

## **Mouthpi3ce**

# **"Mind's Made Up"**

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I've made up my mind, no need to think it over  
If I honor Him right, don't need to look no further  
(Chorus)

Yo, make your mind up, cause if not  
You can't make the time up, it's not a wrist watch  
Like Hitchcock, it's a mystery, yesterday, some call it  
history  
So make sure you did sometin' interesting  
And kept it clean like Listerine, is you listening?  
Beyond all of that glistening there's a message we're  
meant to bring, meant to sing  
So I sing it louder, raise the crowd up, might switch my  
style up till it pile up  
Dial up my best friend, share with his soul that he's  
called and destined  
Tell him that today was more than a blessin'  
Stop bench pressin' the things you stressin'  
The past is the past, the present is present  
You gotta live your life, homie, learn your lesson,  
My mind's made up

Chorus

Hey yo, to the unsaved with sins that's unpaid  
He ain't gotta contemplate waitin' on Sunday  
Procrastination is like gunplay: cause you could die  
today, tomorrow's too late.  
And I ain't tryin' to be visitin' dude's wake  
With a story broadcast in the news on channel 8  
I'd rather walk in love instead of channel the hate  
That's a word to the Church, we lettin' them get away  
We verbally push them, we thinkin' it's okay  
Christ's on the throne screamin', "No way!"  
We're flippin' on our own, slippin' on the Word like  
banana peels  
Now wonder we led astray  
Heaven ain't gonna full of the people you think  
It's gonna be full of the people that used to smoke and  
drink  
The ones that you never spoke to, like your so cool  
And you talkin' like you really obey?

Chorus

Hey, uh, look, look  
Me and Maisah made our minds up, divorce's not an  
option  
We gave up the word quit for adoption  
Let's get it poppin' to the day that we drop  
Or Christ come back and we both reach the top  
I'd rather my first album flop than my marriage,  
Cause it's worth way more than them carrats,  
diamonds, platinum  
Can't see me packin' my bags with my kids lookin' at  
me like "Dad"  
I went through the same thing growin' up mad  
From a jail cell, pen to pad  
I'd worked too hard to keep it all intact  
They sacred to me, so Satan, fall back  
I'd face death before the Son, I'd die for all of that  
And bump havin' pride, I'm the first to call it back  
My mind's made up, what you think of all that?  
If you agree let me hear you holla back

Chorus

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