

Burning The Mirror

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1:] I'm Kool G Rap Kaczynski and God wrapped in one

I keep a stupid bitch around me just to stash the gun

Fuck a crucifix, I'll use it just to stab a nun

What y'all did is incurable to what Paz has done

I'm Black Sabbath, you savages get a lashing tongue

I'm black magic and ravenous, you a passive crumb

I'm a Russian AK and you's a Gatling Gun

I only listen to black metal and rap from Pun

I treat bitches like a jewel thief, smash and run

I write ignorance on loose-leaf, that's for fun

You have the female tendencies of a bastard son

They say it's parts unknown where the assassin's from

Hey yo Jus Allah load the Glock, rob his drums

And tell these sucker motherfuckers that the gods have come

I drink clear liquor all the way to blackened rum

The Glock an icebreaker, I don't mean a pack of gum

[Chorus:] We that hardcore, we that hardbody

Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy

We Islamic wars, we that godbody

We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

We that hardcore, we that hardbody

Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy

We Islamic wars, we that godbody

We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

[Verse 2:] My baby [?] hung herself, I was way too young to help

It's no way I could've lifted her and strung the belt

Wish she could've gave me something else, cruel summer

But I'm always elated to meet the newcomers

I like to stare at models to compare brothels

Putting air in bottles, sharing pot and Aristotle

With the baddest dime inhaling the [?]

And we don't talk about past times and astral signs

I'm fearless, there's an eeriness to my appearance

I'm experienced in severeness

I'm embellished in devilishness, I'm a detriment to health and wellness

I'm everything selfish and felonious

I'm only aware of unfairness, Islam and Arabic

Nuclear fission bombs and terrorists

More torturers that would know order
I live in close quarters, bodies everywhere
It's an episode of Hoarders
[Chorus:] We that hardcore, we that hardbody
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