

Mind Blowin'

The D.O.C. & D.O.C.

Clap your hands everybody and everybody clap your hands
To the niggas in the back clap your hands
And to the bitches in the front with the blunts it's time to dance
So get your ass up out your seats
And get down to the sounds of the B R A T
Now me I be she with the funk
Puttin' the Holyfield beatin' on the ass in your trunk
Now as the rhythm and the rhyme connect
It's like asthma motherfuckers gasping for breath
'Cuz I'm def so so very it's scary
Never teary and what I kick is necessary
'Cuz bullshit irritates the ear
That's why I'm here in the clear have no fear
Don't worry 'cuz everything is fine
Just fire me up and watch you lose your mind
Mind blowin', do do do do do do do
On and on til the break of dawn
You see the beats don't stop til the early morn
(Oh yeah)
Mind blowin', do do do do do do do
It's like that and as a matter of fact
When it come to the brat tat tat tat
I'll make you neck snap back
(Oh yeah)
My shit is what the niggas like
Gangsta as funk is all we write
Well it ain't got no slang if it ain't got no funk
And you shit ain't shit if your shit don't bump
Did it bump nigga you know what you bound to get
When you fuckin' with dat shit from a so def bitch
I kick shit in a pitch only cheese can see
Pack funk like sweeninin' pack tallacy
It's me that Brat so ease on back
And let me slide on up to the top of the stack
From the west side def side is my crew
Chant a wicked verse and rip your neck off like voodoo
My shit fly shit why should I get
Mixed in a shovel with these other bitches
It's just me myself my blunts and my click

Blowin' yo mind with some gangsta shit, oh yeah
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(Oh yeah)
Come one, come all to this funkdaified gathering
To see what you ain't seen or go where you ain't been
It's where I take you with my fantastic tactics
Exciting like gymnastics and harder than mathematics
I oblivate the mind leaving you in daze for days
Fucked up by the ways
I play shit complicated but basic
I ain't nothing to fuck with and you gotta face it
You can't trace 'cuz ain't no outline you can't out rhyme
You can't route yours like I route mine
Energetical funkadelical made for the radio
'Cuz stereo where ever I let it though it's on on
To the break of dawn non stop shit though it's straight to your dome
Don't worry 'cuz everything is fine
I'm fired up and you done lost your mind
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