

Mind Power

A Tribe Called Quest

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it

Emceein, see I got this in my spirit

I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns

So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin

A weak foundation doesn't make a good home

That's why mine is built on chrome microphones

We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the medley

Come on

It's the complete Kamaal, unique, Fareed, breed

That'll keep you broke down like a Royce 5 speed

So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money

In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing funny

A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P

Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep

We got reality for the carriage

Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage

Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank accounts

With the sustainer, it'll be real

So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build

Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal

We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel

That keeps everything on even keels

So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang

Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bangA yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggas love static

Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than mathematics

I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams shattered

That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot

I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo

The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth

To watch them niggas fall like Linque

I keeps it brand new like school shoppin

It's on and poppin

The club peeps this nigga's steez like rayon

You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off

The verdict's in, I be the look of blendin

Give up your goods cuz it's the start of your endin(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is

(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids

(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation

(Where ya at?)Now, all that Glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail

It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail
I keeps it realer than the logo on milk
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother than silk
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage
Tryin to front like he mad paid
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your bodyguard
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray
I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain Bears
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"
'Fuck outta here, do I look like I care?
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle ya
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers
I'm cappin hard cuz I got this rap shit sold
>From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on
(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather
(Where ya at?)Uh, uh, mind power
Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole hood
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all
Mind power

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