

Mind Manipulation

[Dr Dilznik](#)

I can get into your head under your skin many dread my thunderous pen,
wonderin when my hunger for sin will give in and come to an end,
so let the hunter began bundeling men with composition,
puncture those who pretend to contend as competition,
it's a haunting vision how I come stomping the opposition,
launching wisdom while taunting your little raunchy women
pongee linen can't even begin to be as smooth as this,
mc's complain that my lips contain computer chips,
that's a stack of shit bitch I never catch a glitch,
they just mad cause the rap I spit will blow you back a bit,
so get your kodak flick quik before you miss it man,
cause you'll never see a bad guy like this again,
with a wicked hand who's grand like Charlie Dickens man,
it's sickinen how one man can rip your fam,
shock your klan like nuns recieving a strip-o-gram,
Damn dont try to resist this hypnotistic ram,
(hook)

Mind manipulation pen poems play with your flesh
Manson, Solar Temple, JimJones, David Koresh
let's take a guess can I fool you and prolong saga
school you with voodoo from my madulla oblongatta
gotta be a reason my phrases lead em to hell for nothin
breedin a legion who's garden of eden's self destruction
you wanna help but nothin you try can switch their lives
my scripts arrived Dilznik he's got em hypnotized
(verse 2)

Forces of nature control the planet earth all from a candid verse,
manic hearsds stand undisturbed from my satanic words,
panic emerged from verbs that this man had cast,
from where im perched molten rock burst volcanic ash,
organic trash in mass budded your baddest fear,
dark overcast from the blast flooded the stratosphere,
vast amounts of people passed from my crooked tounge,
in a flash inhaling gas so hot it cooks your lungs,
it's lookin fun your stunned scorched from the speech major,
all forms of life are done north of the equator,
deep craters remain it's a drubbing sketch,
unrecognizable terrain theres nothing left,
vexed by pictures taken and sent down by the Hubble,

from there it looks like our planet is just a smokey bubble,
zoomin in on the damage hit were all in trouble,
Holy Shit it's Dilznik crawling from the rubble,
(hook)
(verse 3)

The point of my pencil paralyzes poets im unorthadox,
comparing prices it slices your metaphoric slop,
when the temperature rises it's priceless so ignore the clock,
listen if you wanna hear what's inside Pandora's box,
the more I talk the more who stop needin a crutch,
any women or children yep there evenly touched,
how could you kill women and children in a way as such,
it's easy stuff see you just don't lead em as much,
so get some get some come and get you some,
when I spit you run I come from area 51,
with a vicious tounge leavin bitches hung from commentary,
moral dilemma like a real life Tom n Jerry,
involentarilly disparity takes a hold,
without clarity that's when I carefully break the mold,
your souls been sold fold n then follow these plans,
your all enhanced you chant as you fall in a trance,
(hook)

Lyrics submitted by doc.

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