

# Tupac, Got My Mind Made Up

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

[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 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

[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...  
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 nowadays, 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 lyrics 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  
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 cannabiz  
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 lyrics Billy Dee .45 Colt  
And I'm out for nine nickel (INS tha rebels)  
West, list this, this, this...