

# Mind Power

## Kokolo

So fuck it, so fuck it, I said  
So fuck it, I said, said fuck it Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it  
MC you, 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 Kamal, unique, Fareed,  
breed  
That'll keep you broke down like a Ross 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 Mob Deep, the Extra P  
Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez and 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 bang A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static  
Your rap's had it, braggin' more numbers than mathematics  
I get brains on pragmatic 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 niggaz fall like Linque  
I keeps it brand new like school shoppin'  
It's on and poppin' The club peeps this niggaz 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)MC's are just givin' it all away

(Okay)

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 MC's 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)

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, mind power

Uh, uh, mind power, uh, uh, mind power, uh, uh, mind power

(It's very close in)

Uh, uh, kickin' Willie is good, all throughout your whole hood

But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all, mind power

(Spirit first y'all)

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