
Penetrating through audio and video
with no power of digital sound
Get down, with my lyrical architecture
Inside my freestyle lecture no one wrecks ya
Desktop computer, typing in my rhymes
Making them all proper so they all come on time
Intelligence, on the track, just like that
Irrelevant, you can pop it with your DAT

"Mind tricks the body, body thinks the mind is crazy" --
> Buckshot
(repeat 4X)

Verse Three: Supernatural

Aummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
I feel vibrations
Making the Earth start to quake
As my skin starts to crinch I leap over buildings
Do backflips, just like this
I never front, ball my fists up and knock out runs
proceeding after puffing blunts or L's
I ascend straight toward the heavens
Lucky number embedded on my chest was seven
Bold, continuing, while exposing through flows
Freaking intelligence through my nose
I rose, from the grave
I'm a slave to the soundwave
And my mental must obey

"Mind tricks the body, body thinks the mind is crazy" --
> Buckshot
(repeat 8X)