

Inside Out A Cappella

"What's on your Mind"

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featuring U God Street Thug

Yo yo...

Chorus: U God

You can't hack the tactics
Of a semi automatic full rap fanatic
You can't hack the tactics
Of a semi automatic full rap fanatic

Verse One: U God

I make mean lean when I pump my spunk
and hands of chump of machine gun funk
I bliss like the fist of the mantis
Those who oppose get dropped and hit the canvas
With rigormor', I hit you in the core and
pop your legs well in the figure four
You can't stop the force when the blood is coursing
extortion, I'm comin like the headless horseman
Enforcin, torturous slang from a fortune
Swordsman, throw your rap corpse in coffins
Don't pop glocks at me then cop a plea
A hundred thousand leagues beneath the sea
Deep depths makes rappers salted
Weak rappers asses I cracks my foot, off in
Lay down them lines with them hard hits
And I'm harmin, bombin, with heavy bombardments
Pushin, poetry, like weed by the pounds
Underground railroad RZA track lay it down
I'm hard as pavement, you gaze from amazement
Knock you in the head you wonder where the days went
It's golden bangles, microphone getting strangled
Five-star general, scars you want to angle
Bizarre thriller, war scar for a killer
Sheisty mic device got my hand-piece throbbin
Slice mics precise on down to ice carvings

Chorus 2X

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

Yo

I set the mic in flames, bomb like fighter planes

MC's are shot down long range with sniper aim

No question marks, the session starts with sparks

My flows explodes like hand grenades through your
parts

Universal soldier, MO's th

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