

# My Mind Right

Memphis Bleek

Remix

I'm sorry I ain't  
I ain't get right back at'cha niggas  
I've been a little busy with this dynasty 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 coffin 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

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

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

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

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