

# 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, 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

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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  
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Mind, 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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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