

## Beanie Sigel

### "My Mind Right"

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DJ Clue  
New Memphis Bleek  
Understand what this shit right here is about  
Understand what this shit right here is about  
From Marcy  
Understand me, yeah, yo

This for the streets and you know I ain't goin' nowhere  
Get your guns out who want it with Memphis yeah  
I'ma make you understand why I do what I do  
Why I keep my hat tilt, and my doorag too

I'm a thug, my heart pump gangsta shit  
I fuck with her, she my gangsta bitch  
My wrists don't freeze, glocks'll squeeze  
Whole click got a watch, droppin' keys

And I want the block back  
You niggas had your run, we'll stop that, you better  
watch this cat  
I done came up, and fuck bringin' your name up  
It's beef I'ma see you, and bang 'til you hang up

Your life on line, but here's the truth  
You ain't hype to die, but you hype to shoot  
You let the Henny talk for you, you really a bitch  
Why the D's know your name 'cuz you really a snitch

I got my mind right, money right, ready for war  
'Memph Bleek Is', yeah, I told you before  
I got the streets locked, Bleek hot as before  
You know the game and the name now I'm ready to war

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'Memph Bleek Is', back for the streets  
Knowin' that 'Coming of Age', controllin' the creep  
Put in work on these streets, bustin' my heat

Dodgin' the D's, you know it's a margin between me

And only a few fit in, your lifestyle's written  
So who you supposed to be, play your position  
I used to write to the wall, about the Porsche  
Now I write for the house and the rob report

I used to think, Bleek and the baddest bitch  
Now the, baddest bitch is a average bitch  
All I need her is for head and to stash my lead  
Push my V, take this key to Hempstead

And you run through backwoods, I twist backwoods  
And greenery, sha shoo with heavy machinery  
You know exactly who these streets belong to  
B.I.G. done warned you and I'ma run up on you, nigga

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Ayo I think I'm the best, from coast to coast  
I'm above rap cats, they know what I gross  
What they make from they album, I do at my show  
Your advance is what, I spent that when I was broke

I ship gold, you better watch me now  
Many middle in this game, at the top I'm found  
I wanted these cats, reppin' my hood, then go back  
Be on the same old bench, with the same old rap

I'm from Marcy, you see them cars we buy  
Seats up, smoke blunts, with my concubine  
Twin, P-89 for you two fake faggits  
Tucked under the lining of the Roc-A-Wear fabric

Fuck y'all, you know the squad be 'bout  
Anything that involve dollar signs and accounts  
It's the M dot E M P H man stop  
I bought C a watch, next day I bought a house

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