

Willing A Destruction Onto Humanity

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1:]

Hotboxing the whip with piff from the ziplock
Guns come from Big Lots, blunts from the Quick Stop
Scheming on a plot trying to rob Mr. Big Shot
Strip you for your little chip of the rock
Stay equipped with the Glocks, you left for dead sifting through rocks
Gave your girlfriend my dick in a box
All the dirt I got on my hands I should have rocks in my wristwatch
But I pick Glocks over chocolates in the gift box
Chase you down the staircase, pop you in the lobby
Feed you hot slugs, each shot is a hot tamale
Spot where we put the bodies is hot as the Mojave
Probably time to find a new hobby
Before cops is sending out the bloodhounds, rounding up the posse
Reckless niggas with more records than disc jockeys
Play their records on CNN and Hard Copy

Play the part where they show the heart in the autopsy[Interlude:]

Everyone of you is alive, your death has got nothing to do with it. You already survived many deaths, but you don't know anything about it. How much have you learned in this life? How much have you truly learned that makes a difference?[Verse 2:]

I'm a motherfucking headhunter, a cold winter to a dead summer
Doesn't matter the weather, I'm still a lead-dumper
You can find the fucking body in the red dumpster
20+ years, cousin couldn't dead hunger (Still hungry, motherfuckers)
See it's the gutter that I rap
I nickname gats, they my butterfly effect
The boxcutter or the TEC
Some of my brothers is on their deen, some of them provide the wet
And some of them provide the birdos
Jail motherfuckers that'll buck you on their furlough
I run through a wall, never heard of hurdles
Manos de Piedra, I'm Roberto, you a fucking herb though
I've been getting money since my third show
My new Kel-Tec is berzerko, only smoke the purple
Y'all just fucking stand around in circles
Me and Jus Allah controversial

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>