

# Mind Frame

## Moneybagg Yo

Reminiscing 'bout my niggas that done died man  
Goin' through pictures and it's fuckin' up my mind-frame  
Thinkin' back when we was broke but we still maintained  
Accepting calls from my niggas in the chain gang  
His first offense, judge gave him all that time man  
He in there buckin' and it's fuckin' up his mind-frame  
His bitch real bad and treatin' him bad like she don't know the man  
I run with shooters and it's murder on they mind-frame, hey Thinkin' 'bout you as I'm scrolling  
through my call log  
Your number still in my contact but I can't call y'all  
Lost my niggas to the streets and it wasn't even worth it  
Tray-Tray, Lil Mafia, Lil Corey, and J Money, that hurt me, hey  
Free Big Larry and every nigga that went fed man  
Wouldn't wish that time on nobody, fuck what they said man  
Wouldn't ever beef, I just bossed up and did my own thing  
I saw my vision, I painted it, made my own lane, hey  
Shawty fucked one of my niggas in my circle  
I wanted to spazz, I wanted to crash, I wanted to hurt her  
I had to learn hoes gon' be hoes, nobody perfect  
Cut from a real nigga cloth, I'm fuck shit allergic  
They say my nigga killed my nigga so my mind-frame fucked up  
I won't put my trust in no one but this Glock on me with one up  
I was posted with them packs on me all light until the sun up  
Don't fall for nothin', always stand up, that's how I'm gon' raise my sons up hey  
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I run with shooters and it's murder on they mind-frame, hey Niggas out here sending threats so  
it's murder on my dome  
They gon' pull up and just hop out, we don't send no shots on songs  
My son mama say I'm wrong, she got that lil girl mind-frame  
She ain't built for this lifestyle, she cannot take what come with fame  
I just sent my nigga a pack to penitentiary, now he straight  
'Cause my lil homie lawyer paid in full, know he beat the case  
Took my nigga out the hood, showed him the world got more to offer  
In Miami with the Dolphins, BGE 'til we in coffins  
Mind-frame on I don't care  
Glock nineteen, I'm so aware

You can look and you can stare  
It's blood on me, you touch a hair  
Niggas crossed me, said fuck me  
Showed me really what it was  
Now they callin', tryna talk  
But I can't reimburse that love, nah  
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I run with shooters and it's murder on they mind-frame, hey  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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