

**Skitz****"Where My Mind Is At"**

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f/ Roots Manuva

[Roots Manuva]

On the South of the river is where I reside

Making movements discrete coz I know I'm being spied

Beast eyes be all up on my back like spines

Lookin to come cut me down in my prime.

Bored gaffers wanna hound me search my hind briefs

I say get ye back I'll spread my own cheeks

and show that I has no crack in my possession

You don't wanna do me for just one bag of weed

So pass me that caution and let me proceed.

To do what I does like only I knows

Write rhymes and diss for my fuck head foes

I be that spare chucking, mango munching crunching  
on dumpling

Beating all 5 kids with mad vocal gumption

Don't care bout your assumption I can not be pigeon  
holed

Rebel souls all cold kiss cold cassette

We don't come for powder lotion or pet

Chorus:

Where my mind is at, is where my soul is at

And if my soul's intact, then my mind's intact x2

(Sampled and scratched)

(As my thought submerge these are those words)x2

I don't to deal with them fashion victims

I never drink Pimms, give me Martell straight

Nice my mind state bringing flames to my throat

As I float I bust quotes from my inner mind's page

Roots-fi cascades rain down like typhoons

They blessing in that room so I boom till I'm holy

The feeling is oversized, fat roly-poly

Now I bounce like breasts's that burst from brassieres

My purpose of being free this next type of years

Coz I'm cool, heart-felt flex be the free y'all

Kingsize swinging roots like twist I'm the geezer with

Tough rhymes are mine light years and distant times

My strength'll be the fact that I'm committed

Folks check me easy coz my style is too wicked

I say time, man them wanna box my face

I give them roots juice, but they don't like the taste.

Chorus:

Where my mind is at, is where my soul is at

And if my soul's intact, then my mind's intact

Where my mind is at, is where my soul is at

And if my mind's intact, then my souls intact

(Sampled and scratched)

(As my thought submerge these are those words)x2

Standing at the crossroad which way do I turn?

Babylon a burn, but nuffin ever seen

Coz they trapped inside tainted mentality

Getting force fed by a demon beams

That be coming straight at you from the TV screen.

Why is there no news in these newsprint rags?

I don't really care about who MP shagged

But still they keep feeding me foolishness

To go numb up my mind and fight my progress

But I see through yer crew and my mind's on the circuit

Hot to the 2 on some overtime I'm a stand firm with this  
roots-fi refined

Chorus:

Where my mind is at, is where my soul is at

And if my soul's intact, then my mind's intact x2

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