

Speech Cobras

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Mr. Lif]

I'm the fire bearer

Holder of the sun

The Earth and the universe combined as one

An everlasting energy taking all forms

Blue skies on sunny days, terrible the storms

The one who tears down what you adorn

And curses the material things that you mourn

But look up in the sky 'cause I am the dawn

And the light that empowers your flesh as you yawn

Strong, undeniably so

Lif better known as a society foe

The deity glow reach into my center

I bet you feel pleasure and pain as you enter

The tormenter, pleaser, embracer, squeezer

As your skeleton crush

Your physical turns into gelatin plus

Due to over stimuli

You liquify

I send you back to the earth soil to quench the turmoil

When the ground splits

To swallow of corporations and cops

Give birth to rocks

So we can have solid ground on which to walk

Stand strong and talk

And write down theories in chalk on the side walkChorus:"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell

Look into the eyes of a *nigga* who fell" -----> Buckshot

"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell

Look into the eyes..."[Jus Allah]

My style orbits

Around nine planets of forces

Ominous metaphors in vision of devil corpses

Lying order, mad scientist slash author

Present the type of horror that boils your holy water

Get warped with the knowledge that folds the holy father

Hard boys become toys inside the real saga

So why bother

My whole flaw lines is harder

So bring the drama

We all know that science is smarter
I set off crowds, style wild like a circus
I seek through souls when I walk past churches
Allah praise you, stay true to a devout purpose
Seeking out the wise wherever the God searches
Flows that I embark and leave your squadron shadow dodging
Lyrics assault men' like slugs that fill harkness
No option, narrow odds
Fucking with god is straight gambling with your tarot cardsChorus[Ikon the Hologram]
Open the gates of Midian
For the fangs like the flesh
Three cyborgs who Bang like Ladesh
We hang the best
Spit venom until your face burn
Yet the critics are parasitic like a tape worm
The hate burn, scathe the urn of a Buddhist
Snake turn and fake yearns the kiss of judas
We take lives with knives steady abusing ya
With the vicious intentions of denting your uvula
Bruising ya with text of a Harvard class
Ikon will smash into shards of glass
To reform into a whirlwind of sand
Then reborn into the word Hologram
A solemn man with plans to intertwine matter
Mind splatter from the grind of my divine hammer

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