

## Lil Wayne

### "The Mind"

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"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru {\*repeat  
3X\* }

[Chubb Rock]

I can taste your sex appeal, ready for the sweet  
sperm'n

bank accounts all full, love interest be earnin

Ben Franklins determine, if you get that higher learnin

The Million Man March, starrin Mark Furhman (it can  
happen)

Lyrical Don is the charm for the rappin

Give spliff aromas cause many fetal comas

No blood donors, I credit diabetics who drink sodas  
while in the pens lie the ruffneck soldiers, what  
happened?

Niggaz must have NAPPED!

What happened to all of that Malcolm X shit before he  
got trapped?

Before he got capped? When I mean CAPPED,

when they put his name on all those cute little Spike Lee  
hats

And then they say "Black is back"

For when, niggaz now only care about the rent

and how to pay rent, and how they trife squad spend

Black powder nose Landcruise or Range Rove'

Why you runnin for when you forerunnin nigga who  
drove

Your mind

"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

The mind!

"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

My mind!

"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

The mind!

"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

Yes, haha

From the inner sanctum, that embruised my medulla

You can praise buddha, or you can hail Don Shula

You can change a, religious title, or go praise gold  
idols

No sloth, just go read your bible  
I'll insinuate the hate that made the, hate kids fight  
Whether you're Muslim, Christian, or Israelite  
We monitor, who really praise Hannukah  
The power that I am will make you blow your yarmulke  
To all ya, don't let me scream up, to call ya  
My Flatbush dushies, or the kids down in Somal-ia  
While we're up here tryin to wiggle to "Boombastic"  
You get, hemmed up and cut down in +Park Jurassic+  
You're crazed, from that beer juice  
Acute angles become, obtuse  
Four white kids, was the first rock group - NOT!  
Rabble rousing, in with the chime  
Laced with the fat rhyme tunneled through my mind  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru  
The mind!  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru  
The mind!  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru  
The MIND!  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

Ha ha  
Now from the minds of Minolta, from the nickel-plate  
poster  
From the average jack wack crackheads with Oprah  
As with safe sex with rubbers, as with rappers turnin  
mothers  
As for Tupac's on the covers, as for Million March  
brothers  
in ninety-six, while we pinpoint the "Crooklyn" spike  
joint  
Three kings of the break of dawn become vocal pawns  
The circumfrence of the Bedouins, or is it the thespians  
For the past three years, I've been eatin more than  
lesbians  
Lyricists, get fists, twists, careers become tears  
Easy gold records, but with no, publishing shares  
When I BELLOW, over a hardcore track with a cello  
Lyrical structure, basting from a fellow, hello  
Street nucks can't knuckle, Billboard chart bullets be  
chuckle  
A&R stars become bouregoises, but subtle  
Why is it the master can't behave with the slave chime  
or is it over the domes of weak minds?  
The mind  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru  
The mind!  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru  
The MIND!  
"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

MY MIND!!

"Your nine spray, my mind spray" -> Jeru

The mind!

My mind!!

The mind..

MY MIND!!! Ha ha! Ahhh, AHHH! AHHHHH!

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