

2Pac f/ Tha Dogg Pound, Inspectah Deck, Method Man, Redman**"Got My Mind Made Up *"**

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* Inspectah Deck's verse was cut from the retail version of "All Eyez On Me" [Daz Dillinger] You find an MC like me who's strong Leavin motherfucker's aborted, with no verbal support And when I command the microphone I gets deadly as Kahn though With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm on those Who can withstand, the mo' power I gain and make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck ya brain Imagine and keep on wishin upon a star Finally realizing who the fuck we are When I penetrate, it's been withstandin, faded would it be the greatest MC of all time When I created rhyme for the simple fact When I attack I crush your pride My intention to ride, every time all night I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar for me to put down my guard, I'm faced with it, I'm a ride breakin in gas with the six-eight all day In and out with my pay I'm soon to count the bodies... [2Pac] So mandatory my elevation my lyrics like orientation So you can be more familiar with tha nigga you facin We must be based on nothin better than communication Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations Sorry I left that ass waitin No more procrastination give up to fate, and get that ass shakin I'm bustin and makin motherfuckers panic Don't take ya life for granted put that ass in the dirt You swear the bitch was planted My lyrics motivate the planet It's similar to Rhythm Nation but thugged out, forgive me Janet Who's in control I'm acvtivatin yo souls You know, the way the games get controlled Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind Bear witness to the dopest fuckin rhyme I wrote Takin off my coat, clearing my throat [Chorus: Method Man] I got my mind made up, come on... (come on) get in get in too (get on it) let it ride (get wit it) tonight's tha night I got my mind made up, come on... get in get in too let it ride... tonight's tha night [Kurupt] Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophalaks for protection So my fuckin sac won't collapse Cause nowadays, shit's evading the x-rays Sending young motherfuckers to an early grave I wonder, if my terrifying tactics of torturing MC's shows my heart's as cold as the tundra Electryfing like

thunder, I'm just too much Rough and raw with that
motherfuckin poisonous touch I'm an MC with lyrics
that's tha fuckin bom-bay Ya got dissed, that's before
it's ingest like balmay My rhymes, I leave a mark on ya
mind As the deadly vibes spread through ya head like
sand pine There's no escape, nah I ain't blastin I use
my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin
Opposed to laughin, raw maniacal villian Laughter
enhances the chances of tha killin Why is that? Cuz
smilin faces decieve You best believe, to MC's I'm the
deadliest disease My thoughts rip ya throat and make
it hard to breathe Ya whole camp's under seige, and
I'm Jason Vorhees In the heat of the night is when I
defeat and ignite mikes My verbal snipe, your vocab on
site I'm out tha cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split tha bricks on the wall Ya
already have an idea about tha superior sphere The
greater rhyme creator on both sides of tha equator I
rock from here to there, to Philly and back To LA on the
spot where I rock and bust like straps As your views get
overshadowed when you come in contact Beware, set
and prepare to enter verbal combat [Method Man] Fuck
you losers, while you fake jacks I makes maneuvers
like Hitler, stickin up *Jews* wit German *lugers* The
Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle Will be back after this
mess-age don't touch tha dial Rarely do you see an MC
out for justice Got my gun powder and my musket --
blaooow!! Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures
like Magellen Half of my Clan's three deep felons
Niggaz best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel Man I
stay on point like icicles Now who wanna test Tical then
touch Tical All up in your motherfuckin mouth Head
banger boogie Catch me on tour with Al Doogie Method
Man roll too tight, you can pull me Better take one and
pass or that's that ass Your vital statistics are low and
fallin fast Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast
[Redman] Aiyyo, lyrical gas spittin tha criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement Taste this, mad
underground basement, shit I'm laced with Avalanche
on ya whole camp when I'm splifted Funk Doctor who?
Spock bitch don't get it twisted I got connects like
Federal Express to get the fresh package of bless, tha
dogs can't fetch Got the clear spot from tha rear block
to bust til every nigga here drop, men I fear not Hold ya
nose and blow out til ya ears pop Since ya crew suit you
to shift now you claim that you get's lot With, this
underground cannabis I'm dangerous like John the
bomb analyst Then proceeds like keys My degrees
freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's Lick off a shot and

hit ya fam by mistake So I erase the whole front row at
the wake I planned my escape in case jake or a snake
bust it I'm the one pushin the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky ass folks Pump for Rockafella
for the day he got smoked choke, off this anecdote got
you ope Get roast, by my lyrics Billy Dee .45 Colt And
I'm out for nine nickel [Inspectah Deck] I set the mic in
flames, my name's INS the Rebel Murder one style,
smash piles straight to pebbles Mental terrorist,
specialist at this Menacing lyricst, leave crews
defenseless Can't design landmines, lick off like nines
To paralyze everything, ears ring like doorknobs Heads
start to turn like police who pass Hear the blast, my
crew bust through like tear gas Fuck a mask, we laced
in place like the marshall Sparkle, like live but harder
than tarvue Wreck this rhyme, start relentless,
roughest And fuck up the party for you paying
muthafuckas Once I commence for you ladies and
gents I kick rhymes, sharper than barbwire fence The
live and direct, from Killah Hill Project Staten Island,
New York, you can't help but to hawk Lay it on your
dental, that's if you want it hostile Sounds so
underground I write my rhymes on fossil Dudes like
this, force me to get you open Lyrically wet you open,
until you soaking

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