

# A Message for Your Mind

## Rappin' 4-Tay

Ain't nobody gettin no younger man we're just gettin older and

We need to get bolder than bold as we've ever been

Our reference as Africans where our folks sittin  
they cryin out laughin

The game is all you know so you in it to win it right?

Trippin a gang o' bullets decided to find a fight

Life is scattered in directions brotherly connections

Misguided youth driftin in the wrong direction

I hope for the best and say a prayer and keep steppin

Too many kids they own an automatic weapon

A lot of them wanna go home instead of hangin out

It's kinda hard when you're parents' straight smoked out

For you fisters, stay prepared for the up and coming

Get all you can while you can and result to something

You be surprised with this talent that we hold

But we forget and go sick outta control

A lotta homies to die, they left a true lesson

Or fill your soul that I love, this another blessing

You want funk, it used to be bing-bing

To the dome, but nah now it's really on

Go out back, what? To just to be reputable?

Hope you don't lose your life, fools are goin federal

I'm goin forward, showin em up like a pimp

And gettin the truck, you can sell each other profit

Don't let police try to grab you by your shirt collar

You witta black man, who understands black power

Pipin hot, are you the bad brother?

I love to roll rhymes, see my homeboys stickin together

Stay focused cos there's too many blind

Blind to the purpose of life and that's a message for your mindChorus:Tried the dope about a thousand times

So here's a message for your mind

\*Repeat x 4\*I once knew a man who couldn't read

He said "It ain't no thang cause

I graduated twice with the game I possess"

Bullet-proof vest to the chest

But when his kids needed help to prepare for a test

It was stress cos Pops ain't acheiving in academics

It's true indeed, his problem is an epidemic

Who wanna work five long hard days through it?

And get tax, I guess somebody gotta do it  
 So take coke, rock it up brick-solid  
 Ain't nobody thinkin about a check stub from the wallet  
 Kids are growin up with the train of thought  
 The motion the parents talk, the trip on the \*?dopest bar?\*  
 Now look at the man you fought, he was as black as you  
 Sweated ya money, it wasn't funny so you did what'cha had to do  
 How many brothers will be taken out by another brother?  
 Give a talk show a whole lot to talk about  
 It's me and my microphone, it's you and your 9  
 And that's fine, well here's a message for your mindChorusThe next verse is out for the chicks  
 Ho's are to be chosen, nightclub or taking flicks?  
 The homey might be roughy with a tandy-out Mercedes  
 Called a girl a 'female dog', well she's a lady  
 Run into the wrong one, a strong one, a smart man coast her  
 She pushed you to the left and turned her off when you approached her  
 You tripped and dissed her, you bashed the sister  
 And even when you drove off, you couldn't resist her  
 Solution:Better go, homey, leave her P  
 Cos you know like I know there's plenty fish in the sea  
 There's more women in this world than men, for fact, I'm right  
 Just because she's superfine that doesn't mean that's your type  
 Briefcase, white shirt, tie and a sportcoat  
 A hell a gold, kinda bold, servin ya friend's dough  
 Friends are friends then or friends come good friends  
 A helpin hand in understandin, wants to invite you in  
 Man's your best friend, boyfriend and girlfriend  
 It's like a soap opera in this world that we're living in  
 Misconception from a blink or a wink  
 He want to get married and all she want is a drink  
 But it really don't help when you supposed to be faithful  
 He bought you a boat load and paid for your cable.  
 Kept it comin, the brother went wrong for expecting some  
 Got knocked out by ya spouse, now ya started some  
 It seems strange but these fools are taking people out  
 For the woman that they love and truly care about  
 It's understandable, but will hurts when she's givin in  
 Now was it really worth a life sentence in the pen?  
 No get-back, nothin but a jail song  
 A homey told ya that you're woman had it goin on  
 Now ya stuck and she's on the prowl gettin wined and dined  
 Damn, now that's a message for your mindChorus