

A Transylvanian Funeral

"Mind Power"

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Q-tip:

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear
it

Mcin, see I got this in my spirit

I got verses like mahalia singin church hymns

So strap up because you skatin on ice thats wild thin

A weak foundation doesnt make a good home

Thats why mine is built on chrome microphones

We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the
medley

Come on

Its the complete kamal, unique, fareed, breed

Thatll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed

So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money

In this land of dead and crummy, aint a damn thing
funny

A yo, shout out to mobb deep, the extra p

Busta rhymes, de la, the j beez, so dont sleep

We got reality for the carriage

Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage

Give me, liberty in mass amounts and swiss bank
accounts

With the sustainer, itll be real

So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build

Like rampage with that last boy scout appeal

We got that silk, satin, manhattan intelligence feel

That keeps everything on even keels

So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang

Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

Consequence:

A yo, I bring it to you live kid, queens niggaz love static

Your raps had it, braggin more numbers than
mathematics

I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams
shattered

Thats the same copy gettin in your mug shot

I stays hot like summertime on lbq and boo boo

The love shack is 192, my joints smooth

To watch them niggaz fall like linque

I keeps it brand new like school shoppin

Its on and poppin
The club peeps this niggas steez like rayon
You get laid off while Ill be gamin ghetto girl like 8-off
The verdicts in, I be the look of blandin
Give up your goods cuz its the start of your endin

Q-tip:

(where ya at?) we seein life for what it is
(where ya at?) we get this money for these kids
(where ya at?) we bout to build the foundation
(where ya at?)

Phife:

Now, all that glock totin trash you talk will not prevail
Its stale, youll either be dead or in jail
I keeps it realer than the local one mill
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother
than silk
Thats the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage
Tryin to front like he mad paid
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)
Mcs are just givin it all away (ok)
Who said him know about the quest type sound?
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your
bodyguard
So he can peep the worldwide willie that we display
Leavin all mcs in complete disarray
I beez a veteran mc, crushin crews for years
You frontin hard, when you softer than the berenstain
bears
Yeah, chumps be like phife, that aint fair
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle
ya
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like canada
Shaheed muhammads on the gemini mixer
Peace to derrick coleman, mad max and the sixers
Im cappin hard cuz I got this rap shit sold
>from linden boulevard down to cascade road
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport
Holdin down fort up on martinique court like...

Q-tip:

(where ya at?) we seein life for what it is
(where ya at?) we get this money for these kids
(where ya at?) we bout to build the foundation
(where ya at?) we gonna start the zulu nation
(where ya at?) come on, come on
(where ya at?) we gonna put it all together

(where ya at?) no matter what the hell the weather
(where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power (5x)

Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole
hood

But we gotta start with the spirit first yall

Mind power

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