

A Blood Red Path

Jedi Mind Tricks

My rap equivalent to a militant bomb
My syllabus form, the Pazienza killer from 'Nam
With steel in my palm, guerrillas was born, your village is gone

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It's either that you die or give your will to Islam
I feel it's a storm, that buildin' from the wilderness arm
I sent the alarm, to let you know Godzilla was spawned
I'd kill for my moms, ain't nobody as real as my moms
And it ain't any woman ever know the deal like my moms
I build with Iman's in holy places filled with Qu'rans
My killers is strong, 'cause every Sicilian is strong
You stealin' the form, I'm sharper then a million Don's
I'm buildin' a bomb, and when I see a milli' I'm gone

Brrrrrat, brrrrrat, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Pazman, that's how you fuckin' rhyme
The rhyme animal, Jedi Mind, baby!