

# 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 lobbyYo, 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 nightsI 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

JEDI MIND TRICKS, PRODUCER, PERCY LEE CHAPMANPublished by

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