

## Uncle "TheMindzi"

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Check, check one two  
check the mic nigga  
microphone check

(Chorus)

One to the two a three a forever  
Can you weather the storm or get wetta  
It goes  
One to the two a three a forever  
Can you weather the storm or get wetta

It's not pretty, in Detroit rock city  
You know how hell get gritty, hot and shitty  
You got niggas with attitudes, and bitches with  
problems  
Am I another demon, or one that got some  
Through my life story, look at the product I've become  
Watch my dim light shine and block the sun  
Boy, I'm the eclipse, take your mind on trips  
The rhyme rips though your back and leaves ya  
spineless  
With no back bone, send em back home to moan  
I'ma open your head up by crackin your dome  
It means your dead as fuck, when your casket gone  
You want hardcore bitch, Natas carved the stone, cmon

(Chorus)

One to the two a three a forever  
Can you weather the storm or get wetta  
It goes  
One to the two a three a forever  
Can you weather the storm or get wetta  
Don't blink slow, don't think slow  
Or you might miss the whole thing bro  
Don't think slow, don't blink slow  
Or you might miss the whole thing bro

It's not funny, when you ain't got pocket money  
The rap life is large now cuz I done scoot alot of  
dummies  
Reel life got them thinkin wicket

Drink it, link it, look at this shit, when it gets transmitted  
I admit, I'm sick as a twisted reverend  
Will I visit heaven  
Fuck yesterday and tomorrow, it's all about the present  
It's all about the presidents, no evidence, no crime  
With no game plan, you ain't no Mastamind  
Boy, ridin the streets blind, you lookin at I  
I got the look in my eye that I could die  
Never fear, fuck dyin I done been there  
Like a spirit in thin air, got em scared bitch we  
everywhere

(Chorus)

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I got that triple six sense, I see you a little tense  
Ever since I took a step I've left the biggest footprints  
I'm the unknown sphinx, welcome to the album  
Literally, I levitate lyrically like a falcon  
I'm starin at you, from a aerial view  
Barin your next move, any of yall I don't care who  
I'm dissin niggas and they bitches, reporters and they  
pictures  
I don't give a fuck about your favorite public figgas  
Detroit dues get ruled and prove loyal to they crews  
Would you do the happy hour, would you do the blues  
If my troops ain't there, I still got a plan  
I'll find the downest bitchs up till I say god damn

(Chorus)

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