

Ice T, Mind Over Matter

Yo Yo, 1-2 in the place to be, M.C. Ice-T, ya know wha I'm sayin
Cold loungin' here in the new O.G. LP, you know, Original Gangsters in the House
This is goin' out to all my homeboys on the streets and all the brothers locked-down

It's been a long while
Since I hit ya with freestyle
High tech selection
From the vaults of the Ice files
Kick back, relax,
And watch as I melt wax
Don't never let a brother like me
Write a dope track
Cause once I hit it with the vocal tone
It's mine, have motherfuckers
Rush'n to rewind
Cause I'll flow slow
And still twist your tongues up
Rock the house from night
Till the sun's up
Cause it really ain't
How much you say
it's what you sy
I got no fuckin' time on the mic
To play
I write rhymes
With addition and algebra
Mental geometry
Don't even come at me
Talk'n that weak and
Popin' that bullshit
Get out my face
A fool could get his head split
A lot of doubters
Said it couldn't be done by me
them same suckers
Are now lookin' from under me
Wonder'n what I did
I didn't play myself kid
I respected my fans
And made the high bid
Sometimes I write my rhymes
At night and fall asleep
Wake up with new techniques
Grab the pen
And place it on some loose leaf
Nothin' soft, always the tough meat
The white paper and
Blue lines excite my mind
Not allow'n me to stop the rhyme
Until the whole motherfuckin'
Book's complete
Then I write on the
Back of the sheets
I made promise
To my brothers in street crime
We'd get paid with the use
Of a sweet rhyme
We put our minds together
Made the tracks clever
Now we're checkin'
More bank than ever

Mind over matter
(So ya got to have Mind Power, like the fellah's say...)

Mind over matter
(Mind Power)

I can drop rhymes in twos,
And threes and fours
And still have much shit
Left for encores
Cause when my mind locks
In on a dope idea
Motherfuckin' ducks
Should stand clear
Cause I'm a hit the topic point blank
It's jail ya better keep your shank
Cause I got mine
And I'm out on a solo creep
(Uggga!) Your face hits the concrete
You wanna roll
With the niggas that don't play
I think you got false courge
Get out my damn way
Cause the car I'm in
Is rollin' full of men
No kids or boys, E got the Mac 10
Islam's got the Zulu Nation back up
DJ Aladdin's who
Hooked the fuckin' track up
Syndicate's make'n the move
With the ski masks
And I'm house'n the long cash
So now you realize
You underestimated the Ice
You thought that I was OK
But now you realize I'm nice
But that's alright
Cause I knew I'd mke it in the end
Those who like me now
Might not of liked me then
But I'm a keep impressin'
Stressin' my lesson
And keep motherfuckers guessin'
Armor plate my mind
With walls and shields
As I escape from the killing fields

(I can understand)
Mind over matter
(I know what it means.
Mind Power)
Mind over matter

Wise up
Move the tempo of this hype groove
You know this shit is dope
So what you try'n to prove
Vu's max as Evil E
My niggaa dogs the wax
My brain's a handgrenade-catch
I'm a hit you with an over load
Of bottomless thought
Reversin' all the shit you're taught
Then throw words at you
Syl-la-ble-at-a-time
Your brain recites the rhyme
No matter what you do
The power's over you

when you sleep
You'll be say'n these rhymes too
Cause the brain has the power
To control all
Think positive
You'll be unable to fall
Brain cells swell
Thought process becomes a trance
Makes you feel possessed to dance
I'll say I want a million
My mind is so deep
I'll be bustin' a check for it next week

(Like the fellah's say...)
Mind over matter
(I know what it means.
Mind Power)
Mind over matter