

Mastamind "Themindzi"

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Check, check one two
Check the mic nigga
Microphone check

(Chorus)

One to the two a three a forever
Can you weather the storm or get wetta
It goes
One to the two a three a forever
Can you weather the storm or get wetta

It's not pretty, in Detroit rock city
You know how hell get gritty, hot and shitty
You got niggas with attitudes, and bitches with
problems
Am I another demon, or one that got some
Through my life story, look at the product I've become
Watch my dim light shine and block the sun
Boy, I'm the eclipse, take your mind on trips
The rhyme rips though your back and leaves ya
spineless
With no back bone, send em back home to moan
I'ma open your head up by crackin your dome
It means your dead as fuck, when your casket gone
You want hardcore bitch, Natas carved the stone, cmon

(Chorus)

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It goes
One to the two a three a forever
Can you weather the storm or get wetta
Don't blink slow, don't think slow
Or you might miss the whole thing bro
Don't think slow, don't blink slow
Or you might miss the whole thing bro

It's not funny, when you ain't got pocket money
The rap life is large now cuz I done scoot a lot of
dummies
Reel life got them thinkin wicket
Drink it, link it, look at this shit, when it gets transmitted

I admit, I'm sick as a twisted reverend
Will I visit heaven
Fuck yesterday and tomorrow, it's all about the present
It's all about the presidents, no evidence, no crime
With no game plan, you ain't no Mastamind
Boy, ridin the streets blind, you lookin at I
I got the look in my eye that I could die
Never fear, fuck dyin I done been there
Like a spirit in thin air, got em scared bitch we
everywhere

(Chorus)

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I got that triple six sense, I see you a little tense
Ever since I took a step I've left the biggest footprints
I'm the unknown sphinx, welcome to the album
Literally, I levitate lyrically like a falcon
I'm starin at you, from a aerial view
Barin your next move, any of yall I don't care who
I'm dissin niggas and they bitches, reporters and they
pictures
I don't give a fuck about your favorite public figgas
Detroit dues get ruled and prove loyal to they crews
Would you do the happy hour, would you do the blues
If my troops ain't there, I still got a plan
I'll find the downest bitchs up till I say god damn

(Chorus)

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