

## Cross Eyed Fish

### "Mind Power"

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Q-Tip:

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear  
it

MCin, see I got this in my spirit

I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns

So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin

A weak foundation doesn't make a good home

That's why mine is built on chrome microphones

We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the  
medley

Come on

It's the complete Kamal, unique, Fareed, breed

That'll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed

So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money

In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing  
funny

A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P

Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep

We got reality for the carriage

Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage

Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank  
accounts

With the sustainer, it'll be real

So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build

Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal

We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel

That keeps everything on even keels

So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang

Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

Consequence:

A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static

Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than  
mathematics

I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams  
shattered

That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot

I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo

The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth

To watch them niggaz fall like Linque

I keeps it brand new like school shoppin

It's on and poppin  
The club peeps this nigga's steez like rayon  
You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off  
The verdict's in, I be the look of blandin  
Give up your goods cuz it's the start of your endin

Q-Tip:

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is  
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids  
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation  
(Where ya at?)

Phife:

Now, all that glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail  
It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail  
I keeps it realer than the local one mill  
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother  
than silk  
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the  
stage  
Tryin to front like he mad paid  
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)  
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)  
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?  
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)  
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard  
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your  
bodyguard  
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display  
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray  
I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years  
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain  
Bears  
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"  
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care  
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle  
ya  
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada  
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer  
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers  
I'm cappin hard cuz I got this rap shit sold  
>From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road  
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport  
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like...

Q-Tip:

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is  
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids  
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation  
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation  
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on

(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together  
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather  
(Where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power (5X)  
Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole  
hood  
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all  
Mind power

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