

The Age Of The Sacred Terror

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

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