Mind Right

Young Thug

Aye my brother said he can phone off I'm like, "Nigga which one, nigga? Got bout five or six of them bitches bro" And he can't even hear fool Know what I'm talking bout Got my mind right, now I run through the streets I might take flight, don't care if it's he or she I might make it, Mayweather, just like TMT, ya' digg? And I got Deaf Greg with me Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and went got it Got my mind right and went got it Got my mind right, you ain't got it Got my mind right, you ain't got it Got my mind right, got it Got my mind right and I swear I went ran up my money I swear to God man I ride with that tommy I roll out the pound, not an onion I swear to God man my diamonds they come from New York and yo shit looking s unnv You come with them bad boy that shit better be wrapped up like muhfucking mu mmy My brothers on bitches, my brothers on bitches We catch em and cut them lil bitches I ride with the semi, my money's no midget Got pints and my muhfuckin' reefer Got 'scale on my plane and it came cross that water I locked up the safe but it's not out of order Bitches they wan' know what's popping, they know that if I pop it they know that she droppin' Come off the top like Eddie Hardy, and they know I bang red like a flower I'm not a christian, I don't go to church, but my front pockets look like a Bible Comin' up listenin' to my raps, I knew I needed one shot like a sniper Got my mind right, now I run through the streets I might take flight, don't care if it's he or she I might make it, Mayweather, just like TMT, ya' digg? And I got Deaf Greg with me Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and go got it Got my mind right and went got it Got my mind right and went got it Got my mind right, you ain't got it Got my mind right, you ain't got it Got my mind right, got it Go and get it just to say you did it My brother deaf, but he moving pigeons Ya' dig what I'mm saying, yeah freaky dig it I really wanna meet her no damn ticket I would love to meet her, I would love to meat her

I would love to feast her, I would love to eat her I would love to treat her, I would love to trick her

Yeah, all of the above no pistol This shit is serious, Brian Nichols She so delirious, now I miss her I'm slick the bomb like a damn missile Bubble gum booty delicious She got her tongue pierced It's a done mission I'm on a Dom Pérignon mission Leave a pussy nigga soul lifted Geeked out, get my toes pierced Ri-ribbit like a toad listening Deep fuckin' up her yo bitch IPhone, she call this I got big diamonds in my watch Newer Flava Flav clock Be the first nigga cop that drop then pull straight up to the block (scrr sc rr)

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