

44 Magnum

Jedi Mind Tricks

I'm infatuated with the fast line life
My forehead lacerated like they just rained?
Or bitch captivated when I'm activated
Nine planets under my palm, y'all niggas have to hate it
I let y'all debate who the one who rap the greatest
Deadweight niggas get your fucking souls assassinated
The most manic depressive snatching your necklace
Passive aggressive unleashing havoc on a record
Your team is gay, how manage to rep it?
I'm the slum chemistry faggots get disconnected
Venomous rhetoric flooding your block, you're too delicate
Hot slugs and metal rip, can't wait to see the pellets hit
Chrome I hold will detach your body from soul
Snub-nosed bulldog four-four when I roll
Big heat will change my dip and the way that I stroll
Made me to perfection, baker shattered the mould
Yeah, see niggas slug it out for absolutely nothing
Like rumours on who they baby momma's sucking and fucking (me)
Debating on who running the block them niggas be hugging? crunch time guess who doing the buzzing (me)
That's why this nigga bringing up my name in lame discussion
Should be serving life for hammers and weight that I'm clutching
Four-four Mags what we pack, name of the track
Cut no slack, just react so bring it back nigga
I was raised in the Congo by religiously trained Santos
With horns from the trees and magnificent played bongos
Vinnie is the head honcho, pop your eyes out
With my bare hands, there's blood on my grand poncho
I don't give a flying fuck though, we all nutso
Put you in a wall underneath where they lay stucco
If I was you I'd pray, bucko
You could be the first motherfucker that I cut and the vein cut slow
Speaking of the cut though rawer than Peruvian
And Vinnie P blast with heat like I'm Vesuvian
If y'all wanna overstand death then y'all should screw with him
Hooligans who beef when it ain't got nothing to do with them Where I'm from niggas wouldn't dare to take the
same route
I ain't gotta say no names to get my name out
It's fucked up what the game about but
Voices ain't been the same since T-Pain came out

If you ain't shooting you gonna get shot
But nowadays niggas is pussy, they do the shooting when they get shot
Get your bitch shot, chin shot
Spit a shell, not a rap to make your motherfucking hip pop
I don't get shot, I stay strapped like a flip-flop
Maserati Mazi get gwap before I get got
If not they gonna have to put me in the dirt
It's either that or they gonna have to cuff me, book like a clerk
Put me in the cell for a pistol and the shell
Miserable as hell cause a nigga wouldn't tell
School of hard knocks, nigga wouldn't fail
Got detention for a cell so they put me in the cell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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