

No Jesus, No Beast

Jedi Mind Tricks

The murder hadn't occurred to me, burgundy wasn't burgundy
Purposely earth to me like a virgin who giving birth to me
Incircumy that you would consider uttering words to me
Nervously urging me to keep killing and killing perfectly
Certainly third degree burns followed by having surgery
When he deffered to me, he was poisoned by drinking mercury
Hurdling over things that are currently in my periphery
It's all a blur to me, I was never sensing the urgency
Never sensing emergency, never sensing the thrill
Never sensing the certainty, never searching to kill
Was never searching, everything was done in the name of wicked
The brothers name was indifferent, the hunger pain wasn't lifted
There was Satan, black wings and a man made pedestal
The only fucking rapper can see is my identical
Another story, another chapter, another parable
I miss making music with Stoupe, cause he incredible
Vocally none of y'all are approaching me or come close to me
Hopefully you're aware that you only holding my groceries
Openly holding the only opening in the hope to me
Provoking me is only gonna result in a choking spree
Supposedly I was sent by holiness that's unknown to me
Loaning me Book of Law without Aleister Crowley owning me
Globally do things that you only could dream of locally
I son you motherfuckers like you was peddling dope for me
The guns is always with me so I would never feel lonely
Combined with the fact that I'm irresponsible socially
Supposed to be the art of the mechanism of action
Embezzlement of the faction, the pessimist in the passion
It had to be the psyche and the cunning of the assassin
The tongue will give you a lashing like Punisher when he's rapping
I bludgeon you just for asking where the other fucking rapper is
Chop em bodies up and mail em out in several packages
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>