

Knoc-turn'al F/ Butch Cassidy, Jayo Felony, Slip C

"My Mind Right"

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[Jay-Z]

Remix

I'm sorry I ain't

I ain't get right back at'cha niggas

I've been a little busy with this dynasy shit

But uh got my mind right, money been right

I'm ready for war

Young Hovah, holla yeah

I got the fifth niggas

You have to pick niggas off of the ground

When I pick niggas off with tha pound

Go get your click nigga

This nigga running with clowns

I'm a rich nigga

I get you clipped at cost right now

Niggas forget niggas as soon as your coffen off in the ground

Family man, look at your kids orphans now

Used to just smack rappers

I'm extorting them now

Taking all that's important to them now down to your bitch

Nigga you sick fronting like you tougher than what you are

Till the gun is coming thru the drivers side of your car

Using my name in vein like I won't damage the boy

You think niggas was shooting you out of canons before (I'm that nigga)

Niggas is pompous, first they in Evil Kanevil jumpers

Than they turning over Rovers like they want it with Hovah

It's not about rich and po', nigga, it's about Richard Poe

Understand I'm here to get this dough

It ain't about Brooklyn or Harlem

No more them it's about fame or stardom

It's about me being on blocks you borrowed from

I'm setting myself apart from rappers who use other peoples names

So other motherfuckers can watch 'em

It's as sample as this - y'all niggas get off my dick

I'll let you eat after I get off my bricks
The world's most dangerous clique; R.O.C. - mind right
bitch

1 - [Memphis Bleek]
I got my mind right, money right
(yeah)
Ready for war
(uh-huh)
Nigga, we ready for y'all
I got my mind right, money right
(yeah)
Ready for war
(uh-huh)
Nigga betta study your forms

Repeat 1

[H Money]
If there's wars with my dogs, it's war with H
Act pumped and get left with a sawed off face
Respect carter, respect the R.O.C or respect the shots
Or respect the shots 21 thrown out the heckle or cock
The Co'd's no respect for the cops
Even if the park right next
To the spot we setting up shop
I got my mind and my cash right, a bad wife
Gripping a bag tight while yall living a mad life
I chase down niggas, shake down niggas
Head back to the honeycomb to break down figures
I love 38's but the trey pounds bigger
Throw in the bank, trucks the size of tanks now nigga
I don't rap for pleasure I rap for cheddar
Guns clap for treasure straight like that forever
H, Bleek & Jay on a track together
It's a wrap for y'all dog
We ready for war

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Memphis Bleek]
I keep the gun tucked nigga
Which one of you tough
Which one of think you can go around with the pump
My clique for real
I ain't gotta talk no more
One in the leg, bet he won't walk no more
Ladies love me, why?
Cuz I give em backshots
Niggas wanna throw slugs but I bust back shots
It ain't even about trying to diss these niggas

It's about these niggas ain't built for these niggas
The R.O. yeah we simply street
You niggas cotton candy you simply sweet
I let the fifth spit without the red dot
I point and pop, pop, pop and drop
I got my mind right, money right ready for war
For that doe Bleek bustin that for
This how real we get deep in the streets kid
The R.O.C. exclusive remix motherfucker

[Beanie Sigel]

I got my mind right, money right
And it's not right here
Who want a war?
Nigga I'm right here
Get mind right, your money light
Don't make me come out there
Snatch your whore and get it done right there
Little niggas ain't ready for war
Better get ready for bed
Buck shot land at your head
Buck shots right at your head
Sit you niggas in a permanent chair
Give you niggas permanent stares
Shut down the party with the cut down shotti
Make doctor, cut down your body
Keep a hammer fuck a strong arm robbery
I blast I push the gas on the road part Johnny
I'm fast stay on the road so the law can't find me
In some quiet town tying it down
That's right Mac still supplying it now
By the pounds, stop trying it now
I got my mind right nigga

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