

# Verses of the Bleeding (Ft. Des Devious)

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Vinnie Paz]

Allah U Akbar, everybody just be calm  
That's the word passed down from the Emonh  
It came from the Qu'ran, it can't be wrong  
It's only measure, the time, the God's eons  
So I suggest you follow Allah way  
Or turn into a bitch, inside the jungle's of raw way  
That's what the Lord say, you ain't ready for that  
You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that  
And nobody wanna be there  
They stick you with 30 motherfuckers, up in the tare  
Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rockin' ya fam  
And fight against the army with a rock in my hand  
A glock in my hand, divide ya body into two parts  
And change ya entire theories of God by spittin' two darts  
But I just wanna people to build

And did Emadma Hussein, know that he would be killed?[Chorus 2X: Vinnie Paz, Des Devious]

We comin' for blood (in the name of Allah)  
We comin' for blood (and we ain't playin' with ya'll)  
We comin' for blood (we destroy and rebuild)  
We comin' for blood (if you ain't loyal, you killed)[Des Devious]  
I got a vice grip on the mic, spittin' my shit  
My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits  
Easily split ya wig, with the flick of a wrist  
Send the block, ya body's grindin' you, and to the abyss  
But that's some, sick shit, I only do when I trip  
Or when I'm, til them motherfuckers runnin' they lip  
That's when I, start the procedure, of body beatin' you into a seizure  
Your crew is standing there staring lookin' like non believers  
I felt 'em standing and staring that's when I pulled the heater  
My ratchet cookin' these faggots, I make 'em all see the  
Fact of the matter is, the cue don't back down  
This ain't no slap down, you gettin' clapped clown  
So don't be runnin' around, talkin' all this and that  
That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped  
Into a dark corner, rope pullin' on ya  
Tried to escape, hear shots, left ya ass a goner[Chorus 2X][Vinnie Paz]  
I'm ready to blackout, crippler crossface tap-out  
Comin' through the fuckin' door with the gats out

Let the blood rain down and drippin' ya skin  
Let the slug hit ya crown and rip up ya limbs  
I'm the illest fuckin' rapper alive  
Give me 16 shots, I can crack you in five  
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine  
Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom  
I gotta do it for everyone that I promised something  
So everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something  
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishin' me dead  
So I beat in their mid-section, til they pissin' in red[Chorus]

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

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