## Mind Control (feat. E-40 & Wiz Khalifa)

## Big K.R.I.T.

Riding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind M-I crooked, I was cooking up an old school Sprinkled it with bad bitch, mixed it up with soul food Put it on a plate with the bass and tweeters For them haters, out here starvin', motherfucker I could feed ya With some game, intergalactic, outer-space for brain Chrome wheel in the water, might just get me in the summer It look good don't it? Throw wood on it, with the golden vogue Love potion on my mind, my pimpin' is an antidote Cooley High, signing booming sign, knocking butters down Crack the curb, like my ship emerged, from the underground One more time, for them folks that know I be shinin' Whippin' wind and reclining, pressin' diamonds While I'm Riding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her

Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind I got (?) on my tongue, I talk slick Catch a chick without using my hands, master (?) Sliding in my SLAB, slapping Big KRIT Woofers in the back, tweeters in my (?) Push button secret stash box for my yammer Yammer me, yes a pistol, a hammer Blowing 50's, broccoli in the air That's that Cali weed, I know that smell anywhere Mind control, get in the female's head like a Tylenol (?) yourself, be about your bread, increase your bankroll Drink and cheefin', my and my heathens bustin' power moves In the hood, like a mechanic, stickin' to the rims Riding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind On a mission, just me and Vincent Your bitch might just come up missin' like a (?) Known to talk that player shit mama, that's just how I do My old school look powder blue We pulled up to the Papadeaux poundin' Sat down, ordered the clam chowder I had the lobster bisque I'm what they talkin' 'bout if the topic is

Money, clothes, hoes, weed smoke Take your panties off, you don't need those Real niggas stay stuck to the G code Never cheat, never off my feet Never let these niggas see your weakness If I eat then my niggas eat Hit the weed then we hit the sheets That be our little secret Round and round we go Unlock and unload Our remote control Her mind, her mind Round and round we go Unlock and unload Our remote control Her mind, her mind

Riding round so clean I let the bass beat out my speakers Searching for a freak that's kink and bound to let me tweak her

Mind, her mind, her mind, her mind

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