The Mind

Nomak

"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeru {*repeat 3x*}[chubb rock]
I can taste your sex appeal, ready for the sweet sperm'n
Bank accounts all full, love interest be earnin
Ben franklins determine, if you get that higher learnin
The million man march, starrin mark furhman (it can happen)
Lyrical don is the charm for the rappin
Give spliff aromas cause many fetal comas
No blood donors, I credit diabetics who drink sodas
While in the pens lie the ruffneck soldiers, what happened?
Niggaz must have napped!
What happened to all of that malcolm x shit before he got trapped?
Before he got capped? when I mean capped,
When they put his name on all those cute little spike lee hats
And then they say "black is back"
For when, niggaz now only care about the rent
And how to pay rent, and how they trife squad spend
Black powder nose landcruise or range rove'
Why you runnin for when you forerunnin nigga who drove
Your mind
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeru
The mind!
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeru
My mind!
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeru
The mind!
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeruYes, haha
From the inner sanctum, that embruised my medulla
You can praise buddha, or you can hail don shula
You can change a, religious title, or go praise gold idols
No sloth, just go read your bible
I'll insinuate the hate that made the, hate kids fight
Whether you're muslim, christian, or israelite
We monitor, who really praise hannukah
The power that I am will make you blow your yarmulke
To all ya, don't let me scream up, to call ya
My flatbush dushies, or the kids down in somal-ia
While we're up here tryin to wiggle to "boombastic"
You get, hemmed up and cut down in +park jurassic+
You're crazed, from that beer juice

Acute angles become, obtuse
Four white kids, was the first rock group - not!
Rabble rousing, in with the chime
Laced with the fat rhyme tunneled through my mind
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The mind!
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeruHa ha
Now from the minds of minolta, from the nickel-plate poster
From the average jack wack crackheads with oprah
As with safe sex with rubbers, as with rappers turnin mothers
As for tupac's on the covers, as for million march brothers
In ninety-six, while we pinpoint the "crooklyn" spike joint
Three kings of the break of dawn become vocal pawns
The circumfrence of the bedouins, or is it the thespians
For the past three years, I've been eatin more than lesbians
Lyricists, get fists, twists, careers become tears
Easy gold records, but with no, publishing shares
When I bellow, over a hardcore track with a cello
Lyrical structure, basting from a fellow, hello
Street nucks can't knuckle, billboard chart bullets be chuckle
A&r stars become bouregoises, but subtle
Why is it the master can't behave with the slave chime
Or is it over the domes of weak minds?
The mind
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My mind!!
"your nine spray, my mind spray" -> jeru
The mind!
My mind!!
The mind..
My mind!!! ha ha! ahhh, ahhh! ahhhhh!

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