Kublai Khan (Instrumental)

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1: 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 studying deep thoughts like Bill Maher
I'm real raw, we just dumbin' it out
And y'all ain't sayin' nuthin' with a gun in yo mouth
That's what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether
The Grim Reaper, it's 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]
Mixed Sound Clips[Verse 2: Goretex]
Chemical space ships, taste dust spliffs, hit from the Matrix
Pig Destroyer, Anakis kiss, splatter your patriots
Make coast stops, injectin' my pockets with Botox
Latex bitches be chokin' on cock like Blow-Pops
My flows hot, my glocks like a popular friend
Sniffin Oxy-Cottin, we rock 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 Jake
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 synthetic 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
Goretex readin we all stand with iced out cobra's[Chorus: Stoupe]
{*Mixed sound clips*}[Verse 3: Tragedy Khadafi]
Check it.. yo.. yoNow what it be's like, niggaz wanna stay tight, I stay right
Face fight, get your weak, split, shit that I spit
Most Acurate, 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 giancanna get
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit
Jedi Mind, 2-5 is who I'm polly with
When Im tryin to score the third, it's who I holler with
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects
Yo guns for my teks, yo range for my lex
From Q.B. to Philly, we control sets
I stay splurgin, heads stay wrapped in Turbans
Tigher than a Virgin of Ford Excursion, nigga
So how you figure that we don't be reppin'
Whole drugs and weapons in a dodge intrepid[Chorus: Stoupe]
{*New sound clips*}[Outro: Tragedy Khadafi]
Yo Stoupe, whattup baby, whats good
Jedi Mind, the gracious, 2-5 collabo{*Sound clip from Chorus continues*}

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

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