

Casual "Chained Minds"

Visit "[Chained Minds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Some of the harder shit
Peep this

Niggaz get vexed whenever I step in
Always wanna flex so I got a weapon
Which protects me and mine
Get too bold then you're seein' nine milli

I rhyme silly but it really don't mean nothin'
I seen thugs always want a mean mug so I bring slugs
To the party to reassure I'd be secure
Really don't know why they beefin' for

I leave teeth in the floor like fossils I toss flows
Just to show you what the boss knows
I got style to make men hostile
I shall continue then you still lost while

Challenging in physical combat
Show me the ringleader and the Wiz'll go bomb that
I come fat, you niggaz front runt cease
They say bigger punks fear but I don't hear

What they say I should and when a hood try to steal my
goods
Good, I wanna show him that dreads can fly
Heads, I stood my ground as they surround
Schemin' on the deep down but I defeat clowns
With intellect then the next flex so I'm good to wreck
Brains, it takes gall to brawl with minds in chains

It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains

It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains

This conflict is making John sick

But men wanna fight over nothing
Nonsense is common, and common sense is none
Niggaz always wanna grab your fists and run

I try to walk down MacArthur and talk ta
Pedestrians, who got the sacks to alter my mind
And find the right one
Dug in the bushes so I can get a tight one, it's fat

I got it and now I need to be leavin'
I believe men might get shady even if they know me
Just because we flow, the oldie wants my dough
We all know where he can go

I'm not takin' no shorts from you and you ain't takin'
shit from me
I ain't no punk so I hit the G
I'm throwin' one hitter quitters to trap 'em
You know when I'm strapped, so I shoulda just mopped
'em

But nah, I'm not foolish, I keep a tool
With me, but that don't mean that I won't bust a fool's
lip
Equipped be my adjectives cause I had to live long
In slums where chums come at you wrong

And try to get you for all your cent
Unless you're not dipped you got your defenses on
They plot for your dough
You might catch a hot one, so be careful
I be prepared for fools

It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
...

Visit [Casual](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.