

Souls From The Streets (feat. Dubside Collective)

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1]

My mathematical powers devour cowards as I sprout 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 some 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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