

# The Age Of The Sacred Terror (Instr.)

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Vinnie Paz \*spoken\*]

Yeah

Yeah baby yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks

Legacy of Blood

Nothing but dirt out here

Fucking Philly baby

Yeah

It ain't a game baby

It's fucking war out here

Yeah[Vinnie Paz]

I'll make you bleed with knives

I was born with all-seeing eyes

I could snatch a rapper heart

Before it even dies

The caveman still believe in lies

You don't want no blood or no beef

Like you was vegan rhymes

You like to sleep with guys

You a gay maggot

Listening to fucking B2K, faggot

Go to raves faggot, put a hole in your heart

Destroy everything you that you know and you thought

Destroy everything in Babylon

You fucking fake rap I hate rap because you babble on

You fucking fags are gone

I'm a hate monger

That's the reason that you talking to the to the Jake longer

Put the snakes on ya, now you die there

And who gave you the fucking impression that I care

I could thrive here, but I choose to die

On a fucking steady diet of booze and lieYeah

It's the age of the sacred terror

A communist revolutionary Che Guevara

Take your cheddar, take everything that you care for

Murder everybody, that's what they was there for

And therefore you getting wet from the heat

Take the food from your plate-ain't letting you eat

Ain't letting you do nothing I don't want you to

You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you  
I don't care about anybody except me  
Until my main man Mafia is set free  
You waiting for the revolution to start  
But you ain't on the front lines taking two in the heart  
Ellusively smart, that's why I hide from the feds  
Jason Voorhees style, five severed heads  
Five corpses, five state troopers dead  
Licking shots in they face til the room is red Fuckin crumbs, worms, noodles, yeah If you serve God for money  
you serve the devil  
Claim to be in the war, never heard the metal, yeah  
Never even been in combat  
Never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat  
I'm on another plane  
You could stand in front of your fam  
But I'm shootin right through your mother's frame  
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that  
Fuck a fair one, where the two-tvos at  
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at  
Where my motherfucking Uncle Howie goons at  
This for everybody holdin hammers  
If you come into our shows then you go bananas  
And holding banners  
In support of Mumia Jamal  
Run up on you fucking pigs with the heaters and all  
I'm deceiving the law, that's what I'm here for  
The reason why I'm drinkin' all the fucking beer for Yeah, yeah baby  
Jedi Mind Tricks  
Legacy of Blood

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>