

Scars of the Crucifix

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Vinnie Paz]

My brain's on another lever than yours
You could only comprehend half of what my memory stores
I only walk through the heavenly doors
And never try to see the penitentiary walls
I walk barefoot on the equator
With the mental acumen of Bob Lazar
My frame can't be explored by y'all radar
My name can't be absorbed in God's quasar
So why try and stay around this hell
12 tho from all the 12 tribes in Israel
They call me Ishmael, lord of the seas!
I take your life quick, gone in a fucking breeze!
You don't deserve to breathe, your brain thoughtless
While I'll remain in the same spain fortress
The pain's gorgeous, and love is torture
And anyone who tell you different is a martyr[Vinnie Paz]
I'm from the pits of hell
Escaping from an Egyptian cell
I dedicate this to the saints that's doing bids in jail
You fucking kids are frail, and we're the purest form
And the biology of magic is a gorgeous psalm
My deepest thoughts are strong, and I'm unbreakable
You wouldn't overstand, you're humanly incapable
My appetite for blood is gruesomely insatiable
And I'm a righteous thug that's brutally defacing you
And you don't want no war -- it ain't a game, Daddy
I'll spit a bunch of slugs into your fucking frame Daddy
You just a fucking crumb, my clique is hustling jums
I'll spit a rap at you to liquify your guts and lungs
But the devil made me do that
Fighting for the rights of islam-arm with two gats
But y'all knew that, we was coming for blood
And your body's the perfect specimen to put in the mud[Vinnie Paz]
I civilize the savages, while you support gay marriages
Evil demons and the Jesus of Nasareth
I keep my blade more sharper than the cactuses
I keep grenades in my parka for the pacifists
And you can't lie to God, cousin

You can't lie to the great Master Fard, cousin
It's a facade, cousin -- they wanna lie to you
They wanna tell you that the government is reliable
They wanna tell you that islam is dangerous
When everybody know the christians are the blame for this
'cause it's the truth, deal with it
But you complain everytime I'm real with it
I'm bout to kill critics, and then take 'em to war
And teach 'em how to put their love and faith in Allah
Or I'm breaking their jaw, or I take 'em to burn
'cause that's the only fucking way the pagans will learn

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