

Got My Mind Made Up (feat. Outlawz & Kurupt)

2Pac

You find an MC like me who's strong
Leaving motherfucker's aborted, with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Kahn though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm on those
Who can withstand, the more power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain
Imagine and keep on wishing upon a star
Finally realizing who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstanding, faded
Would it be the greatest MC of all time
When I created rhyme for the simple fact
When I attack I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time all night
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced with it, I'm a ride
Breaking in gas with the six-eight all day
In and out with my pay
I'm soon to count the bodies So mandatory my elevation my lyrics like orientation
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facing
We must be patient nothing better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waiting
No more procrastination give up to fate, and get that ass shaking
I'm busting and making motherfuckers panic
Don't take your life for granted put that ass in the dirt
You swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation
But thugged out, forgive me Janet
Who's in control I'm activating your souls
You know, the way the games get controlled
You, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fucking rhyme I wrote
Taking off my coat, clearing my throat I got my mind made up, come on (come on)
Get in get in too (get on it)
Let it ride (get wit it) tonight's the night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in get in too

Let it ride tonight's the night Well I come through with two packs
Of the bomb prophalaks for protection
So my fucking sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evading the x-rays
Sending young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder, if my terrifying tactics of torturing MC's
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifying like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfucking poisonous touch
I'm an MC with lyrics that's the fucking bom-bay
Your got dissed, that's before it's ingest like balmay
My rhymes, I leave a mark on your mind
As the deadly vibes spread through your head like sand pine
There's no escape, nah I ain't blasting
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those asking
Opposed to laughing, raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of the killing
Why is that? 'cause smiling faces deceive
You best believe, to MC's I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe
Your whole camp's under seige, and I'm Jason Vorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mikes
My verbal snipe, your vocab on site
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall
Your already have an idea about the superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks I makes maneuvers
Like Hitler, sticking up (Jews) with German (lugers)
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this mess-age don't touch the dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket blow!
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellen
Half of my Clan's three deep felons
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical then touch Tical
All up in your motherfucking mouth
Head banger boogie
Catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man roll too tight, you can pull me

Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and falling fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast
Hey yo, lyrical gas spitting the criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this, mad underground basement, shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm splifted
Funk Doctor who? Spock bitch don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express
To get the fresh package of bless, the dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from the rear block
To bust till every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold your nose and blow out till your ears pop
Since your crew suit you to shift now you claim that you get's lot
With, this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Then proceeds like keys
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit your fam' by mistake
So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case Jake or a snake bust it
I'm the one pushing the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky ass folks
Pump for Rockafella for the day he got smoked
Choke, off this anecdote got you ope
Get roast, by my lyrics Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for nine nickel (INS the rebels)
West, list this, this, this

Songwriters

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