

Chained Minds (feat. Phesto)

Casual

Heh some of the harder shit
Peep this
Niggaz get vexed whenever I step in
Always want to flex so I got a weapon
Which protects ME and mine
Get too bold then you're seein nine milli
I rhyme silly but it really don't mean nothin
I seen thugs always want a mean mug so I bring slugs
to the party to reassure I be secure
Really don't know why they beefin for
I leave teeth in the floor like fossils I toss flows
Just to show you, what the boss knows
I got style, to make men hostile
I shall continue, then you still lost while
Challenging in physical combat
Show me the ringleader, and the wiz'll go bomb that
I come fat, you niggaz front runt cease
They say bigger punks fear but I don't hear what
they say I should, and when a hood try to steal my goods
Good! I want to show him that dreads can fly
heads I stood my ground there's snakes around
Schemin on the deep down but I defeat clowns
with intellect, then the next flex so I'm good to wreck
brains, it takes gall to brawl with minds in chains
Chorus: Del
It takes gall to brawl with minds in chains (8X)
Verse Two:
This conflict is making John sick
But men want to fight over nothing, nonsense
is common, and common sense is none
Niggaz always want to grab your fists and run
I try to walk down MacArthur, and talk ta
pedestrians, who got the sacks to alter my mind
And find the right, one
Dug in the bushes, so I can get a tight one, it's fat
I got it, and now I need to be leavin
I believe men might get shady
Even if they know me
Just because we flow the oldie wants my dough

We all know where he can go
I'm not takin no shorts from you
And you ain't takin shit from me
I ain't no punk so I hit the G
I'm throwin one-hitter quitters to trap em
You know when I'm strapped, so I shoulda just mopped em
but nah, I'm not foolish, I keep a tool
with me, but that don't mean that I won't bust
a fool's lip, equipped be my adjectives
cause I had to live long
In slums where chums come at you wrong
And try to get you for all your cent
Unless you're not dipped you got your de-fenses on
They plot for your dough
You might catch a hot one, so be careful
I be prepared for fools
Chorus 1.5X

Songwriters

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