

## Dayton Family "What's on My Mind II"

Visit "[What's on My Mind II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, I want to dedicate this song to jonathan myers,  
Morris peterson, gemini smith, and matthew hingle.  
What's on yo mind?

[shoestring]

No demonstration on this nation, as a murderfest  
Got us locked in the jailcell, the others they was put to  
rest

I had no teacher, it was like my pops had passed away  
Bought me a sweet and snapped his fingers, he was  
gone away

My house is hell, I used bail down there on ? acre?  
street

Whole hood on abc, pops in penitentiary  
Caught in the system, he's a victim of his shorty's past  
His son's a killa on the for reala, you best to watch yo  
stash

What's on my mind, is my brotha's name rodney king?  
Coulda been shoestring, instead the devil chose malice  
green

Can't go to sleep, not too deep cause I be hearin shots,  
Down on my block bodies drop, it'll never stop  
The ghetto drama for yo mama is a wicked sin  
God save her soul, don't wanna say it but my mom's a  
fiend

Stand in the rain, can't take the pain, the stress is kickin  
in

Mack's in the pen cause it was all about his dividends  
Life was a struggle, had to hustle, and sometimes  
buckle

A swollen knuckle, lockin up was the ghetto couple  
Out to get rich, but I'm no snitch, no need to drop a  
dime,

My future's blind, now tell me what's on yo mind

Chorus: tell me, tell me, what's on yo mind? (2x)  
(what's on my mind, what's on my mind,  
Was it the chrome, too ? ? ? the crime? )

[bootleg]

Apply the pressure, drastic measures made the  
victim's fall

One shot to the head, before they fled, they made em  
beg and crawl  
Can't stop the thunder in my mind, so who controls the  
storm?  
I fill my body full of drank and dank to keep it warm  
Please stop the killin, lord a killa's what I'm born to be  
My mind's on murder god, homicides are all a see  
Please set me free from all the enemies that haunt my  
mind  
Why do the righteous, poor, and black suffer all the  
time?  
My mother talks to me, and tells me, "stop the violent  
killin"  
Workin hard all day, tryin to make my pay  
Now how you think I'm feelin?  
What's on my mind, it's sad, look so small in kid's  
faces  
Knowin their daddy's doin 20 for some drug cases  
Never knew my daddy so I never could respect a man  
Learned to cook up drugs and hold my ground while  
other yougsters ran  
Gotta be a man, so my plan is to pursue my dreams  
My family's gotta eat so I'm gon keep on feedin fiends  
Know what I mean, the same routine almost everyday  
Law's pushin me, so I'm gon keep on stackin hay  
Out to get rich, but I'm no snitch, no need to drop a  
dime,  
My future's blind, now tell me, what's on yo mind?

Chorus (2x)

[night and day]  
Try to stop these fires, but they got me trapped inside  
the fence  
Wanna represent his death, cause murder's what I'm  
up against  
It makes no sense to me, the troubles that run through  
my head  
Wakin up in the mornin, knowin the grave might  
become my bed  
I shoulda fled, but from my problems, I can't get away  
No matter when or where I go, they're with me  
everyday  
I'm shootin the dice and drinkin the liquor to set my  
mind free  
And tryin to find a piece of my mind, where problems  
can't find me  
No matter what, I'm stuck, my mind is trapped inside  
the sin  
So I release my anger through a chamber, gin, a pad,  
and pin

Your so called friends  
Ain't really your friends because they don't stay true  
Besides the smokin and drinkin, now tell me, are they  
there for you?  
Cash or credit, gotta get it, can't be po no mo  
Some gangstas roll into the heaven's say no roll no mo  
Out to get rich, but I'm no snitch, no need to drop a  
dime,  
My future's blind, now tell, me what's on yo mind?

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.