

Got My Mind Made Up (faet. Kurupt & The Outlawz)

2Pac

You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I gets deadly as Kahn though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm on those Who can withstand, the mo' power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck ya brain
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star
Finally realizing who the fuck we are When I penetrate, it's been withstandin' 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
Breakin' 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 tha nigga you facin'
We must be based on nothin' better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations Sorry, I left that ass waitin'
No more procrastination give up to fate and get that ass shakin'
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic
Don't take ya 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 acvtivatin' yo souls
You know, the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote
Takin' off my coat, clearing my throat I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get in too
Let it ride, tonight's tha night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get in too
Let it ride, tonight's tha night Well, I comes through with Tupac
Of the bomb prophylaxes for protection
So my fuckin' 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
MCs

Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifying like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch I'm an MC with lyrics that's tha fuckin'
Bombay
Ya got dissed, that's before it's ingest like balmy
My rhymes, I leave a mark on ya mind
As the deadly vibes spread through ya head like sand pine There's no escape, nah, I ain't blastin'
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin'
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of tha killin' Why is that? 'Cuz smilin' faces deceive
You best believe, to MC's I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip ya throat and make it hard to breathe
Ya whole camp's under siege 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 tha cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split tha bricks on the wall Ya already have an idea about tha superior
sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of tha 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, stickin' up wit German The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this message don't touch tha dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like
Magellan
Half of my Clan's three deep felons
Niggaz 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 motherfuckin' 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 fallin' fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast Aiyyo, lyrical gas spittin' tha 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 ya whole camp when
I'm splited
Funk Doctor who? Spock bitch don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express
To get the fresh package of bless, tha dogs can't fetch Got the clear spot from tha rear block
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men, I fear not
Hold ya nose and blow out 'til ya ears pop
Since ya 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 ya 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 pushin' the hearse in the first place Confidence for you shaky ass folks
Pump for Rockefeller for the day he got smoked
Choke, off this anecdote got you ope
Get roast, by my lyrics Billy Dee .45 Coly And I'm out for nine nickel
INS tha rebels
West, list this, this, this

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>