

# Mind Right (feat. Warhol.SS)

## Shoreline Mafia

AceTheFace

Ron-Ron do that shit I just popped a Perc', get my mind right (Mind right)  
Bitch, I want some money, not no limelight (Not no limelight)  
Me and all my niggas, we beyond tight (We beyond tight)  
We ain't goin' back and forth, bitch,  
It's on sight (Bitch, it's on sight)  
Ayy, told that bitch, "Take your clothes off" (Take your clothes off)  
Big 40 knock his nose off (Big 40, nigga)  
She want a Gucci purse but I want some head (I want some head)  
My niggas in the county, boy, they eatin' bread (They eatin' bread)  
If a nigga try to play me,  
We gon' leave him dead (We gon' leave him dead)  
I got tired of poppin' molly so I'm poppin' X (Poppin')  
Ooh, this a Oxy'  
All these niggas sweet like some toffee (Like some toffee)  
Double cup, nigga, I ain't sippin' coffee (Sippin' lean)  
Play with us, he get chipped like some Takis (He get chipped)  
You don't fuck her how I fuck her so she creepin' on you (Bitch)  
I told my nigga P Dawg, "Boy, they sleepin' on you" (Sleepin' on you)  
Glock-19 but it hold fifty  
I gotta keep a stick 'cause it get sticky (Sticky)  
Like a math quiz, it gon' get tricky  
I'm doin' drugs with the bitch like I'm Bobby, Whitney (Ooh)  
Fenix Flexin countin' bankrolls (Bank rolls)  
Boy, you niggas fuckin' stank hoes (Stank hoes)  
I been fuckin' on your main ho (On your main bitch)  
Keep it real, that's the reason why you hate for (Why you hate for)  
My Glock gay, it give him facials (Give him facials)  
I got a white bitch named Rachel (White bitch)  
When she fuckin' on me, it's interracial (Interracial)  
I'm 'bout my paper like a nigga went to Staples (Racks)  
You don't need a nigga? Raise your hands up  
You with your best friend and you finna dance up  
They playin' City Girls so you finna act up  
Drop it down to the floor, I throw them bands up  
Ass fat, you gon' make it clap, huh?  
In a function, nigga, got your strap, huh?  
We don't talk on the phone 'cause it's tapped, bruh  
Heard she don't give no head but that's cap, bruh  
Ayy, she be givin' niggas hella head  
You done fucked up the re-up, owe me hella bread  
I done sipped me a four of that medicine

I remember back when they wouldn't let us in  
Now they tryna drop a bag just to get us in  
I ain't the best, nigga, tell me who is better then?  
I rock Truey, G Star, and the Vetements  
They done fucked up, let me bring Berettas in  
Walked in with pistols  
I'll paint a nigga red like Crayola  
I been sippin' on that red, thought I told yo  
Brand new Bape kicks like I'm Soulja  
Ayy, yeah, like I'm Soulja Boy  
Still the same young nigga, I'm just older, boy  
Ayy, yeah, like I'm Soulja Boy  
Still the same young nigga, I'm just older, boy  
Ayy, ice on, bitch, I'm froze up  
I'm a joint in my city, so she chose up  
It cost like five, nigga, pour a four up  
And I just poured two, so I'm slowed up  
I can't pop me no Percs, I'ma throw up  
It's goin' down, baby girl, we finna go up  
She put her lips on my dick 'cause I blowed up  
And I got ten bands when I showed up  
I got money, codeine, and some dope (Gang, gang)  
And a nigga better watch for your ho (Yeah, yeah)  
Two for ten, we can get it at the store (At the store)  
And my dawg got a line on the lows (On the lows)  
Twenty-two up in the city for the bows, yeah, yeah  
Countin' money so we keep the trap closed, yeah, yeah  
If you comin' on the block, you pay a toll, uh-huh  
Put that bitch on the X, make her roll, uh-huh  
In the Hellcat with the fog lights (Fog)  
Got these VV's on me, givin' frostbite (VV's)  
Brought your bitch through, she givin' head all night (Bitch)  
Ridin' real foreigners, got the name on the exhaust pipe (Skrrt, skrrt)  
We got choppers in the truck like the SWAT team  
Slidin' down the runway, we'll leave your block clean (Bah, bah)  
Ridin' with them thirties in the rack, we the Glock team (Bah, bah)  
Shorty got a 40 in the back and it's not clean (Bah, bah)  
Tell a nigga cash out, I'ma leave him ass out  
Pussy nigga spooked, he ain't never seen a crackhouse  
Had me with the vibes and we even got the back house (Back house)  
We apply the pressure to a nigga, he get packed out (Packed out)  
Hit a nigga spot, lil' nigga, where the safe at? (Safe at)  
Leave a nigga dead, now we see him where the tapes at, strike fast  
When I beat a bitch, I be lookin' for a latex  
Bro in that trap, so you know he made the cake stretch (Gang, gang)AceTheFace  
Ron-Ron do that shit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

