

# And So It Burns

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

yeah

You frontin' style to me  
it's war when the beat drop  
just anotha mothafucka gonna see pac  
you the type that'll run when the heat pop  
the type that'll hide a gun when he see cops  
but not me, I'll aim a thirty-eight at the crown  
show up the next day at the wake and frown  
yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow  
then my man stoupe blast through the window  
foul when I was young but I survived karma  
drop bombs like a b-25 on ya  
yeah, it's vietnam in the trenches  
just keep my seat warm on the benches  
I run with wild puerto ricans that hit L's  
and study classical verses by \*Big L\*  
we came up in the game at the same time

and read one-hundred-fifty rappers with the same rhymeyeah, yeah, uh huh(break: when I touch the microphone

I usually rock it...)I'm a mothafuckin baboon  
hit you with thirty seven stab wounds  
bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb  
you scared of the rain, you fear weather  
I'm hardcore like pall-bearer in sheer terror  
I'll be ready for war with suede timbs on  
y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone  
won't stop till you dead in hell  
Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy (eh-grendel?)  
this bread we fail, yeah, because the beast in all this  
I was rockin' Diadoras while you was eatin' porridge  
I was listenin' to the \*Hilltop Hustlers\*  
while you was duckin from sounds of popped mufflers  
you was playin' little games with your fathers  
I was robbin' mothafuckas for they Starters\*  
you a novice, and I'm a old vet

and I was there when the heavens and the globe metbreakyeahyou ain't safe if the bomb exists

so I side with the Vietnamese communists  
if you wit me mothafucka raise your arm and fist  
and we can bust a fuckin' cap and see if God exists

I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor  
if its Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour  
and it ain't safe no more  
ain't safe in the mothafuckin' place no more  
get laced in your upper-body, face and jaw  
you the type of fagget we ain't got the patience for  
we break the law, while we pay our respects to Allah  
but if it's beef then we be sprayin' your neck with a four  
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop  
so protect your fuckin' neck like a cough drop  
I let the four shot, from different latitudes  
so keep it movin' like a bitch that got an attitude

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