

Verses Of The Bleeding

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Vinnie Paz]Allah U Akbar, everybody just be calm

That's the word passed down from the Emonh

It came from the Qu'ran, it can't be wrong

It's only measure, the time, the God's eons

So I suggest you follow Allah way

Or turn into a bitch, inside the jungle's of raw way

That's what the Lord say, you ain't ready for that

You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that

And nobody wanna be there

They stick you with 30 motherfuckers, up in the tare

Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rockin' ya fam

And fight against the army with a rock in my hand

A glock in my hand, divide ya body into two parts

And change ya entire theories of God by spittin' two darts

But I just wanna people to build

And did Emadma Hussein, know that he would be killed?

[Chorus 2X: Vinnie Paz, Des Devious]We comin' for blood (in the name of Allah)

We comin' for blood (and we ain't playin' with ya'll)

We comin' for blood (we destroy and rebuild)

We comin' for blood (if you ain't loyal, you killed)

[Des Devious]I got a vice grip on the mic, spittin' my shit

My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits

Easily split ya wig, with the flick of a wrist

Send the block, ya body's grindin' you, and to the abyss

But that's some, sick shit, I only do when I trip

Or when I'm, til them motherfuckers runnin' they lip

That's when I, start the procedure, of body beatin' you into a seizure

Your crew is standing there staring lookin' like non believers

I felt 'em standing and staring that's when I pulled the heater

My ratchet cookin' these faggots, I make 'em all see the

Fact of the matter is, the cue don't back down

This ain't no slap down, you gettin' clapped clown

So don't be runnin' around, talkin' all this and that

That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped

Into a dark corner, rope pullin' on ya

Tried to escape, hear shots, left ya ass a goner

[Chorus 2X][Vinnie Paz]I'm ready to blackout, cripper crossface tap-out

Comin' through the fuckin' door with the gats out

Let the blood rain down and drippin' ya skin
Let the slug hit ya crown and rip up ya limbs
I'm the illest fuckin' rapper alive
Give me 16 shots, I can crack you in five
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine
Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom
I gotta do it for everyone that I promised something
So everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishin' me dead
So I beat in their mid-section, til they pissin' in red
[Chorus]

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