

**M.J.G.**  
**"All In My Mind"**

Visit "[All In My Mind](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

First Verse: (Thorough)

They told me to come clever, whatever,  
it dont make, it's on you,  
so I be who I be, and do what I gotta do,  
I'm one of the few, the proud and the pimpish  
in this business I be the swiftest when I kick this,  
as if you didnt know it's Thorough from that Suave  
Camp,  
Best Vemp chimped, or get licked like a mail stamp,  
amps and beats, technics is what I come with,  
gangsta's and pimps and balla's is who I fuck with...

(Mr. Mike)

FUCK nobody safe when I see demons in tha mirror,  
wicked as fuck feeling like a Murder & Killa,  
witness i'm on the defense like Johnny Cochran,  
NOW GIVE UP YO THANGS MISTA, before this glock hit  
the proper spot,  
blocks on phones, they wont leave they homes,  
peeping through cracks  
cause blacks be coming back with all that past crap,  
strap on your bullit proof vest and combat boots  
it's NIGGA NIGGA DAY!! ,  
and this time we go come on you,  
baby blue disguise thats wise,  
made me loose my 9-5 got myself a 4-5 im,  
aimless spraying not playing with their vertabrates,  
these the Murda Dayz,  
so many niggaz must come wicked,  
we done heard of wayz.....

(Eightball)

I see one, two, Niggaz actin live,  
3 seconds past before I blast with my 4-5,  
6 shots, 7 cops, just to take 8ball,  
9 witnesses reported all the shit the recalled,  
everlasting, blasting, niggaz running fast when,  
buckin gott'em ducking ,  
putting sucka's in the past tense,  
i be the holder of the gat therefore it shall not run,

a psychic couldnt see such a feature for my momma's son,  
(Nigga) Breath taker, the overweight trouble maker,  
fake trick breaker, Tennessee earthquaker,  
shaking grounds when i'm walking smoking fat onion,  
i get lit, and beat the shit out of Paul Bunyon,  
fightin, Clash of the Titans on your dial,  
i'm gettin blitzed stickin on my tootsie doggystyle,  
word G, you heard me,  
the wicked bitch served,  
now i'm playing soccer, gotta kick'em to da curb G,  
but she's not with it, put a spell on the fat mack,  
i hate stikin hoe's but I cant help but to go back,  
i sound like a fiend, everytime is the last time,  
could this be reality or all in my mind?.....

(Mr. Mike)

Spill 9's like fluid, do it like some G's  
they know me from Columbian streets to Portugeese,  
(nigga how u figga)  
i got mo scratch than flea's,  
i got mo gat's than these,  
high powered sour nigga's,  
steady slangin crack to fiend's,  
at ease, take a look at some black G's  
scopin the president, takin over residents like black  
kings,  
stack G's with phat key's,  
rats ease on your properties poppin me for my black  
jeans

(Thorough)

i had a cracker on my scope and my finger still itchin,  
visions of killing and then the strap start spittin, hittin,  
the prez, plottin payback on the devil,  
a rebel and a mason is what yall snakes facing,  
chasing traders with my data cause I hata should be  
corpe,  
and peep game when it's being taught, or to picture  
this of us lyricists,  
seeing nigga'z taking shots and the same nigga'z  
getting hit,  
spit the gift and got fam like Gotti,  
hittin her like hobbies,  
killin everybody,  
let my head grip the bed and I check the time,  
it's all a dream, I seen in my fuckin mind.....

(MJG)

280 pounds of hay, every damn day I gotta test a,  
25 lighters on my dressa' , yes ah,

breakfast being served by a hoe that look like Genie,  
she press my every wish and keeps a tight ass bikini  
tini,  
tiny as a Barbie Doll summer set,  
she all up in my house and I still aint hit that pussy yet,  
I gives props to my butler, cause he know,  
that I know on the downlow he's a chiefin muthafucka  
for ya,  
now as I flips through the calendar I spots the winter,  
if it aint 3 mo freaky hoes wanna have dinner,  
but I cant do it cause my schedule just to tight,  
i just phoned, Quincy Jones said he needs my help  
tonight,  
he wanted me to pick the strong from the wimps,  
them playa's with the limps to make a song called We  
Are The Pimps,  
i call's Ball, Ball calls the crew,  
we met up at the Penthouse, and Paris Round 2,  
do , u know the code to the fence, if u dont,  
then move on cause u aint got no home in this  
residence,  
it's evident that i'm daydreaming high,  
all the time ever last line ALL IN MY MIND....

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