

2Pac, 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 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 lyrics Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for nine nickel (INS tha rebels)
West, list this, this, this...