

# Souls From The Streets (feat. Dubside Collective)

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1]

My mathematical powers devour cowards as I spra words  
Like acid rain showers, nations, you can't face them  
Erase them or I praise them, as my mind excites the wind  
Like spirits of ill concensions, time will clash  
On ya cipher, lyric concealed behind whirlwind fire  
Or flood, draw blood from wack souls as I smack hoes  
Live concensive, or yes 'em, it's damage  
That my sintex causes, is irrepreble  
'cause vanity of my insanity force ya whole click to be divided  
You have just bear witnessed to dub side united[Verse 2]  
Who do you love? Bugs, styles and fresh  
And numb somes of soul, witchcraft  
The clutch is the archer's mode, and sure plot  
Of device, we shot twice, after the same arrow  
Rush through life, it's off this slug  
Advise me with words from death, and new com battles  
Far time left, and pure shot plug that way  
You marathron, let me down to grace the plate  
Full stagnant, touch I, but revamp the squad  
Gettin' loops, saviate on contact[Verse 3]  
The triflyn four fists, sparks another spliff  
Bodies left stiff, you can't fuck with my ruggedness  
My gunshots is leaving niggaz on they asses  
Smoking all the canibus, like the weed savage  
Rip dimensions and it matters, take an L  
You no challenge, I blow up, ya muthafuckin' brain cells  
And leave you legal, the slang tongue spigel  
Cocks back the fifth, teflon starts to seek it  
Criminals on a move, set a threat  
Sip the moet, and let off the twin techs to ya  
muthafuckin' chest\*samples\*[Verse 4]  
I speak double-double, cause double trouble never do I rumble  
On a rule, my microphone sever clones  
It's beyond binocalurs, sence the moody, six chromosomes  
I'm no more less, no need to flex the evil, trip with the clip  
I got the 6-1-0 flow, and 0-8-2 is my zip  
Yo, so call me out in Philly when you down to flip  
No frill skills, or freestylin' when y'all wildin'

Im broadcastin all the way live from Philly's Long Island  
I visualize cream, tech's scrap with infered beams  
Stash keys, and tease, lickin' back so y'all can  
My click of criminals, flippin' comfortable  
My pockets full of benjamins, fool surrendering  
When I'm blendin' in, dub side invincible  
Imperial, for lyrical tactics  
I react with signs to get ya ass kicked  
Indeed the face of evil, is the face told by me  
So I proceed to bleed my people, niggaz say I'm too cerebral  
Lies, dub side, flippin' perfection through your section  
Sanity's slippin', whose the next victim to catch a bless[Verse 5]  
Set a threat, I rip the mic and run race like an auto practice  
I inflect this verse leavin' heads in they casket  
Watch this nappy headed villain, brutal torture is illegal  
I back down clowns with a four pound, as I defeat you  
Insert the lyrical slugs, that straight's very  
A nickel plated verse I spit like a hollow tip steady  
Constantly, drop ya wack back with fire weapon  
This adolescent, keeps a clip full for street protection  
Ain't nothing complex about the way I cock my biscuit  
I set and threat it, bust that tech son, it's not explicit  
Exquisite, in divine rhymes I drop like jewels  
The mic I abuse when I choose to break fool\*samples\*[Verse 6]  
With this course, I force many emcees out the galaxy  
Challenge me, I rip apart flows with analogy  
Now with me, got that establish and wrap ya cabbage with styles  
You can't manage to damage or even fathom the mental capacity  
'cause I harass these wack emcee's, in degrees  
I splatter universe, and mountain casualties  
In the dark, my squad sells, blowin' ya conscience  
My assumptions, ethotical, unstoppable, anthological  
I pull the trigger with mystical, my poetic  
Rip fanatics up, and rich with the sinical[Verse 7]  
Coming back from the city of Atlantic, it's the hispanic  
Causing mad panic, with fat static for ya addict  
Automatic, I stick shift quick if you test me  
Left the ciphers, layin' lifers, seen in one spot and attended  
That you get ya crews bruised in black and blues  
Put ya name and age on the front page, of the newspaper  
I drape my hood up on my carriage, damage faggots  
Quit the habits, feedin' on emcee's on maggots  
Inspect ya gadgets, my style switches cause I flick it  
Return the mic, fixin' stitches, cause I ripped it[Verse 8]  
I can't stand like a maniac depressin'

That's been submerged in subterranean eutopia  
Why's the mansion that I'm representin'  
Is the feel competitin' in suburbs  
Which has regenerated the etaric  
That kicks the subterranean poetry on this plain of obscurity  
One element, top lyricist  
Intellectin' with, d-u-b squad of imperialist  
With an innovator as the dictator  
So we can see you, liver clues with side and system views  
Heads emulate but can't duplicate, cause this side  
Can't be tugged, yo, one love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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