

## Got My Mind Made Up - 1/3

## Interprété par 2 PAC.

Verse One: Daz

You find an MC like me who's strong

Leavin motherfucker's 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...

Verse Two: Tupac

So mandatory my elevation my chansons 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 flamable like gas stations

Sorry I left that ass waitin

No more procrastination give up to fate, and get that asss 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 chansons 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

Chorus: Method Man

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 tha night I got my mind made up, come on...



## Got My Mind Made Up - 2/3

get in get in too let it ride... tonight's tha night

Verse Three: Kurupt

Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophalaks for protection So my fuckin sac won't collapse Cause nowaday's, 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 Electryfing like thunder, I'm just too much Rough and raw with that motherfuckin poisonous touch I'm an MC with chansons that's tha fuckin bom-bay Ya got dissed, that's before it's ingest like balmay 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 villian Laughter enhances the chances of tha killin Why is that? Cuz smilin faces decieve 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 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 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

Verse Four: Method Man

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks I makes maneuvers like Hitler, stickin up [jews] wit german [lugers] The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle Will be back after this mess-age don't touch tha dial Rarely do you see an MC out for justice Got my gun powder and my musket -- blaooow!! Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellen Half of my Clan's three deep felons Niggaz best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel Man I stay on point like icicles



## Got My Mind Made Up - 3/3

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

Verse Five: Redman

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 splifted 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 Rockafella for the day he got smoked choke, off this anecdote got you ope Get roast, by my chansons Billy Dee .45 Coly And I'm out for nine nickel [INS tha rebels]

[West, list this, this, this...]