Rise Of The Machines

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Mike Tyson] I was gonnna rip his heart out, I'm the best ever I'm the most brutal and most vicious and most ruthless champion there's ever been My style is impetuous, my defense is impregnable And I'm just ferocious, I want your heart! I wanna eat your children, praise be to Allah! [Vinnie Paz] They call me Kublain Khan, ready for war with a Ruger 9 I'm ready with a machete for Rudy Giulian I'm ready for anybody who want war Y'all ain't nice with the hands you can't brawl You can't stall, we hold the black horses I'm runnin' up in ya church to smack crosses You lack rawness, you lack passion You couldn't make it through war without rations You just a homosexual; I stick the gay rights movement To meet you and then I'm testin' you Rhymin' 'bout flowers 'n shit And poets on the mic for twenty hours 'n shit I'm housin' ya shit; Shuttin' ya f**kin' mic off Snatch ya f**kin' poetry book and then kick the dyke off Set the fight off, show 'em what real rap is Real rhymes, real beats and real clappers And we blast until cover Make you see murder [C-Murder] like Master P' brother (Yea, what's the deal baby, yea, free Ras Kass, feel me) [Chorus Stoupe]x2 "C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on" "While real MC's and DJ's are a minority" "Power, down goes another rapper" "Make way, 'cause here I come" [Ras Kass] Yea, yo, yo, yea, f**k it When I spit it get shitty like the teeth of Mike Bibby Live from nowhere keep the west coast with me like J-Kidd Slay chicks if she pretty, only fugitive you know slay chicks to be Diddy No system electricity, spine the mind with it Tryna go 50/50 with my Billboard's check Like 800 first week, 800,000 the next They put on the cover of the Vibe I just might flex Na, I'm too lazy, with hennessy and hoes But I bench pressed the trigger of a four pound though Hit enemies with rolls for money shows and clothes F**k bank rolls, I'm yellow gold with incredible flows My homies sellin coke, 'cause nothin' love nobody Said he like the free spirits with slugs to plump your body 'Til you shrug and flop like Vlade Divac Paint picture perfect, inside rockin' the b-bop We not confused, raps the nigga news Each rhyme a "Minority Report", f**k Tom Cruise Adversity my muse, that's why I make mus-ic Transmit SARS, it's 20 bars as you spit [Chorus Stoupe]x2 "C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on" "While real MC's and DJ's are a minority" "Power, down goes another rapper" "...Make way, 'cause here I come"

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