

The Executioners Dream

Jedi Mind Tricks & J-Treds

movie sample

Inifinite... no you don't fuck around with the inifinite
There's no way you do that...
A painted hill has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand
The kind you can feel in your heart
Your soul, the spiritual side;
And you know, the worst of the two... is the spiritual[Jus Allah]
I'm leaf-twistin, but still kill your whole belief system
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction
A past victim of the government for grapple
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me
We murdered the fakes involved in the three-sixty
Eighty-five face the truth, you're too dumb
You burn and failed attempts reachin the sun
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed
Manipulate the earth that you formerly believed
Even after you're buried underneath the soil
Send a message to hell, nobody grieve for you
Your physical mass is converted into ash
Allah's wrath is engraphed on your epitab
Spend eternity wit the underground forces
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless
[Chorus] 2x
You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless[Ikon]
The raw mangler, seven angles of Angular
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you
The author will scorch ya wit the torches of Joseph Mangler
Sended you to the squared circle to meet me
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face thesis of Meche
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical
Cerebral of cathedral that leads you into the oracle
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire
Messiah pulls as Mariah into the rain of fire
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible

Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they fond as Iris
Study rappers, bringin wackness like Abolo scholars
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left em skinless
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin pints of Guinness
You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless[J-Treds]
Aiyyo when I rhyme
Fortunatley I possess a Jedi Mind
So the force is with me (When I rhyme)
Son it makes me spit a fresh one
So when Treds is done, even a athiest will say I blessed him
And when my jam bang, better cop that
Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap
Cuz we drop bombs, better be scared
Cuz it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns
We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war
And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours
So face us, cuz you can't change the laws of nature
We independent, it's competition callin us major
We major threats who deliver, so place your bets
We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rollies, and Avirex
We just spit shit too amazing, just shit
That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation
Ain't no second chance (anyway), not next to the champs
Because it's our freestyle that's gettin grants from the NEA
We well in doubt versus these rappers we tell about
(Cuz us and them) Difference between takin a L and a bowChorus 2x
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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