

# Godflesh

## Jedi Mind Tricks

We're so sick with the flow, sing along like you caught  
A disease  
Manifest in the mirror, don't sing lip shows, we go beyond  
Man it's hard to believe, guess we're blessed it's a miracle  
So watch, it's the Army Of Pharaohs when you swallow your needs  
Go from flesh to the spiritual  
Gotta pray for a miracle like Moses when he parted the seas  
Yes, yes, it's a miracle

They call the stupid on the  
Stoop, I'm in the studio with Stoupe  
I'm unusually loose in a movie role with true  
Co-starring, don't spar with no heart, it's my level  
Those targets, slow harvest, bombarded by metal  
So garbage, so ghetto, so far but so settled  
Don't harp but no father, slow peddle  
Rosetta made blooms [? ]  
We all got a history of violence on the record  
Except for this record, Baby Grande  
This lady take the stand and my record's playing in the court like a reggae  
band  
Still a ladies man, Mag expensive  
I don't get brain, I test dames' gag reflexes  
Ecstasy dealer, I bag their exes  
Stab em breathless without grabbing breakfast  
I might pull ahead or  
You're lower than a flat when I'm reaching with a spare [? ]

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yo, you could never fucking test the god  
The kickback of the Smith and Wesson hard  
I love to think that you a devil for ingesting lard  
That's a part of every lesson that he sent the father  
Vinnie never claimed to be a prophet, I'm a vessel, god  
Me and my seven Mac 11's have a special bond  
Same bond when the Koran give me a special calm  
I wave the motherfucking ratchet like it's Desert Storm  
And use it so I can detach you from your legs and arms  
I'm the one who's reinventing the steel  
The one who took the art of rhyiming, reinvented the wheel  
My venom will kill, my spit game like a neurotoxin  
They call me blood 'n guts warrior, Arturo boxing  
It's nothing anything or anyone could do to stop em  
Matter of fact, even attempting it's a foolish option  
Anyone who try to disrespect my crew, I'll pop em  
And tell the rest of the puerto ricans bring the tools and [? ] em

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jus Allah]

Bury them and the Aryans that carried them  
All stare, scared that humanitarians  
Spare none of them, tear their young from them  
Shun them, punt them into kingdom come's conundrum  
Hunt them, punish them, confront them

Drunken them, come undone thunking  
Summons him from the stomach of a sunless dungeon  
Bludgeon them, make the chump to become consumption  
Not an option to stop us, fairly obvious  
They're innocuous, the despair of the populous  
Get your fill of I'll-gotten goddesses  
Drill them with a modest amount of bottomless promises  
Turn the water scarlet red, let it turn from the faucet heads  
Get to [? ] little trails in the carpet threads  
Have em adamantly smack on the architect  
[? ] on the carnage, have my heart set