

Mind Control (feat. E-40 & Wiz Khalifa)

Big K.R.I.T.

Riding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers
Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her
Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind, her mindM-I crooked, I was cooking up an old school
Sprinkled it with bad bitch, mixed it up with soul food
Put it on a plate with the bass and tweeters
For them haters, out here starvin', motherfucker I could feed ya
With some game, intergalactic, outer-space for brain
Chrome wheel in the water, might just get me in the summer
It look good don't it? Throw wood on it, with the golden vogue
Love potion on my mind, my pimpin' is an antidote
Cooley High, signing booming sign, knocking butters down
Crack the curb, like my ship emerged, from the underground
One more time, for them folks that know I be shinin'
Whippin' wind and reclining, pressin' diamonds
While I'mRiding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers
Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her
Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind, her mindI got (?) on my tongue, I talk slick
Catch a chick without using my hands, master (?)
Sliding in my SLAB, slapping Big KRIT
Woofers in the back, tweeters in my (?)
Push button secret stash box for my yammer
Yammer me, yes a pistol, a hammer
Blowing 50's, broccoli in the air
That's that Cali weed, I know that smell anywhere
Mind control, get in the female's head like a Tylenol
(?) yourself, be about your bread, increase your bankroll
Drink and cheefin', my and my heathens bustin' power moves
In the hood, like a mechanic, stickin' to the rimsRiding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers
Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her
Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind, her mindOn a mission, just me and Vincent
Your bitch might just come up missin' like a (?)
Known to talk that player shit mama, that's just how I do
My old school look powder blue
We pulled up to the Papadeaux poundin'
Sat down, ordered the clam chowder
I had the lobster bisque
I'm what they talkin' 'bout if the topic is
Money, clothes, hoes, weed smoke
Take your panties off, you don't need those

Real niggas stay stuck to the G code
Never cheat, never off my feet
Never let these niggas see your weakness
If I eat then my niggas eat
Hit the weed then we hit the sheets
That be our little secretRound and round we go
Unlock and unload
Our remote control
Her mind, her mindRound and round we go
Unlock and unload
Our remote control
Her mind, her mindRiding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers
Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her
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