

Mystikal

"Get Cha Mind Right"

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Nigga if the shoe fits, get that muthafucka on

Bitch get cha mind right

Shit real out here

Bitch get cha mind right

Get your shit together nigga

Bitch what's happenin

Bitch get cha mind right

Slow yo ass down, boy

Bitch get cha mind right

(Bitch I'm in here)

Fuck I know

(How the fuck you gonna tell me)

[Verse 1]

I done been locked up, been blocked up

For what, pullin my jock up in New York

I come for niggas that hate the crowd, bust

Boy you get snuck, dumped

Or blocked by the boot when the tank rolled up

Still got me rollin, got me all fucked up

I'm in the headlines

Big behinds, but that's nothing

Nigga I'ma get mine

(??) and fell for that fuckin hype

Now I'm just a stereotype

I'm dressed in stripes

Thats a formality

They got my black ass on a eight month pause from reality

Now I might be more (??)

I'm a sad, mad, BAD ASS BLACK MAN

Who in the fuck are you to judge me

Ain't no way in fuck you gonna nudge me or budge me

I'ma walk my walk I'ma talk my talk regardless

Bitch bad black, white, tall, it's the smallest

I won't even much break stride

Ain't got time to cry, I climb the rough side

Never claimed to walk the straight and narrow

Hard from my flesh, bad to my bone marrow

Watch me with both eyes

Won't analyze me cuz I'm baptized

Wise guys criticize

Sometimes I speak religiously

Niggas think that that's an excuse though to talk shit to me

That bitch who's sayin shit your brain gon get you hung

Only the righteous one speaks in tongues

Bout to show you how the game goes

Lay low, you're fuckin surf in the rainbow

And keep your pink fingertips off my black queen

Stay off my gun though, go sip your fuckin cream

If I catch ya I'ma bang bang, bitch

Bang shit, I'm the rope bringer

First you hunt me but now the breaker's on the other
finger

And that fuckin finger on the trigger

That's when I start clickin

What's wrong with you nigga

Bitch get cha mind right

[Chorus:]

Y'all niggas don't here me

Bitch get cha mind right

Yeah you, little bitty ass nigga

Bitch get cha mind right

How much money you got

Bitch get cha mind right

[Verse 2]

Sometimes I know I comin (??) runin the (??)

Stayin and leavin, if it's (??) I'm sleepin, scared of
breathin

To many deceivin, honest and thievin (??)

I'm loaded till my hearts stop beatin

Could stay drug free and die of natural causes

I'm a continue to pick up and light the marijuana, facin
gun charges

Military boots in penitentiary jail sites

Ain't gotta take this shit sittin down

I'm not gonna fall for it and not even tell

I hope I never let you bitches get the best of me

You ain't arresting me, I'm testin me, I'm in control of
my own destiny

Niggas ask me, am I my brother's keeper

When that nigga got a street sweeper, killin people

Bad man, bad man, fool that can't be mended

Made some more years, niggas been gettin
misrepresented

Mislead, fought just like my brother

I look just like my brother

But I still fight my brother

Gun blastin, everlasting beef

Ain't nobody smilin for us, everybody big chiefs

Trying to get that shit the fast way

Bitch you runnin outta time, nigga we livin in the last
days

Now what the fuck you want, you got to go get it where
you want it

Ain't shit but death by the fuckin corner

Practice, different tactics, of mathematics

Deep concentration to cover up my fuckin status

Put me in the class I'm supposed to be, you ain't come
close to me

I'm everything your mom hoped to be

Deep insight, and my head on tight

Instead of fuckin with me, bitch

Get cha mind right

[Chorus:]

Bitch get cha mind right

Leave that shit alone dog

Bitch get cha mind right

Nigga

Bitch get cha mind right

All y'all muthafuckas, y'all hear me

Bitch get cha mind right

Well fuck you then

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