

Genghis Khan

Jedi Mind Tricks

You about to witness a two five Jedi Minds collabo
You know what I mean?

The God Jus AllahMegatraum is a martian, feeding off weed and cash

I dash from my ship in the Roswell Crash
You smash when you dash with the clashing ox
Saw you in half without a fucking magical box
Wet pussy always seems to splash my cock
I'm dead, they just didn't leave the casket locked
Pass my block I let shots drill in your spleen
We're ill marines with hand held killing machines
Steal dreams with the armored steel

Guard your grill

Nigga, I was brought up by the Kents in Smallville

Following Allah's will, horror in the skill

Caught up in the real

Don't give me cause to kill

Nocturnal, I stroll where the darkness goes

If I had to follow the moon across the globe

With the staff and white robe

I still hold metal

Disciples who walk on glass and rose petalsYo, last rites, we flash to blast twice

Jedi Mind 252 we mad niceWe smash mics, and blast too preciseFast 40 days and pray for 40 nightsYo, I'm
savage

I write rhymes in pitch blackness

Any motherfucker that front, is left backless

Y'all motherfuckers just burn into ashes

Trying to step into the zone where Vinnie Paz is

It's Black Sabbath

Put a slug in his grill

'Cause Jedi Mind two five thuggin' for real

You ever think there might be trouble then peel

'Cause a motherfucker like me dumpin to kill

Y'all better pass the mic 'cause Vin's ill

Y'all learn the +Facts Of Life+ from Kim Fields

I don't know how many kids my flow harms

My gun control leave y'all with no arms

Y'all love to smell the stench of dead bodies

Left in the path of the Paz of Khadafi

5'9 tatted up, mad stocky

Animal thug who bust slugs in the lobby
Yo, last rites, we flash to blast twice
Jedi Mind 252 we mad nice
We smash mics, and blast too precise
Fast 40 days and pray for 40 nights
I hit the turnpike on dirtbikes with 2 heaters
On my way to Philly to fight for Mumia
Only thug guerillas are react to this
The laws try to destroy black activists
Half of y'all is performers and actresses
I keep at least a 100 grand in the mattresses
Shit so hot, soon as I write it I get indicted
I dare one y'all scared niggas to bite it
I stood in hood lobbies getting my rocks off
With longjohns and 3 pairs of socks on
Ducking from the pigs so I don't get knocked off
Or popped off, and y'all thugs are soft
It's like you're skirt get pulled up, clothes come off
Red Dragons, can't even fuck with my brain patterns
I'm all live, Pentium Plus and Benz wagons
Maki, believe me it do ring bells
If you saw me do dirt you won't live to tell
I've done lived in a cell
Did bids in hell
Held niggas at gunpoint for ransom and bail

Songwriters

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