

M**"My Mind Right"**

Visit "[My Mind Right](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Understand what this shit right here is about
Understand what this shit right here is about
From Marcy
Understand me, yeah, yo

[Verse 1]

This for the streets, and you know I aint 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 aint hype to die, but you hype to shoot
You let the Henny talk for you, you really a bitch
Why the Ds know your name cuz you really a snitch

CHORUS 2X:

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

[Verse 2]

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 Ds, 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

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

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 faggots
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

CHORUS

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