

## **Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee**

### **"Mind Of A Sick Man"**

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[Mr. Shadow]

It's the master of the dark  
Stalkin anybody talking about the incident  
Tryin to blow it like if I was the president  
Narcotic selling resident  
Makin ends daily  
Fuck being locked in Bailey  
Boo I got to feed my baby  
And maybe lately  
You've been havin dreams  
Of this mothafucka followin your steps  
Where ever you may be  
I'm from SD bitch, southern Cali  
Where homies run up in bunches  
Beat you crutches in the back of an alley  
Call me Daddy  
When you come before my presence  
If not they'll find your body wrapped in plastic  
Like a present, adolescence  
Gun Slangers where I come from  
That big Woptown Crazies  
Is the gangsters that you run from  
Confront me and suffer, diagnosis critical  
I'm lettin moma know you were a phony individual  
It's pitiful to see a fool die like a bitch  
But that's the way it goes  
When you're got up in the mix you trick

[Chorus]

It's the mind of a sick man  
But can you blame me  
Mothafuckas out to get me  
Strap me down and incarcerate me  
You got to beat down or get beat down  
Rules of the game and ghetto streets clown  
[Repeat 2x]

[Mr. Shadow]

Pack a bowl inhale the smoke and a don't stop  
Cause in my part of the block  
We pack glocks and grow crops

If you cross through my hood  
It'd be like crossin through  
The Brumueta Triangle  
Find your body floating  
With signs of bein strangled  
I disable body's like a cripple  
Strike em with an axe  
With a natural high  
I relax when I smoke my crypto  
Slang crystal  
On my hip I got my pistol  
You wanna be a victim  
Come on fool don't make me whistle  
Scitzo... phranic  
Eye lids always slanted  
Death wish granted  
When I draw my automatic  
Dramatic  
People say I'm satanic  
For my actions  
Knock on your front door  
When you answer  
Find me blastin  
Attackin straight jackin  
211 on my rivalry  
Inside of me  
There passion for armed robbery  
So possibly  
It's just that I'm a mothafuckin nut  
Plan and simple homie  
I just don't give a mad fuck

[Chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]

Now fuck beatin around the bush  
I straight smoke em  
Find me a mothafucka that's a snitch  
And straight choke em  
In blood we soak em  
Ain't no joke  
I love to make a mothafucka buckel  
Give a sign and watch my boys rush you  
In a couple  
Duffle bags full of weapons and narcatics  
4 Desert Eagles and a key of hydro-ponic  
It's ironic pounds of chronic  
When I blaze  
The place is full of gangstas  
Fuck a rebel and rave  
My behavior is negative

So stop runnin  
If not it'll be your relative  
The one I'm gunnin  
Blunted, wanted by America's Most  
Cause the shit that I be rappin  
Makes a fool wanna over... dose  
Black roses after hypnosis  
Send your wife your hand  
As a gift with paid postage  
Now you know it ain't no game  
In my town  
Where the ballers make it happen  
And the hood hoppers get beat down

[Chorus]

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