

Mind Full of Hatred

Andre Nickatina

I dont wanna cry no more so its on.
u caught up in the mode of the new Jim Jones
problems in the world make mary jane a hit
young mothafuckas gettin raised like pits.
nigga can you feel the hatred, i want you to die.
creepin bolo, always solo, chewy got me high
my eyes are low, my heart is cold, my stare'll cause you pain
my niggas man they want the dank these white girls like the caine
problems in the world make niggas wanna kill
so i slang my rope just to make a joint to break you off the real
foul rat daddies make my mind go smash
niggas smoke all day, but still about they cash
are u a killa, or are you a fake ass nigga (nigga)
dirty like a worm (worm), slimy like a caterpillar (caterpillar)
mind full of hatred.. killa!(kill'em!)
and if they dont come then go n get em! (go get em!)
its like world war 3 in the mothafuckin zone
and anything goes when street lights come on
and i'm sweatin, every nite sleepin no noise
always mad, never glad, indo brings me joy
so lay down to your mothafuckin nemesis (lay it down)
you say u caught me? then ima ask for witnesses (witnesses)
its like enter the dragon, i creep like bruce
callin all cars, cop killa on the loose once in my scope, there aint no hope, because i dont care.
you walkin now, but when u see me, picture wheel chair
because my bear hug be fuckin off your vertebrae
and now you lookin like a cat on the freeway
you start actin like a child and imma call you 'son'
you try to play me like a bitch and imma cut yo tongue
and i aint ever met a nigga that aint lied about pussy to this day
but i aint trippin, mothafucka roll a J
cos i dont give a fuck, nigga whats the score
i got mines and nigga i want yours
they rat head mothafuckas get government cheesed
and get the full extent of punishment by any fuckin means
so i'm livin like a dope dealer poppin in his prime
Bit his apple mothafucka that dope game in '89
its like FUCK YOU MAYNE, CRACK COCAINE!
that one hitter quitter done got yo brain

now its on it poppin, and aint no stoppin
money comes first nigga bodies start droppin
niggas get hit like they comin across the middle
cos i aint got no time for no mothafuckin riddles
cos bullshit walks, and money talks loud
smilin shows weakness, so niggas dont smile
mind full of hatred, goin off dank right
nigga i'm head huntin, mothafuck yo life!its like peeka boo peeka boo, nigga i see ya
but what i got for ya fool i wouldnt wanna be ya
the 6'6 killa whale's in the cuts, like starsky n hutch
and i'm puffin on skunk. so nigga knuckle up and ur grill u better guard
cos imma try to stick you like a snitch on the yard
i walk my walk i talk my talk sometimes i mite give orders
deceptacons, get ready to roll on all these transformers
cos niggas dont care they takin chewy to the brain
mind full of hatred, off that caine to the face
bow down u little bitch hear the tapes
respect gets took like statutory rape
and its on, voices goin off in my dome
steady gettin high in my cuddy all chrome
CHIT CHATTA! mothafuckas really dont matter
niggas get beat like pancake batter
cracked like egg, fried like pork
i got niggas runnin east, west, south, and north
like a compass, your life dont mean shit to me, fuck it
mind full of hatred smokin chewy in a bucket
these cockaroach fucks get ate like fish
skinned like shrimp, beat then lynched
cos fool I'm known to rip shit and fool im known to burn shit
and all that other bullshit Dre Dog is not concerned with
FUCK EM.
FUCK EM.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>