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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