

Killa Tay, Military Mind

All rap for everybody, West Cola
Open up my 3rd eye, let my spirit speak
Time to re-unite the family
Military Mind, searchin for thug heaven
Bullys wit Fullys

{Verse 1}

Scrutinize my roots, and recognize the troops
I'm still a G with exceptional capabilities
I know they plottin on killin me, but it's checkmate
Snake eyes, venomous tongue increasin death rates
It ain't no love in this blood sport, county support is all we need
So many lost souls blinded by the liquor and weed
I made a change in my life and got some get right
Finally livin decent, no more creepin after midnight
I respect the words that my grandfather told to me
Don't be innocent, militant is how we supposed to be
You know, God bless the child who can hold his own
Dodgin prison, still livin in my enemies zone
But I ain't scared of death, you know we all die hard
You either charge it to the game or the Mastercard
The devil lurks when we hard at work, best to pray
Cuz when my homies call I'm quick to turn back to Killa Tay
It ain't no fairy tale, the good Lord made me this way
Demon schemin on my soul to live and die in the Bay
I take steps through the valley of death
My thug religion got me pointin fingers at the system
My military mind, nine chambers deep, but still searchin for peace
M-O-B Cali G's go to church and they sneak
Don't judge me, unless we in court, for jury trial
I'm on a hunt, it's fuck season ain't no reason to smile
The first to die hard, the tragedy, agony of defeat
Military minded blinded by the sparks from the heat
It gets deep, I'm cheddar chasin, takin the fifth
I hustle heavy til my whole thug nation is rich
I put it down for Freddie Smith and Lil' Toney Loc
Cuz they real folks representin the West Coast
The Mafia Clique, I take it back to when the Feds first hit
Paranoia in my brain, but ain't no reason to trip
I come equipped ???, stick and move like Sugar Ray
Cuz it's thug life, all day every day
Killas on the payroll, my soul rest with G-o-d
But ain't no pity on my enemies, we still the realest
Let the games begin, I never die but I multiply
Buggin when the cops roll by, I'm still alive
Military mind got my fans thinkin I'm nuts
Pathetic visions til I finally touch, so let the world know

{Hook}

I declare war on the industry
I hope these Jews ain't offended, but I'm AWOL, strictly independent
If you wanna sell rap you gotta buy it from us
Soundscan ain't the truth, I know they lyin to us
It's World War 3, ain't nobody to trust
White man got a plan to see us all locked up
Instead of killin up yo own kind, focus yo mind
Check ya history, and see the signs, it's Black Power

{Verse 2}

Ain't no future in frontin hard, the young and heartless
Raised with thug methods, still subjected to the darkness
Nowhere to hide, I'm being stalked by my shadow
My spirit grow slow, but now I'm losin my homies
I see this picture white clear, ain't no love in these streets

Release my anger from the past, now I'm finally complete
I'm in a different world, livin right, my life brand new
You better recognize the real before it happen to you
My point of view is just opinion, but I'm smarter than most
And G-o-d the main reason I believe in the ghost
I know my close folks feel me, cuz my prayers been workin
I see these haters livin jealous, on the sideline smirkin
I punish enemies, they remember me, no way to forget
Cross the system, become the victim of a Mafia hit
I split the chips with my labelmates, we ballin again
Discussin hustlin with the lunatic when he call from the pen

{Hook}

I declare war on the industry
I hope my homies ain't offended, but I'm AWOL, strictly independent
If you wanna sell rap you gotta buy it from us
Soundscan ain't the truth, I know they lyin to us
It's World War 3, ain't nobody to trust
White man got a plan to see us all locked up
Instead of killin up yo own kind, focus yo mind
Check ya history, and see the signs, it's Black Power

{Verse 3}

I was dreamin but I swore I heard a voice yellin "wake up"
Tricked off half of my life, it's time to make up
I'm walkin with the Lord, speakin from the Scriptures
Had my second son, but I lost another sister
To the dope game, believe me drugs kill
And my love's real, so retrospect what a thug feel
I asked God to forgive my sins
And take the pain from my brain so I can live again
I know my grandmama spirit in me guidin me through
I know you hear them voices in ya head lyin to you
But what you see ain't true, Lord knows we need help
Ain't no knowledge being spread, all my people seek wealth
We ain't lookin for ourself, tell me where the love at?
Daddy payin child support but momma hooked on dubb-sacks
Understand my anger, I ain't no stranger to this danger
Orchestrate my clique, and it makes us a hazard

{Hook}

I declare war on the industry
I hope yo momma ain't offended, but I'm AWOL, strictly independent
If you wanna sell rap you gotta buy it from us
Soundscan ain't the truth, I know they lyin to us
It's World War 3, ain't nobody to trust
White man got a plan to see us all locked up
Instead of killin up yo own kind, focus yo mind
Check ya history, and see the signs, it's Black Power

Yeah, we gotta understand
That it's a white man's job and plan
To infiltrate anything that the Black man does
Divide and conquer
We need unity, so stop killin up yo thug nations
And direct yo anger towards the real enemy
Ride or die