

Kublai Khan

Jedi Mind Tricks, Tragedy Khadafi & Gortex

[Vinnie Paz]

God hates me, never keep my banger on safety
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me
My hearts pumpin the blood of Royce Gracie
My thoughts dumpin the slug and point straightly
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred
I'm steady in deep thoughts like Bill Maher
I'm real raw, we just dumbin it out
And y'all ain't sayin nothin with a gun in yo mouth
Thats what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether
The Grim Reaper, its all nature
And every word from Allah is on paper
We all hate ya, we can't stand you
Chapter 8, verse 3, book of Daniel
You like a candle, you just burn
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

[Chorus Stoupe][Goretex]

Chemicle, space ships, see dust splits, hit from the Matrix
Pig Destroyer, Anakis kiss, splatter your patriots
Make coke stops, injectin my pockets with botox
Laytex bitches be chokin on cock like Blow-Pops
My flows hot, my glocks like a popular friend
Sniffin Oxycontin, we ride till the popular says
Merciful fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake
Cause Red Planets like a Shit Magnet, it counters with Jay
Digital cuffs, runnin from the D's and the fuzz
Gut you out, rock Gas Mask, bleedin an stuff
Into the void like blue velvet, goons and clerics
New syntetic designer jewels for moods in deserts
In heaven and earth, barcodes to measure my girth
Thats like the J.D.L. joinin the zulu nation for turf
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra
God teks me, and we all stand with iced out clothes

[Chorus Stoupe][Tragedy Khadafi]

Check it. yo. yoNow where it be's like, niggaz wanna stay tight, I stay right
Face fight, get your weak, split, shit then I spit
Most Accurate, Flex writin back a bit
range on the side of it Yo I'm tryin to get a lot of it

I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit
Yo trial, might get the same time ya oughta get
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit
Jedi Mind, 2-5 is who I'm probably with
When Im tryin to score the third, its who I holler with
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects
Yo guns for my teks, yo range for my lex
Q.B. to Philly, we control sets
I stay splurgin, heads stay wrapped in Turbans
Tighter than a Virgin of Ford Excursion, nigga
So how you figure that we don't be reppin
Hoes sell weapons in the Dodge Intreped, nigga[Chorus Stoupe][Tragedy Khadafi]
Yo Stoupe, whattup baby, whats good
Jedi Mind, the gracious, 2-5 collabo
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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