

## Dave Strait

### "Mind Blowin'"

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[Da Brat]

Clap your hands everybody and everybody clap your hands  
To the niggas in the back clap your hands  
And to the bitches in the front with the blunts its time to dance  
So get your ass up out your seats  
And get down to the sounds of the B R A T  
Now me I be she with the funk  
Puttin' the Holyfield beatin on the ass in your trunk  
Now as the rhythm and the rhyme connect  
Its like asthma motherfuckers gasping for breath  
Cuz I'm def so so very its scary  
Never teary and what I kick is necessary  
Cuz bullshit irritates the ear  
That's why I'm here in the clear have no fear  
Don't worry cuz everything is fine  
Just fire me up and watch you lose your mind

Chorus:

Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do  
JD: On and on til the break of dawn  
See the beats don't stop til the early morn  
Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do  
Brat: Its like that and as a matter of fact  
When it come to the brat tat tat tat  
I'll make you neck snap back

[Da Brat]

My shit is what the niggas like  
Gangsta as funk is all we write  
Well it ain't got no slang if it ain't got no funk  
And you shit ain't shit if your shit don't bump  
Did it bump nigga you know what you bound to get  
When you fuckin' with dat shit from a so def bitch  
I kick shit in a pitch only cheese can see  
Pack funk like sweeninin pack tallacy  
Its me that Brat so ease on back  
And let me slide on up to the top of the stack  
Fron the westside def side is my crew  
Chant a wicked verse and rip your neck off like voodoo

My shit fly shit why should I get  
Mixed in a shovel with these other bitches  
Its just me myself my blunts and my click  
Blowin' yo mind with some gangsta shit...oh yea

Chorus:

Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do do

JD: On and on til the break of dawn

See the beats don't stop til the early morn

Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do do

Brat: Its like that and as a matter of fact

When it come to the brat tat tat tat

I'll make you neck snap back

[Da Brat]

Come on come all to this funkdaified gathering

To see what you ain't seen or go where you ain't been

Its where I take you with my fantastic tactics

Exciting like gymnastics and harder than mathematics

I obliviate the mind leaving you in daze for days

Fucked up by the ways

I play shit complicated but basic

I ain't nothing to fuck with and you gotsta face it

You can't trace cuz ain't no outline you can't out rhyme

You can't route yours like I route mine

Energetical funkadelical made for the radio

Cuz stereo where ever I let it though its on on

To the break of dawn non stop shit though its straight  
to your dome

Don't worry cuz everything is fine

I'm fired up and you done lost your mind

Chorus:

Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do do

JD: On and on til the break of dawn

See the beats don't stop til the early morn

Man: Mind blowin'..... do do do do do do do do

Brat: Its like that and as a matter of fact

When it come to the brat tat tat tat

I'll make you neck snap back

- then chorus without JD and Brat
- then chorus without Man and Brat
- then chorus without Man and JD
- then chorus without Man and Brat
- then chorus without Man and JD

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