

Fuck Ya Life

Jedi Mind Tricks

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the [?] Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain't family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi
I got a tat offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat it, this ain't a Christmas party

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

I make blood money with flecks of blood splatter
It's drug money, the aspect of it doesn't matter
All the blood and death is what gives it the X factor
A lot of blood and sweat goes into the trespassers
I kill swiftly, I like to take life quickly
I take a pint of blood and make moonshine whiskey
I like to keep the 911 lines busy
I like a fun time in a crime-ridden city
All the blood that we use is worth every bump and bruise
Once the hunt pursues we ain't on the Onion News
I don't run from the problems I start [?]
We wet you up, no lifeguard on duty
Then I'm a bar or a movie
Then I'm with a beauty watching hardcore nudity
Had to ditch the bitch that think we're dating exclusively
The old grey mare she ain't what she used to be

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[Verse 3:]

I'm that last line of coke that you see on the mirror
Take your last sniff, now you think you seeing shit clearer
I'm the nigga that's behind you waiting to get paid
I'm that hard-assed dick that's waiting to get laid
I'm them Pumas that you rock that was made out of suede
You the nigga came to cop and got caught in the raid
I'm the venom that lies within the king cobra's core
That new blood soaking through the enemy's soul
The spoils of life, the ills of men
John Wayne Gacy, Charlie Manson, killing again
I'm released from the penitent, mind state militant
Bombs underneath the tent, basmala I repent
Sent to Earth from a distant galaxy
I am no contradiction, far from a fallacy
Freddy in the booth bring nightmares to reality
World War 3, I'm enlisted by JMT

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